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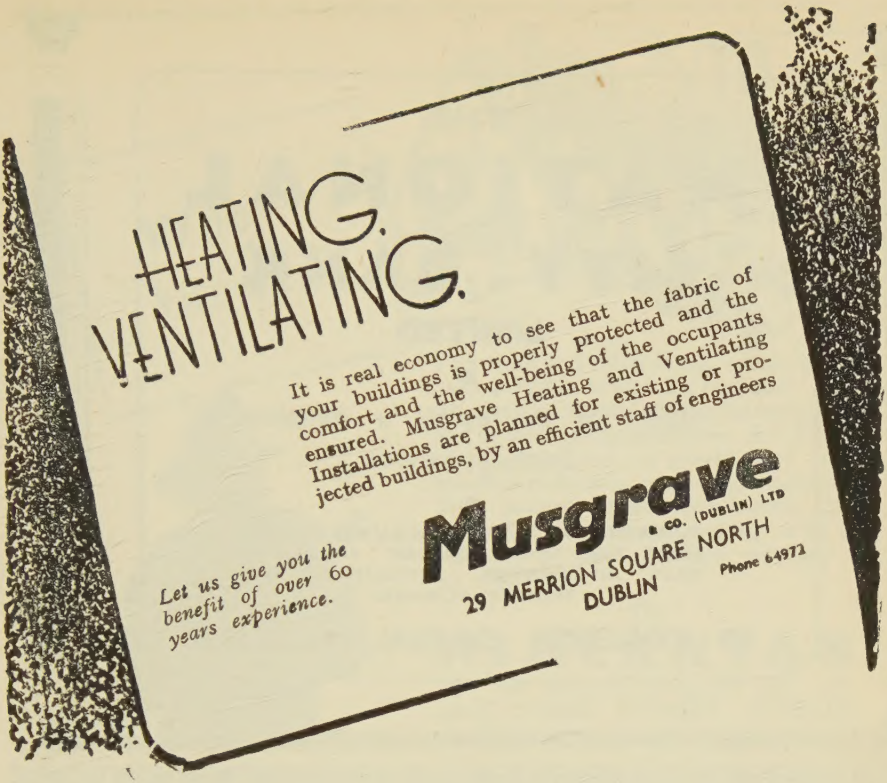
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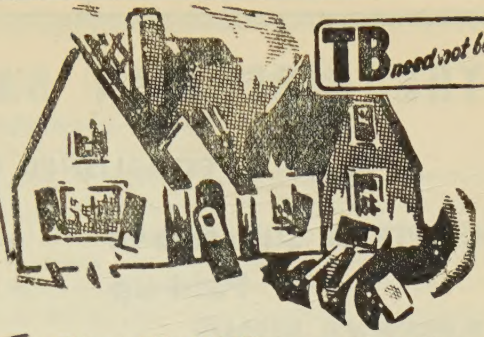

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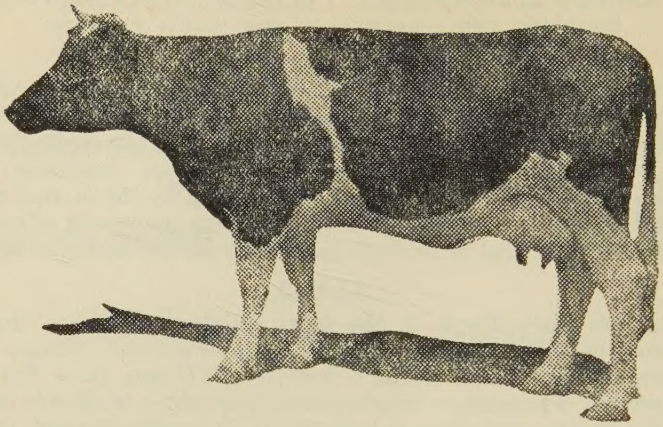

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THE IRISH AND OTHERS IN ARGENTINA

BY JOHN MURRAY, S.J.

SEVERAL months ago, I promised to write for STUDIES an article on what is now for me a highly interesting subject, that namely of *The Irish in Argentina*—a country from which I had then recently returned, having spent there the best part of a year. Now, I cannot claim that this is the article of my promise. I have not yet marshalled the necessary *d's*—data and dates and details—to compose that particular article. Readers will, I trust, forgive me and accept for the time being and by way of compromise, this series of impressions. The impressions, maybe, will provide as clear a picture of the position as any tabulation of figures or facts. And I put these impressions together most readily, if only to pay a small meed of gratitude for the great and genuine kindness I received in Argentina from many members of the Irish community. In the general title I have inserted two extra words: "and others," for they permit and indeed persuade me to draw a parallel between Irish and British development in the Argentine.

I

The point to begin with is that there definitely is an Irish community in Argentina. It might be better, however, to speak of it as an Irish situation. The country contains a large number of men and women who are of Irish descent or parentage and who, in degrees that widely vary, have retained the English speech and many a traditional Irish custom. Their ancestors came from Ireland at different periods: some of them in the twenties and thirties of the nineteenth century; many more after the years 1846-48; still further groups in the eighties. They came, no doubt, from many Irish counties, but I was surprised to discover how many would speak of Cork and Westmeath as their original home. Indeed, there must have been a planned emigration from Westmeath in 1849 and 1850.

Most of the immigrants came from the country, not from towns; and the greater part of them, on arrival in Argentina, went to the country there. They were the days when land was plentiful, when what was needed was not land for the cultivators but cultivators for the land—the days when a man might squat on untouched pampa ground as far as the eye could see; when a few square miles of Criollo countryside were the equivalent of a song. Most of the Irish immigrants settled on the land in the central provinces of Argentina, overgrown then and as yet untilled, but later to be the rich mother of wheat and maize and linseed and the abundant feeding place of cattle. It is this land which has been the basis of the success of many of the Irish immigrants. To-day you can still find

these Irish settlers, as you travel north-west towards Santa Fe and Córdoba or directly westward over the province of Buenos Aires.

I have used the expression " original home". The adjective is important. It is precisely here that the Irish and British attitude towards Argentina and Europe are so different. English and Scottish families have been in the country for three and four generations ; yet they continue to regard themselves, with but few exceptions, as English or Scottish. To them, Britain is home, not Argentina, although many of them may never have set foot in Britain. They brought with them or created there a British way of life : Protestant churches, better attended than at home ; English schools with an English school system ; English clubs for both sport and social purposes, including the *Club Inglés* in the *Calle Veintecinco de Mayo*, which is as decidedly *inglés* in atmosphere and furnishings as the most redoubtable of *ingleses* could desire and which accords scant concessions to local climate or habit. Nor must I forget that great monument to the British way of living, the Club at Hurlingham, a settlement, as English as its name, some few miles outside of Buenos Aires. The club has splendid buildings, and the grounds contain a golf course, a polo ground, with fields for cricket, tennis and the like. Here at Hurlingham the British and the Irish streams do meet, for it is the Irish who play the polo, while Britons occupy tennis courts and golf course. I once asked a lady how the club at Hurlingham was going on. I give her answer quite literally : " The club's getting on very well ; we are managing to keep the natives out." " Natives," of course, meant the ninety percentage of the inhabitants of Argentina who habitually speak the tongue of Spain. And the term was not used contemptuously, but by force of habit. Hurlingham is an English park in a " foreign " land. I suppose that is the psychological approach. And I have heard it said that the English ladies who live in Hurlingham take pride in the fact that they speak Spanish very badly ; there is little likelihood that their nationality will be mistaken.

But this, you will question me, is an exaggeration. Maybe it is—but only slightly so. The British have a very good record in the Argentine. Quite apart from earlier historical connections, they built most of the railways and opened out the country ; they established banks and commercial houses ; they introduced sport, and this has proved a most important boon. Most of the Argentine cattle are from British stocks ; the three favourites are the Shorthorn, the Hereford and the Aberdeen Angus. Well known among their sheep varieties are the Romney Marsh, the Corriedale, the Lincoln, the Southdown, the Hampshire Down. The compliment of *palabra inglesa* or " word of an Englishman " was no empty one in Argentina. Disputes in these post-war years about meat prices and refusal of import licences *plus* the gathering tempo of national sentiment have not altered the Argentine appreciation of this British contribution to their national development. No one suggests that the contribution was

altruistic. Business was business, without a doubt. The point is that it was, on the whole, clean and honest business and has proved of great benefit to Argentina. What the Argentines do complain of, when they discuss the British, is just that they remain so obstinately British, that they live a life of their own, to one side of the national life, and that it is practically impossible to absorb them.

Now, to conclude this analysis of the British position. The situation in Argentina is swiftly altering. Home industries are being developed according to an ambitious governmental Five Year Plan. This will lessen the need and the opportunity for imported manufactured goods. Hitherto, many British commercial firms have lived by imports, and their prosperity depends upon this continuance of importation. Indeed, during the past two years it has become increasingly difficult to secure import licences except for a limited range of merchandise. The banks, even those under foreign management, are now rigidly controlled by the Central Bank, which means the Government. The British-owned railways were transferred to Argentine State ownership in March 1948. The British personnel is being replaced by Argentines at a rate which does violence to the guarantees given at the time of the transfer. In short, the privileged position which the British had created for themselves in Argentina, through investments and works of construction, through banking and commercial houses, through a partial monopoly of the railway system, is disappearing speedily. A number of Englishmen and Scotsmen do own land and have interests in cattle production and in the *bodegas* of the wine industry around Mendoza in the West country. But they are relatively few. The British community has, on the whole, been a community of traders and engineers, largely a middle class community. There is no considerable body of English or Scots of the working class. Lest I appear to do an injustice to the third of the countries of Britain, may I add that the Welsh have a very marked Welsh community of sheep-farmers in the Chubut district, well south in Patagonia, where they too keep many of their ancient customs and speak only in Spanish and in their native Welsh.

The problems which confront the British community are therefore serious, if not yet alarming. It will be harder now to maintain the excellent British Hospital in Buenos Aires, newly conditioned and admirably equipped, with the great rise in the cost of living and with the transfer into Argentine hands of the railways which contributed generously to the hospital. It is proving more arduous to finance the various British societies and institutions. Of course, the whole situation could be ameliorated or completely saved, if Argentina were to expand both in agriculture and industry as its natural resources would permit and even demand. The country is seriously underpopulated. I am convinced that within a short span of years Argentina could support twenty-five million inhabitants instead of the present-day total of sixteen millions. There is immigration

at the moment: Italians, Poles and Hungarians are entering the country. But it is doubtful whether the new immigrants even neutralise the flight from the land of older workers who have been attracted to industry and to the cities because of greatly-increased wages.

The situation is altering in another respect. Till recently, marriages between young members of the British community and young Spanish-speaking Argentines were not common. To-day, they are more frequent, and the children of such marriages are going, in increasing numbers, to Argentine schools. In this sense, many of the British are becoming more *Argentine*, are being identified with their ordinary Spanish-speaking neighbours—far more so than were their parents. One culture and way of life is beginning, if not yet to absorb, at any rate to exert a very strong influence on the other.

II

By comparison with the British, the Irish have become definitely *Argentine*. This was not unnatural. At the start they thought of themselves no doubt as exiles in a strange and very remote country; to their own speech, then the English, they clung tenaciously, as they also did to older habits and customs brought from afar. For them Ireland was the land whence they had migrated, not or not so often the country to which they hoped to return. They were committed by fortune or misfortune to build for themselves new lives in a new land and on a new continent. And while Ireland was for them the *home* of their generous spirit and above all of their sturdy faith, it was no longer *home* in the nearer sense, the home of hearth and family and future plans.

Further, they were scattered about the countryside, forming islands of Irish folk among larger settlements of Basques and Italians who rapidly acquired the Spanish. For their children they had sometimes small schools of their own, but more frequently than not, when schools did exist, they were the Spanish-speaking schools in the villages. Their very requirements taught the first generation a smattering of Spanish and gave to the second generation a rough fluency. Perforce, they mingled more than did the British in the cities with the Spanish Argentines; and the fact that these Argentines and themselves had the same Catholic faith made their association easier and brought early marriages between the two peoples. The third generation began to be educated in the large Catholic colleges in towns, which meant of course that they had a Spanish education and were able to enter the professions. In most Argentine cities to-day you will discover a considerable body of doctors, dentists, lawyers and accountants with obviously Irish names.

The wonder is, with all this contact, that the Irish of Argentina have not been absorbed more swiftly. The extraordinary thing is that they have retained such distinct characteristics. For they are distinct. They

are not British in their way of life, neither are they Spanish Argentine. To the Argentines they are slightly foreign, but certainly not the foreigners that the British are. In Buenos Aires there exists a definite Irish-Argentine 'society,' and Irish-Argentine families play their part too in Argentine 'society'; it would be safe to say, I think, that no single British family there does this.

The degree of absorption varies. Among the workers of Irish descent in the *camp*, as they call it—*camp* from the Spanish *campo* or country—Spanish has conquered English and, for the most part, is the only language. There are many cattlemen of Irish and mixed Irish-Spanish descent, and considerable numbers of Irish or mixed workingmen in Argentina. Some who still, as they say, "have the English," speak in a motley language in which Spanish and English phrases alternate; but usually the language framework is Spanish. Nor is it simply a matter of economic or social status. Some of the best-placed families have become completely Spanish-speaking; some, like the Lawlors (now Lalors), have 'hispanified' their names. The original "Cullen" became first "Cool-yen" (phonetically) in Spanish and later "Coo-jen," with the softening of the Castilian "ll" in the Spanish of Argentina. In the Colegio del Salvador, where I resided when in Buenos Aires, were boys with names like Ryan who spoke no word of English. I have met Army officers with similar names who had nothing beyond a few elementary words.

It is a question, in part of education (the percentage of Irish Argentines who have been brought up in English-speaking schools, there or in Europe, is small), in part of occupation or profession; for it is easier to hold on to some English in the towns, and chiefly of course does it depend on the language spoken at home. When the mother is Spanish-speaking, it is most probable that the home language will be Spanish and that the children will speak Spanish naturally and afterwards go to Spanish-speaking State or private schools. Yet this is not always the case. Sometimes the pull is reversed: the Spanish-speaking wife and mother now talks excellent English and the home is bilingual—maybe with the greater emphasis on the English. On the whole, however, it would be fair to say that a very large majority of Irish-Argentines speak more naturally in Spanish than in English, that to a large percentage English is the awkward and foreign tongue, and that for a fair proportion English has disappeared altogether.

Among Irish-Argentine families in Buenos Aires may be detected an interesting and charming variety. At one end of the spectrum are families that hold on tenaciously to English as their natural medium of expression. They usually have personal contacts with members of the British community, and some of their menfolk, even more of their womenfolk, have had an English education. There are traditional links between Irish-Argentines and Beaumont College and, for girls, Mayfield, St. Leonard's and Ascot. In the past they have married among themselves, with the

occasional exception of a Spanish marriage ; there has been little intermarriage between the British and Irish communities. To-day marriage between these Irish and Spanish Argentines is more frequent. The older Irish ladies most definitely do not like it. One of them told me with great regret that her granddaughter was about to marry " a black man". When I met the black man, it was to discover—what I knew already—that he was a normal sallow Spaniard. To the grannie's sense of the old Irish traditions maintained in Argentina any Spaniard or Italian was a " black man". That was all, and that was that.

At the far end of this spectrum are Irish families who for practical purposes live in a Spanish atmosphere. When the husband and father is a professional man—doctor or lawyer—and has had himself a Spanish education, he normally mixes with Spanish-speaking men of his own professional class and interests. His work, in the main, will be done in Spanish.

If I were asked to suggest some dividing line between these two major groups in Buenos Aires, I would say that they are divided by one simple fact, namely, whether they do read or do not read the two English papers published in the city. These are *The Buenos Aires Herald* and *The Standard* ; the latter was started in 1861 by an Irishman, Michael Mulhall, and, so far as I know, is still in the possession of the Mulhall family. These papers appear every day, including Sundays, except for the eight days prescribed by law for newspaper holidays. They are not just news-sheets. They are twice or three times the size of the post-war English daily paper. The *Herald* has often as many as twenty-four pages ; the *Standard*, of much larger format, has as many as twelve. They provide news of world events in English, but their special concern is a detailed analysis of British and Irish life in Argentina. Happenings and festivities are announced beforehand and carefully described. I know no reporters that have as keen an eye for a bride's wedding dress as these " English " reporters in Buenos Aires and, incidentally—such is the family spirit—for the dresses of both mother and mother-in-law at the wedding feast. Polo games, cricket matches and football contests all receive faithful attention. Indeed, these two papers have done a very great deal to sustain the English character of the British community and to keep many of the Irish-Argentines in touch. Most of them—both British and Irish—will also read the Spanish papers, in particular *La Prensa* and *La Nacion*, each of which has full information on world events and the necessary local information about facts, figures and developments in the Argentine. But go into an Irish home. If you see there either *Herald* or *Standard*, you will know that the family is still " right " of the line, still using English as a medium of contact and interest. Where they never take or see these papers, then it is as sure a sign as can be given that their normal medium of speech and interest has become the Spanish.

III

Two questions now present themselves. What is the attitude of the Argentine Irish towards Argentina? What are their relations with the British community?

The Irish Argentines definitely regard themselves as *Argentine*. There is no doubt of this. Some would go so far as to declare they are not Irish. And this from no wish to repudiate ancestry or jettison tradition. Their meaning is that they identify themselves with Argentina; it is where they live and where their children will continue living. It is their *home*; they have no dual loyalty like most of the British. Yet, though this is true and they mean it, they are still different. They stand to one side of the national life. They take no part in politics. Now this might appear curious when one reflects on the Irish gift for politics and their prominent political record in the United States. Now and then an Irish name does emerge, like that of General Farrell, predecessor in the presidency to General Perón; but he, I fancy, was an Irishman long turned Spaniard. There are Irish names, and highly honoured too, in the earlier history of South America: the Liberator of Chile, for instance, Bernardo O'Higgins, and Almirante (Admiral) Brown, the Irish sailor who improvised a navy for the young Argentine Republic in the eighteen-thirties.

The difference between the Irish in the U.S.A. and Argentina in this respect is partly to be explained by the language problem. Spanish is the medium of Argentine politics, and those Argentines who are neither Spanish nor Italian keep generally beyond the political fringe and might find it difficult to cross over that fringe to the political side. In the United States various groups, national and racial, have together worked out a new way of life, another and a distinct " civilization " which we recognise and label as " American". The elements in the pattern may be old and European, but the pattern is a new and different thing. The Argentines have not elaborated a new and South American " Yanqui " pattern. They are not Latin " Yanquis ". They are not a new and distinct type. What they have produced has been a *variant* on the Latin, and especially on the Spanish-Italian theme—a type less austere and less forthright than the Spanish, one in which the hard and more rugged lines of Spain have been mellowed, softened also, under Italian influence and with the opportunities and the plenty of the Southern New World.

What the Irish have contributed to Argentina has to be summed in terms of work. They have gone to the *camp*, have developed the land, grown their corn, and reared horses and cattle. Many have made no mark; some live still the rough existence of *peon* or *campesino*; others have had to yield their place to the industrious Basque or Italian. On the other hand, many have succeeded remarkably and have prospered. There are districts in the central provinces where even to-day you will come upon

one *estancia* after another known by Irish names and owned by Irish Argentines. At one time some of these *estancias* were vast in extent; you could ride league upon league over the one man's land. The Argentine law insists, however, on the distribution of property to members of the family, with the consequence that most of the huge *estancias* of the past have been broken up by this process of inheritance. What is sometimes done within the family is that the property is retained as one unit in which every member has his or her share, and then the whole is administered by one of the sons. The firm family ties among the Argentine Irish permit this system to function reasonably well. To quote one example of this method—a Duggan *estancia*, to use a name well known in the province of Buenos Aires, is no longer, after the owner's death, the *estancia* of any particular Señor Duggan (there pronounced 'Dou-gan'); it is the *estancia*, held in common, of the Duggan family.

The mention of horses reminds me of a specially Irish contribution to Argentine life. The country has been a country for horses, ever since the original Spanish steeds of the *conquistadores* escaped from their forts and settlements to run wild on the open pampas and to breed, crossbreed and counterbreed till they became the horses of Indians and *gauchos*. These old *criollo* horses, with their phantasmagoria of a pedigree, still ride and work—one of the most serviceable and enduring of all types of horse. In this country, with its horse population of just under eight million to a human total of sixteen million (one horse practically to every two inhabitants), may be found every sort and condition of horse, from the purest bloodstock to the very, very inextricably mixed. The Irish Argentines have played their part in raising the quality of Argentine horses and introducing the best stock from Europe. But here their particular contribution has been through polo. Argentina to-day is the land where they play the fastest, the most robust and certainly the best polo, and it is in the main the Irish Argentines who have developed both the game and the quality of the ponies. In the nineteen-twenties the Argentines definitely asserted their supremacy over the United States, chiefly through their touring and national team. The members of this team were: Louis Lacey (of English, not Irish, origin, despite the name), Jack Nelson, David and John Miles, with a fifth name frequently present, Arthur Kenny. Of these five, four were Argentine Irish. The Argentine team which won the polo crown at the Olympic Games in 1936 contained a Cavanagh and a Duggan as well as two of Spanish origin. The two leading polo teams to-day in Argentina have their strong Irish associations. The first of them, *Venado Tuerto*, represents a city set in the midst of Irish farms and land and really founded by an Irishman, and it comprises two Basques, Alberdi, and two Cavanaghs, Juan and Roberto. The second, with the title of *El Trébol*, fields a team generally that contains two Duggans with two more of Basque descent, the Menditeguys. This very name, *El Trébol*, surely confirms my argu-

ment better than any reasoning ; for *El Trébol* means in English just " The Shamrock".

I formulated a second question a few paragraphs back, and it is only fair to return to it. What, it was asked, are the relations between Irish and British in Argentina ?

It is not easy to give a succinct reply. The two communities have developed separately. Englishmen and Scots worked in towns ; the majority of them were middle-class ; their spheres of action were construction and engineering, commerce and banking. The Irish were, at first, men of the *camp* ; they had settled in the country, often far away from cities. They lacked the background of special training and education. Their contacts were narrower, their horizon more restricted. When their younger generation went to the Catholic colleges, it was to receive a Spanish education, and afterwards many of them entered the professions—medicine, the law, the various public services. The Irish and the British did not normally meet.

This separateness was accentuated by the difference of religion. The English and Scots were, in the main, Protestant ; they built their Protestant churches and, on the whole, attended them. Church attendance was a gesture of national consciousness as well of Christian belief. The Irish were Catholics, went either to their own Irish churches, where such existed, or to the ordinary Spanish church. Clannishness on both sides crystallised the situation. Of course there were relations, some of them in business. Argentine Irish lawyers, for instance, handle the legal affairs of important British and North American firms.

As to national feeling—well, I am reasonably sure that the early Irish immigrants had no tender feelings for Britain, and that these sentiments were handed down in the remote settlements where the immigrants were building their new homes and their brave new world. These sentiments lingered for a long time ; and even to-day among the older generation you will find some who still harbour the traditional dislike and mistrust. Otherwise, they have disappeared save for an awareness that the two peoples remain different, and a visitor who stays long enough in Argentina to have the *feel* of the situation is conscious how deep and fundamental this difference is. Individuals are the best of friends, and I myself can testify, in the work I attempted to do in Buenos Aires for the English-speaking communities, how genuine and generous were the sympathies and co-operation of the Irish. At times this was overwhelming, as this instance may testify. For the occasion of the marriage of Princess Elizabeth we arranged a special Mass—to be said in the Church of the *Santisimo* in the West-end of Buenos Aires—at which we hoped members of the British community would be present. I was to say the Mass and give a short address on the significance of the crown in British eyes. The day was an ordinary working day ; we expected some official representatives and a faithful handful.

Irish-Argentines heard of the Mass. The telephone started to ring. "Might they provide the flowers for the altar?", "Might they arrange for the singing?" In the end, the church was packed; the altar was magnificently adorned; a congregation, four-fifth of which was Irish, listened to a talk on the significance of the crown in Britain and they went away happy, after praying for a blessing on the Royal Wedding.

IV

In the matter of education the Irish in Argentina have been at a disadvantage when compared with the British. The latter have their schools, among them, St. George's College, a boarding school at Quilmes, outside Buenos Aires. It is run on public school lines and is Protestant in tone, with an Anglican canon for headmaster. At one time it accepted no Catholic boys; later it compelled the few it did accept to attend services in the school chapel. This is now changed, and one quarter of the boys are Catholics. Mass is provided for them on Sundays, but the situation is not quite a happy one. Of these boys at St. George's some are Irish-Argentine, but many are from Spanish families who prefer what they consider the English system to the ordinary system of Argentina. In 1948 I attended the Annual Sports Day at St. George's when everything was done in as English a style as possible. The boys' names entered for the events from the Senior School were almost all "English"; from the Junior School a considerable number of the names were definitely Spanish and, naturally, Catholic. The Scots have a similar boarding school, St. Andrew's, in the suburb of Olivos to the opposite side of Buenos Aires.

Both the British and Irish Catholics have long felt the need of a Catholic school in the "English" tradition on a level with St. George's and St. Andrew's. They have for a long time hoped that one of the teaching orders from England would start such a school and on those particular lines. Had this school been established fifty years ago, it would have been of the greatest value and assistance to the Irish and to the Catholics among the British community. It would be more difficult to embark upon a project of the kind to-day, both from the standpoint of expense and because of the greater stress on Spanish imposed by the Argentine Government, but it would not be at all impossible. That this is so, and no mere wishful thinking, can be shown by some simple facts. In March 1948—not two years back—the Irish Christian Brothers opened a day school in Buenos Aires in the Calle Belgrano. They were fortunate to buy a building which had been previously a convent school and consequently needed little adaptation. They opened with roughly 150 pupils, but this figure had risen by March 1949 to 400. Again, they have the problem which is now confronting St. George's, namely that a large proportion of their pupils

are not of British or Irish descent but are from Spanish-speaking families, who either want their children to master English or have a real respect for " English " methods (and by " English " in these paragraphs I mean the *language* and not the English people). There is one other Catholic school for boys which calls for attention, namely, the Belgrano Grammar School, founded by the late Mr. Green, at one time a master in St. George's. He became a convert and started this much-needed school ; it is continued by his two sons and has some 500 boys.

The education of English-speaking Catholic girls is, on the whole, better provided. There are numerous convent schools, French and Spanish, whose standards are remarkably good. Indeed, it is frequently stated that the education for girls in Argentina is much better than that which exists for boys. A number of English private schools also function. Pride of place, so far as Catholics are in question, must go to the Michael Ham Memorial College at Vicente Lopez, where the gardens look down upon the wide and sluggish Rio de la Plata. The title of the school commemorates the original Irish benefactor. The school is conducted by the Sisters of the Cross and Passion, who have their mother house at Bolton, in Lancashire, and have four other schools in Chile. " Michael Ham " has more than 600 pupils ; it has rendered a service beyond all appreciation to the Irish and Catholic British families in Buenos Aires. It, too, has the problem mentioned already in connection with the Christian Brothers School. The school is so popular and has been so successful that more and more Latin Argentines want to send their daughters. Indeed the main problem for an English-speaking and Catholic school in Argentina is just how to maintain its " English " character, how to avoid losing or having to neutralise that character through a growing percentage of Latin American children.

Nor must I forget to take notice of certain Irish churches in Argentina. The Passionists have a well-known church—*Santa Cruz*, or Holy Cross—in Buenos Aires. It is a fine spacious building in the Gothic manner of the late nineteenth century, and it stands in the *Calle Estados Unidos*, the street of the United States. The district was once, I imagine, Irish in population, but it has changed considerably, and the parish is largely Spanish like any other. However, the Fathers hold to the good custom of having a sermon in English every Sunday at the eleven o'clock Mass, and the church retains its nature as a central rallying point for special occasions. Some of the Passionist Fathers have come out directly from England or Ireland ; the majority, however, are Irish Argentine, and some of them would speak more naturally in Spanish. They have some other churches in the *camp*, and among the most valuable works of their apostolate are the short two or three day missions which they conduct on different *estancias*.

The P.S.M. Fathers or Pallottines have a church in Belgrano, now

part of Buenos Aires, with the unmistakable dedication to St. Patrick, and they also have churches in the country. A sermon in " English " is given on Sundays at the ten o'clock Mass. Indeed, in Belgrano there is a large British colony as well as many Irish. Most of the priests that serve St. Patrick's and the other P.S.M. churches have come from Europe.

The Irish community has taken very seriously and has generously supported its own special works of charity. There are three institutes which it maintains. The first of these, the Fahy Institute, a school at Moreno, twenty-five miles from Buenos Aires, for orphan boys and for others who need educational assistance. The remaining two, the Keating Institute and St. Brigid's Convent, cater for girls. These institutes are a good deal more than " institutions". Indeed, the interest taken in them and the care provided are a splendid earnest of the practical Christianity of Irish Argentines.

No Catholic visitor can remain for a time in Argentina without becoming genuinely conscious of the loyalty with which the Irish Argentines have held to their faith, of the fine, united family life and tradition preserved among them, and of the hospitality and kindness for which the Irish are universally known. I have noted and appreciated all these traits, and I can conclude with no better greeting than that I may one day have the opportunity of experiencing them again. *Hasta luego.*

JOHN MURRAY

HENRY OF LONDON, ARCHBISHOP OF DUBLIN

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Part II*

THE success of Archbishop Henry's campaign for an English hierarchy in Ireland was bound to provoke strong opposition from the native Irish bishops. Archbishop Donnchad Ua Longargain placed hinself at the head of this movement from 1219 to the date of his own resignation from the see of Cashel in 1223. But opposition to the powerful and ambitious archbishop-legate was not confined to the Irish clergy. During the second half of 1219 the archbishop became involved in a serious dispute with Thomas FitzAdam, who had been given custody of the King's forests in Ireland.[1] The archbishop claimed (and was in the end successful in maintaining his claim) that a large tract of forest lying between Dublin and Glendalough had been granted to him by King John, and that he was therefore free from all service of feeding the King's servants whom FitzAdam had sent there as custodians of the forest. The dispute was settled by a compromise in 1225, but sharp words were exchanged in the first stages of the controversy. On 10 March 1220, for example, the King sent a letter to the archbishop, in which he prays that the archbishop may be as solicitous in preserving the King's right as he wishes the King to be in guarding the archbishop's liberties. About the same time Archbishop Henry was involved in a dispute with the citizens of Dublin, who accused him of infringing their liberties by extending the jurisdiction of his ecclesiastical court and his liberty of St. Sepulchre.

These are the inevitable points of friction between an archbishop who was watchful to maintain the rights of his see and such representatives of the secular power as the King's officers in Ireland or the citizen-body of Dublin. Less attention has been paid to the archbishop's relations with Luke Netterville, the Anglo-Norman archdeacon of Armagh whose election to the vacant see of Armagh had been cancelled by the King—that is to say, by William Marshal, acting in the young King's name—on 13 August 1217. The letters which were sent to the clergy of Armagh on that date state that the election was contrary to the custom of the kingdom since licence to elect had not been obtained before the election. A second election was held, and Luke was again chosen by the obedient chapter; but the King's assent to this second election was not given until 6 July

* For Part I see last (September) issue.

[1] I omit all references to such obvious sources as *Calendar of Documents (Ireland)*; *Calendar of Patent Rolls, Henry III*, etc.

1218. Meanwhile the King—that is to say, William Marshal—had granted the temporalities of the see of Armagh to the archbishop of Dublin during the period of vacancy; and this grant also included the temporalities of all vacant sees in the province of Armagh (28 October 1217). It is obvious that the archbishop of Dublin had now a very real interest in prolonging the vacancy.

As legate in Ireland Archbishop Henry had no lack of opportunity for making facts suit his personal convenience. On 6 July 1218 the King gave his assent to the election of Luke and asked the Pope to confirm the election. Master Ralph de Pinchebech went as King's messenger to Rome, and the Pope's assent was obtained before the end of October. Meanwhile Pandulph had succeeded Guala as legate in England, and Honorius III sent a mandate to the new legate on 29 October 1218 bidding him confirm Luke's election without further delay.[1] Ten more months passed before the King gave his final assent on 16 September 1219. On that date an order went from London to the justiciar in Ireland bidding him give the new archbishop seisin of the temporalities of his see. But Archbishop Henry was tenacious. A second mandate dated 26 July 1220 orders the justiciar to cause the archbishop of Armagh to have such seisin of the lands and tenements of his see as his predecessor had when he died. Three years had gone by since Archbishop Henry had first gained control of these temporalities, and his surrender was not complete in 1220. As late as 18 January 1227 the King complains to the justiciar that the archbishop of Dublin has failed to give the archbishop of Armagh such seisin of his land as his predecessor Eugene (Echdonn) had on the day of his death. It seems clear that Luke Netterville failed to get full possession of the temporalities of his see when he crossed over from England to Ireland as the newly consecrated archbishop of Armagh in September 1220.

Opposition from the archbishop of Cashel begins to make itself felt towards the end of 1218. Archbishop Donnchad had returned from Rome early in 1217, having been elected and consecrated in Rome, by order of the Pope. On 22 March 1217 William Marshal sent a mandate in the King's name to the Irish justiciar, Geoffrey de Marisco, bidding him carry out the Pope's command in regard to the archbishop. The Pope's mandate is not cited, but we may assume that it concerned restitution of the temporalities of the see of Cashel. A few days later (31 March) a further mandate was sent to Geoffrey bidding him give custody of the vacant see of Killaloe to the new archbishop of Cashel. More than a year later (24 April 1218) the King again sends his mandate to the justiciar concerning the affairs of the archbishop: "so that the archbishop may derive advantage from the justiciar's intervention". A significant clause is added to this mandate: "saving the King's dignity and kingly right according to the custom and law of Ireland". That some dispute had

1 *Regesta Honorii III*, ed. Pressutti I. 1657.

arisen between the archbishop and justiciar is plain enough. Yet another mandate of 14 December 1218 throws further light on the nature of this quarrel. The archbishop had complained to the king that the justiciar had disseised him of the new vill of Cashel and of the greater part of the old vill,[1] and had inflicted other injuries on him. If Geoffrey de Marisco was keeping a firm hold on most of the land in the archbishop's own town of Cashel, we need look no further for the cause of the dispute. It would seem from the close rolls for 14 December that the King had issued a mandate (now lost) bidding the justiciar take the archbishop's possessions into the King's hands. That order is now revoked, and the justiciar is ordered to cause all the archbishop's possessions to be restored to him. Whether this mandate had any practical effect at Cashel is not clear.

Our few surviving documents suffice to let us see that Archbishop Donnchad was being hard pressed at this time. From certain statements made by him to the Pope in 1220 it is plain that he had crossed over to England before the summer of 1219, and that he had taken refuge in France as an exile before the end of that year[2]. In his absence the diocese was being administered by his officials. Letters from Robert de Mandeville, one of the new Anglo-Norman lords in North Tipperary, were issued about this time on behalf of the Dublin canons of St. Thomas. They are addressed to the archbishop of Cashel and his officials.[3] It seems probable that the English party had succeeded in obtaining partial control in the administration of the archdiocese and that these officials (whose names are not given) represent the Anglo-Norman element in the chapter of Cashel. Whatever the precise facts may have been, it is certain that the archbishop was not master in his own household. Towards the end of 1219 Archbishop Henry sent two letters to England : one of them is addressed to the King, the other to some person, perhaps William Marshal who stood near to the King in council. His letter to the King conveys a warning that the archbishop of Cashel is about to go in person to Rome and has ordered his whole province to be placed under interdict, with sentence of excommunication against the justiciar in person unless restitution is made to him of the new vill in Cashel. Archbishop Henry had made it his business as legate to confer with the suffragans and the officials of Cashel as well as with the justiciar and the barons of the land. He now begs the King to restore the vill to the archbishop, so that the archbishop may be induced not to make the journey to Rome. The revenues of the vill, he adds, do not yield great profit to the King, whilst the archbishop's personal appeal to the Pope may be the cause of disturbance in Ireland. In his letter to the King's counsellor, Archbishop Henry repeats these arguments and explains that the new vill of Cashel has recently been sequestered

[1] The old vill and the new vill of Cashel denote two distinct groups of houses with their lands in what is now the town of Cashel.

[2] Theiner, *Monumenta*, p. 12, (nos. 27 and 28).

[3] *Register of St. Thomas*, ed. Gilbert, pp. 229-30.

into the King's hands until the octaves of Easter : the King would be well advised to restore it immediately to the archbishop.[1]

These letters make it plain that Archbishop Henry had good reason to fear the effect of a personal appeal from Archbishop Donnchad Ua Longargain to Honorius III. His urgent advice does not seem to have been heeded, and the archbishop of Cashel set out for Rome early in 1220. A letter from Honorius III to the clergy and people of Cashel, which has been omitted by Theiner and also by the compiler of the English *Calendar of Papal Letters*, throws light on his movements.[2] His route took him to Cîteaux on his way to Rome, and there he fell so gravely ill that he despaired of his recovery. Fearing death, he took the habit of a Cistercian monk. The illness passed away ; and the archbishop, now a monk of the Cistercian order, made his way to the Pope's court at Orvieto. We do not know the exact date of his arrival in Orvieto, but the Pope's letter to the clergy and people of Cashel is dated 3 August. In it Honorius III admonishes both clergy and laity to be obedient to their archbishop, since " the habit of a monk and the dignity of a pontiff are not repugnant". Archbishop Donnchad had evidently reason to believe that some at least of his clergy and people would be quick to seize this new pretext for asserting their independence of his authority.

It is, I think, probable that the archbishop of Cashel had reached Orvieto some four or five weeks before the Pope's letter was sent to Cashel. On 6 July the Pope sent a brief letter to the archbishop-legate in Dublin. The disturbance which had troubled Ireland when he was appointed legate (in 1217) had now ceased, and peace was restored in the two kingdoms of England and Ireland. " We do not think it expedient that you should act any longer with the authority of a legate, since the remedy should cease with the cessation of the malady. We therefore order you by these apostolic writings devoutly to lay aside this office and henceforth no longer act as legate : for we have given orders to our brethren, the archbishops and bishops of Ireland, no longer to be intentive to you as legate."[3] The form of dismissal could hardly be more curt ; and it is significant that the accompanying letters, as recorded in the Pope's official register, are addressed in the first place to the archbishop of Cashel and his suffragans, and then to the archbishops of Armagh and Tuam. The withdrawal of legatine jurisdiction from the archbishop of Dublin would seem to be the first victory won by the archbishop of Cashel in this battle of ecclesiastical diplomacy.

VII

The appointment of a successor to Archbishop Henry took place on 31 July. On that day the Pope sent formal letters to the Irish archbishops,

[1] This second letter has been wrongly dated to 1228 in *Cal. Docs. Ire.*, I. 1624.
[2] Calendared by Pressutti I. 2956.
[3] Theiner, p. 15.

bishops and other prelates, notifying them that he is sending Master James, his chaplain and penitentiary, as legate to Ireland. Similar letters were sent to the kings of Ulster, Cork, Limerick and Connacht. The new legate's mission was not confined to Ireland, and the Pope sent letters to the bishops and other prelates of Scotland, and to the king of Scotland and the king of the Isles, notifying them that he is sending Master James as legate to Scotland as well as to Ireland.[1] We are not here concerned with the details of this mission to Scotland, where English policy was also raising problems that touched ecclesiastical interests. The instructions which Honorius III gave Master James as legate to Ireland are dated 6 August; they show us that the Pope had already made up his mind on the main lines of his new policy concerning the Irish Church. In one letter Master James receives a mandate to recover for the Irish churches all ecclesiastical property that has been unlawfully alienated or dissipated. In another letter of the same date the Pope gives his new legate clear instructions which imply that Archbishop Henry's policy is to be reversed without delay. "It has come to our knowledge that certain Englishmen have, with unheard-of audacity, decreed that no Irish clerk, no matter how honest or learned he may be, is to be admitted to any ecclesiastical dignity. We are unwilling to let so bold and wicked an abuse pass unheeded, and we order you by authority of these presents publicly to denounce this statute as null and void, inhibiting all Englishmen from enforcing it or from attempting anything of the kind in future. You are also to announce that Irish clerks whose merit is attested by their conduct and learning are to be freely admitted to ecclesiastical dignities, provided they have been canonically elected to the same."[2] The Pope could hardly have spoken in plainer terms. On 8 August the legate received further instructions, which are expressly based on a report which the Pope had received from the archbishop of Cashel. The archbishop had complained that in his province an evil custom had been introduced by the English. If an Englishman loses any of his property and swears on his oath that an Irishman has stolen it, six English witnesses are deemed sufficient to confirm this statement, even though thirty Irish witnesses are found to swear to the innocence of the Irish party. If an Irishman loses his property and knows for certain that Englishmen have taken it, his sworn statement is not accepted. The legate is to enforce an equal standard of justice and expressly to prohibit Englishmen from the continuance of this abuse.

These are the only documents concerning this phase of the dispute which have been entered in the Pope's official register. A year later (19 March 1221) Honorius sent further instructions to his legate, which make it plain that the Pope had sent more than one mandate to the English king, ordering him to correct the abuses of which the archbishop of Cashel

[1] Pressutti I. 2590-1; the Pope's instructions are in I. 2601-2; 2606.
[2] Theiner, p. 23.

had complained.[1] One mandate had ordered the King to cause restitution to be made of the new vill and other lands at Cashel; another had denounced the evil custom of refusing to accept the sworn statements of Irishmen in defence of their own rights; another had ordered the King to cause all his barons and other lay lords in Ireland to restore those lands and possessions which they had seized and held in defiance of the Church's law; another had ordered the King to cause his bailiffs and other officers to restore such lands as they had seized with a view to building castles and other fortifications, and to prohibit all such acts in the future; another had demanded the immediate restitution of lands which had been unjustly seized from the abbey and community of Jerpoint; and a final mandate had denounced the custom by which the verdict of twelve Englishmen on oath was taken as final against the word of prelates who came into court to protect their rights and possessions. The Pope condemned this custom and protested against repeated violations of the *privilegium fori*, by which prelates and other ecclesiastical persons were free from the obligation of answering a summons to appear in the King's court or any secular court.

The enumeration of these many charges is sufficient to show that Archbishop Donnchad Ua Longargain had made full use of his opportunity during his sojourn at the papal court in Orvieto. Much would now depend on the personal quality of the new legate, who was charged with this difficult mission. In the letters which announce the appointment of a new legate to Ireland, Honorius III describes Master James as "Our chaplain and penitentiary, a man of approved learning and religion whose honest conduct is known and accepted by us and our brethren". An entry in Fordun's *Scotichronicon* for 1221 tells us that Master James was a canon of St. Victor in Paris, one of the great centres of theological study during the twelfth and thirteenth centuries. His title is proof that he had obtained the much-coveted *magisterium*. Beyond that we have little to guide us. With one exception, the native Irish and Anglo-Irish annals have no more than a brief entry concerning his mission to Ireland. Whoever compiled the Western *Annals of Loch Cé* at this period claims further knowledge: "James Penciail (? the Penitential) came to Ireland as legate from Rome, to settle and arrange ecclesiastical affairs; and he collected horseloads of gold and silver from the clerics of Ireland through simony, and departed from Ireland in the same year." It is an ill-tempered entry, and we have no means of checking its truthfulness. There is indeed no proof and little probability that the legate made more than a short visit to any Irish diocese. He was still in England on 20 November 1220, when the King sent a mandate from Westminster to the justiciar and other magnates of Ireland, bidding them show honour to Master James as the Pope's legate and advising them to have recourse to his counsel and aid. The legate had left Ireland for some time before June 1221, when he

[1] Full text in Theiner, pp. 18-20.

was involved in negotiations concerning the marriage of the king of Scotland to the sister of young Henry III, which took place at York. The Pope was dissatisfied with his conduct in these negotiations and sent him a sharp reprimand, expressing a wish that the legate had chosen such companions as would not have injured his good fame ; as he has not done so, it is his own doing that men speak ill of him.[1]

On the whole it seems plain that the Pope's legate was not equal to his task. During his short visit to Ireland, which can hardly have lasted for more than three or four months, we know from later papal mandates that the legate confirmed earlier sentences against Robert Travers and John, the two Anglo-Norman candidates for the bishoprics of Killaloe and Ardfert ; and that he confirmed the claim of the archbishop of Tuam to jurisdiction over the diocese of Mayo. There is no record of any general council, such as Fordun tells us that the legate held at Perth in the summer of 1221. And the next phase in the controversy between the archbishop of Cashel and the justiciar lets us see that the King's legal advisers were more than a match for the Irish archbishop. Once he had left Scotland in the autumn of 1221, Master James is no longer given the title of legate in the documents that are recorded at Rome. He is named as the Pope's penitentiary without further title in an English document of 28 October 1221 ; and he is named as James " the Pope's penitentiary and late papal legate of Ireland " in a mandate which the King sent to Geoffrey de Marisco on 26 June 1222.

VIII

Archbishop Henry's movements are uncertain during the critical six months that followed the legate's arrival in Ireland. The legate's presence in Dublin would compel him to pay close attention to the affairs of his diocese and of the English interest in Ireland. He was thus prevented from going in person to Rome, there to counteract the influence of the archbishop of Cashel. I think it very much more probable that he despatched an accredited agent to the Pope's court as soon as he knew the precise nature of the charges which the archbishop of Cashel had brought against those who were directing English policy from Dublin. If the Pope sent his mandates to the King in advance of his legate, Archbishop Henry would have known of these charges before the end of 1220 and would have had time to prepare his counter-charges. What is certain is that some agent from the archbishop of Dublin must have reached the Pope's court at Rome before 6 March 1221. On that date Honorius III issued a bull in which he confirms the elaborate arrangements which the archbishop of Dublin had been making for the past seven years with a view to erecting a full cathedral chapter in St. Patrick's, Dublin. The Pope now approves and confirms his plans for a deanery, precentorship, treasurership, chan-

[1] *Cal. Papal Letters* I, p. 83 ; Pressutti I. 3506.

cellorship and other offices in the new chapter, with the provision of suitable revenues and prebends.[1] These plans were in fact a logical sequel to the work which Archbishop Cumin had begun for the erection of St. Patrick's as a full cathedral church. The prime motive behind the action of both archbishops seems to have been the wish to have under their control a chapter which would be more easily subject to direction and pressure than the semi-monastic Augustinian chapter of Christ Church. From the first it was plain that none but Anglo-Norman clerks could aspire to the dignity of a prebend in the new chapter of St. Patrick's, Dublin.

Twelve days later (18 March) the Pope sent a long letter of instructions to his legate in Ireland, which did not reach Dublin before the departure of James for Scotland. This is the letter from which I have already taken precise information as to many of the charges which Archbishop Donnchad Ua Longargain brought against the King's justiciar and other officials in Ireland. The Pope now deals with each of these charges in turn, and it is plain that he has been supplied with a skilfully argued reply on the part of the King. Since we know that Archbishop Henry had just obtained a signal favour from the Pope on 6 March, it is reasonable to conclude that his hand can also be detected in the drafting of these countercharges against the archbishop of Cashel. Much of the defence takes the line of asserting that Henry III, as a legal minor, is entitled to the full enjoyment of such rights and possessions as his father had enjoyed at the time of his death in 1216. This argument is used to cover the seizure of the new vill of Cashel; and it is further argued that, since these are feudal matters, the King is not prepared to argue them before any judges save the peers of his own court. English unwillingness to accept the sworn statement of any Irishman is based on the long experience of Irish savagery (*Ybernensium feritatem*), which the archbishop of Cashel has maliciously concealed. The complaint that English lords have seized ecclesiastical property is met by the answer that the king has his courts in Ireland, before which such complaints can always be heard. That some lands have been seized for the purpose of fortification is granted; but the King claims a custom, to which both clergy and laity have consented, that those who fail to fortify their holdings in a land where warfare is constant must be prepared to suffer seizure so that the King may fortify what they are unable to protect. The system of trial by jury is defended as according to the law of the land, and the King argues that the clergy should be more willing than any others to abide by such verdicts since they more than any others have a duty to observe justice in all their dealings. The Pope ends by reminding his legate that the English king is a ward of the Holy See, whose rights the Pope must protect. The legate is therefore ordered to summon the ecclesiastical and secular princes of the land and make careful inquiry as to the truth of these charges. If the King's statement of the

[1] Theiner, p. 18.

facts is found to be truthful, the legate is to proceed no further with the execution of the Pope's own earlier instructions, but is to be careful in all things of the King's rights as a minor.

These new instructions make it plain that the King's agents at the papal court had won a notable legal victory. On 16 April the Pope granted the archbishop of Dublin faculties for dispensing four worthy persons with a view to conferring more than one benefice on each of them.[1] Faculties of this nature must have been welcome to one who was organising the English interest in so many Irish dioceses, and we may take this grant as further proof that the King's cause in all this matter had in fact been argued at Rome by some unnamed agent of the archbishop of Dublin.

Archbishop Henry had not long to wait for his reward. He had been King John's justiciar in Ireland from the summer of 1213 to the summer of 1215, when his place was taken by Archbishop Cumin's nephew, Geoffrey de Marisco. There had been some talk of the archbishop being given temporary custody of the kingdom in the summer of 1220, when Geoffrey was summoned to answer certain charges that had been brought against him in the King's court. But plans were changed at the last moment, and Archbishop Henry lost his authority as legate in the summer of that year without any compensating recognition of his services from the temporal power. Now that the King's case had been argued so forcefully at the papal court, those who were directing the young King's policy seem to have thought that the archbishop of Dublin should receive some public mark of recognition. On 3 July 1221 he was given custody of Ireland, whilst Geoffrey de Marisco was summoned to answer for certain shortcomings before the King in England. On 4 October the transfer of authority was made absolute, Geoffrey surrendering his office of justiciar, which was then conferred by the King on Archbishop Henry. The archbishop held office as justiciar in Ireland until the summer of 1224. During these three years he made a last and most determined effort to push forward his scheme for a wholly English hierarchy in each of the four provinces of the Irish church.

IX

There was still a score to settle with the archbishop of Cashel. Geoffrey de Marisco, who had seized the new vill of Cashel before 1219, was no longer justiciar; but the new justiciar, Archbishop Henry, was not the man to hold him back. And the Pope's recent letters of instruction to his legate, though for the moment legal proceedings were held up by the legate's absence in Scotland, justified the justiciar in retaining the vill in the King's hands.[2] Archbishop Donnchad took another view, and we have no means of testing the degree of provocation to which he was subjected during the

[1] Pressutti I. 3246.

[2] For this delay, see Gregory IX's bull of 4 January 1235, in Theiner, p. 30.

latter half of 1221. What is certain is that at some date before May 1222 he had placed his province under interdict, and that news of this action had reached the King in England. The King made a formal complaint to the Pope; and the upshot was that Honorius III sent a mandate to the archbishop of Cashel, dated 19 May 1222, in which he orders the archbishop to relax his sentence within fifteen days of receipt of the mandate. Should he fail to do so, the bishops of Kildare, Meath and Ossory are empowered to relax the sentence, hear any question that may remain and decide the case absolutely without right of appeal. This mandate has not been entered in the Pope's register, but there seems no good ground for questioning its authenticity. A copy of the mandate was shown to the archbishop of Cashel at Gloucester on 30 July. Archbishop Donnchad had crossed over to England in the hope of gaining some redress, but he found little comfort there. Those who were present at the formal exhibition of the Pope's mandate included the bishop of Winchester (Pierre des Roches) and Robert Travers, the Anglo-Norman candidate for the bishopric of Killaloe, with the priors of Llantony and St. Oswald.[1]

We lose sight of Archbishop Donnchad for the next twelve months, but it seems most probable that he went once more to Rome after his failure to obtain redress at Gloucester. The Pope was by now committed to the legal prosecution of the case by his judges delegate in Ireland. We have no record of the sentence given by the three bishops, but we may safely assume that it was favourable to the King. At some date before August 1223 Archbishop Donnchad had laid aside the burden of his office, and an entry in the Annals of Innisfallen for 1232 tells us that he died in that year. Very probably he withdrew to some Cistercian monastery in Ireland, perhaps Holy Cross near Cashel, and died there as a Cistercian monk. Meanwhile the slow process of filling the vacant see began in the summer of 1223. News of the archbishop's resignation had reached the King before 19 August, when he granted the chapter licence to elect a new archbishop. What followed is obscure in some of its details, but the main outline of the story is plain enough. The chapter of Cashel could not agree, but a majority chose the bishop of Cork Marianus Ua Briain. When the Pope was called upon to review this election in the following year he set it aside owing to some fault (not specified) in the process of election. Possibly those of the chapter who favoured an Anglo-Norman candidate were not present, and some major dignitary of the chapter may have been among their number. One thing at least is certain. The chapter were unable to obtain the King's assent to their choice, and they had reason to fear an attempt to swamp their vote by the creation of a large number of new prebends in the diocese. Sooner than submit to this high-handed policy, they sent some of their members on a mission of appeal to Rome.

[1] *Cal. Docs. Ire.* I. 1034.

Meanwhile Archbishop Henry as justiciar of Ireland had not been idle. As soon as a vacancy arose in any diocese that lay within reach of the Anglo-Norman power, English law required that the temporalities of the vacant see should be taken into the King's hands and a suitable custodian appointed. Bishop Henry of Emly was given custody of the temporalities of Cashel, most probably in the summer of 1223. No record of this mandate has survived, but a mandate of 2 April 1224 orders him to deliver the temporalities with all issues of the see from the time of its vacancy to Archbishop Henry, who thus became custodian in place of the bishop of Emly. This arrangement recalls the situation in 1217-19, when Archbishop Henry held the temporalities of Armagh during the vacancy that followed the death of Echdonn macGille Uidhir. The mandate of 2 April tells us that the King had granted the revenues of Cashel to the archbishop of Dublin in part payment of a loan of six hundred marks due to the archbishop from King John for a loan that had never been repaid. The bishop is ordered to make a schedule of all issues received by him during the vacancy so that the King may know how much he has received and, incidentally, how much of the debt was still owing to the archbishop of Dublin.

Our next documents come from the register of Honorius III.[1] On 26 April 1224 the Pope issued letters to " his beloved sons the clergy of Ireland," in which he renews in emphatic terms his earlier judgment of 6 August 1220, condemning those Englishmen who have ventured to decree that no Irishman is to be promoted to any dignity in the Irish Church. A week later (2 May) he published a bull in which he confirmed the chapter of Cashel in their existing privileges and, in particular, granted their request that the number of canons in their chapter should not be raised beyond twelve. This bull is addressed to the chapter of Cashel, whilst the bull of 26 April is addressed to the Irish clergy as a whole.

On 31 May 1224 Honorius III made a surprising provision to the vacant see of Cashel. The bull of provision is not included in the Pope's register, but the register contains the text of a dispensation granted to Master Michael Scot on 31 May by which he was permitted to retain the benefices which he had already held, although he was now archbishop elect of Cashel.[2] Professor Haskins has thrown unexpected light on this provision.[3] Master Michael Scot, whom the Pope chose at this juncture as a compromise candidate between a possible Irish and Anglo-Norman candidate, is no other than Michael Scot of European fame as one of the pioneers in the revival of Arabic and Greek science in Western Europe. Michael first appears in our extant records at Toledo, where he completed his translation of Albetragius (al-Bitrogi) *On the Sphere*, on 18 August 1217. He was at Bologna on 21 October 1220, where he was

[1] Pressutti II. 4944 ; 4957.
[2] Pressutti II. 5025.
[3] C. H. Haskins : *Studies in the History of Medieval Science* (Harvard, 1927), p. 274.

living in the house of Alberto Gallo and where he described in detail a case of calcified fibroid tumour. Three or four years later he had made his way to Rome, where he enjoyed the patronage of Honorius III. On 16 January 1224 the Pope commended Master Michael Scot to the archbishop of Canterbury as a man of eminent learning, worthy of a benefice in the archbishop's province. On 18 March he received permission to hold two benefices simultaneously; and his sudden elevation to the see of Cashel was thus a further step in the ladder of ecclesiastical promotion. Professor Haskins has had the good fortune to discover the text of a letter which Honorius III sent to Henry III within a few days of the provision which made Master Michael archbishop elect of Cashel. In this letter the Pope stresses the great learning and good conduct of his new candidate, and assures the King that he judges him suitable to advance both the spiritual and temporal interests of his diocese.[1] The King's counsellors must have read this letter with mixed feelings, not least the archbishop of Dublin whose plans were thus ingeniously frustrated by the Pope's unexpected provision. For there can be little doubt that Honorius III acted as he did in the full knowledge that English policy counted on the provision of an Anglo-Norman candidate to the vacant see of Cashel.

The Irishmen who had made their way to Rome in support of the candidature of Bishop Marianus Ua Briain were no less disappointed, and it seems probable that they lost no time in letting Master Michael Scot know the sort of reception he might expect if he was rash enough to appear in Ireland as archbishop of Cashel. On 20 June 1224 Honorius III issued a new bull of provision, from which we learn that Michael Scot had freely renounced his provision within the last few days on the ground that he was ignorant of the language of the country to which he was being sent.[2] No better reason could be given for declining the dignity, but it was a reason which must have been as apparent in May as it was in June 1224. Either the Pope had not consulted Master Michael before he made his provision, or else the archbishop elect had seen reasons for renouncing the dignity which had not occurred to him three weeks earlier. It is a problem of human psychology which must be left unsolved for lack of adequate evidence.

Something else had happened in those three weeks which induced the Pope to make a sudden *volte-face* and give the Irish party his whole-hearted support. The language used by the Pope in his bull of 20 June is vague, and we may suspect that it was meant to be vague. The Pope addresses his bull to Bishop Marianus of Cork, whom he now provides to the see of Cashel. He begins by explaining to the new archbishop elect that he had set aside his election by the chapter of Cashel: " not for any fault in your person, but for a fault in the process of election". He had then provided

[1] This text was printed by Haskins from a thirteenth-century formulary in *Miscellanea Ehrle* (Rome, 1921) IV, p. 281.

[2] Pressutti II. 5052; full text in Theiner, p. 23.

Master Michael to the see, but Michael has since freely renounced this provision. Meanwhile another postulation has been submitted to the Pope on behalf of a person whom the Pope does not name in this bull. Since this postulation had been attempted at a time when news of the Pope's recent provision could not have reached the parties concerned, the Pope has decided to spurn this postulation and reject it outright. He now informs the bishop of Cork that he has provided him to the see of Cashel, and orders him to appear before the King of England to obtain his assent to this provision.

What was the nature of this new postulation which so moved the Pope to anger and indignant repudiation? Since Honorius III has preferred not to name the person for whom the postulation was made, we must be content to remain ignorant, though there is a wide field for conjecture. Archbishop Henry was the King's justiciar in Ireland; he was also custodian of the see of Cashel, holding the temporalities of the see in his own hands. Whatever postulation was made at this time must have been made with his full consent; and it seems plain that the archbishop chose a candidate so obviously displeasing to the Irish clergy that the Pope rejected the postulation without further delay. More than that, he swung round from a position of careful neutrality in this dispute to open support of the Irish cause. He had already renewed his condemnation of Anglo-Norman policy in the Irish Church, and had guaranteed the chapter of Cashel against the danger of being swamped by an increase in the number of their canons. He now deliberately chose the Irish candidate for the see of Cashel; though he was careful to remind Henry III, to whom he sent news of this election on 20 June, that King John had given his assent to the election of Marianus Ua Briain as bishop of Cork and had received the bishop as his clerk and familiar. Not content with these plain indications of the new papal policy, he sent a mandate to the archbishop of Dublin on 18 June ordering him to cause John, the Anglo-Norman candidate for the see of Ardfert, to withdraw his claims.[1]

From what had happened in 1221, we might expect that Archbishop Henry would lose no time in organising resistance to this new phase of papal policy. He was not the man to accept defeat without a fight; but news of this unexpected reversal of the Pope's policy reached Dublin at a time when the archbishop's influence as justiciar had come to a sudden and inglorious end. William Marshal, the great warrior whose prestige had sufficed, almost alone, to hold the kingdom for John's young son in the crisis of 1216, had died in the summer of 1219. Pandulf, who had succeeded Guala as papal legate in 1218, left England in 1221; and Hubert de Burgh was henceforth the chief ruler of the kingdom during the last years of Henry's minority. Archbishop Henry was justiciar in Ireland

[1] Pressutti II. 5051. I think it probable that a similar mandate was issued at this time concerning the claims of Robert Travers to the see of Killaloe.

for the next three years, but his rule proved much weaker than the ruthless administration of Geoffrey de Marisco. The great Anglo-Norman lords in Ireland soon felt that a young and weak king in England was represented in Ireland by an archbishop who was better able to arrange a bishop's election or the capture of some prebend than to lead an army to victory in the field. Hugh de Lacy the younger raised the standard of revolt in the autumn of 1223, and was supported by his kinsman Walter and many other lords in the earldom of Ulster. Archbishop Henry was so little able to assert his authority that he was reduced to buying off some of Hugh de Lacy's knights, who made a raid on Dublin and promised a truce in return for cash. Small wonder that Hubert de Burgh decided that the time had come to dismiss the archbishop from his office as justiciar and to entrust that office to William Marshal the younger, son of the great warrior earl. The change of office was announced on 2 May 1224. William Marshal landed at Waterford on 19 June and made his way to Dublin, where the archbishop formally invested him with the office of justiciar. During the next few weeks William organised a short but brilliantly conceived campaign which restored order in Meath and Ulster from Trim to Carrickfergus.[1] Archbishop Henry had the mortifying experience of sitting idly in Dublin whilst his vigorous young successor did easily what he himself had failed to do. By the first week of November William Marshal was free to leave Ireland in the competent hands of Geoffrey de Marisco and report in person to the King in England.

This sequence of events explains the absence of any serious opposition to the Pope's new policy in Cashel and Ardfert. The King confirmed the election of Bishop Marianus on 25 August 1224, and the temporalities of his see which had been held by Archbishop Henry for the past two years were finally restored to the new archbishop in February 1225. Royal assent was given to the election of Bishop Gilbert, the Irish candidate in Ardfert, on 7 May 1225 ; and a mandate was sent to the justiciar ordering him to see that the new bishop got full possession of his lands and other revenues. A compromise was thus the result of this sharp contest between the two parties in the Irish Church. The Irish party secured the election of their two candidates, but the King was supported by the Pope in his insistence on the vital rights of licence to elect and royal assent. Seizure of the temporalities as soon as a vacancy occurred was to remain the main instrument of policy by which the English Crown sought to assert its rights in the choice of suitable candidates for Irish dioceses. Where temporalities could not easily be seized, the Irish clergy continued to maintain the traditions of their Church with little real interference from Dublin or London.

AUBREY GWYNN

[1] See the full report in *Cal. Docs. Ire.* I. 1203 ; and Orpen's account in *Ireland under the Normans* III, pp. 42 foll.

BICENTENARY OF GOETHE

BY PROFESSOR MARY M. MACKEN, M.A.

Part I.—The Man and His Work*

IT is characteristic of this German poet—who was, *per accidens*, statesman and administrator—that he notes of his birth at mid-day on the 28 August 1749 that it so nearly miscarried as to induce his grandfather Textor to appoint a municipal accoucheur and revive the professional training of nurses—" by which changes (he says) many born after me are likely to have profited". At mid-day on that birthday " the sun stood in the sign of the Virgin, Jupiter and Venus were friendly, Mercury not adverse, Mars and Saturn neutral, the moon alone exerting her opposition". These were the " auspices," working true in Johann Wolfgang. His portraits show and the thousands who met him in his long life stress the head like Jove's, of compelling beauty, and the eyes great brown orbs, twin suns lighting up his world. Students of Goethe know the rôle played in his life by Venus, goddess of beauty or of love. She was the switch releasing all the forces, emotional and intellectual, of his genius—to be combined, in the unsolved mystery of artistic creation, into the unities of his great lyric, epic and dramatic modes.

And the Corsican Mars saluted another birth of Venus when Napoleon gave audience at Erfurt in 1808 to the poet of Weimar, with whom he spent one hour discussing *The Sorrows of Werther*—expressing the wish that Goethe would transfer his Muse to Paris where she would find a worthy field for her activities ! Whether or not the Emperor exclaimed on seeing him whom he believed his counterpart in another sphere : *Voilà un homme* ! is immaterial—" si non e vero, e ben trovato ! " Talleyrand, at Erfurt on that historic morning, is one of those who vouch for the Emperor's exclamation. He it was whom another Frenchman, Dumas, in an interview with Goethe in 1829 identified as the Mephisto of the French scene, Napoleon being the Faust. Like Napoleon, who objected to any other motive for Werther's suicide than disappointed love, Dumas in 1829 would have doubled Gretchen's rôle in *Faust* at the expense of Faustian philosophy—a point of view which his host countered, politely but effectively, by remarking that he had discussed that with Schiller nearly fifty years before ! !

In 1949 in Germany the winds of controversy blow, as ever in times of crisis, round Goethe, their great man : guide, philosopher and friend. Professors of Existentialist Philosophy like Karl Jaspers—now, apparently, in voluntary exile in Switzerland—try to determine for the Germans

* A broadcast talk from Radio Éireann on 1 September 1949.

what contribution Goethe has to make to their problematical to-day and their perhaps still more problematical to-morrow. Latinists like Professor Curtius are at issue with Jaspers's findings, whilst lay and professional opinion alike in Germany combine to reject the version of Goethe and his creations which Thomas Mann, disputed recipient of the Frankfurt Goethe Prize, gives in his novels *Lotte in Weimar* and the brand new *Dr. Faustus*. Whilst we may well be indifferent to the postulates of this problem or to the problem itself, we cannot ignore the fact that its existence is proof of the immortality of Goethe. Though in his later years the poet expressed a doubt as to whether, after a century of fame, anybody would have anything to say about him, he frequently protested that he was more concerned with posterity than with contemporaries. Posterity continues to justify that concern in its inexhaustible and exhausting discussions of what he was, is and shall be. Bernard Shaw is, perhaps, the only gentleman amongst us " insects buzzing about the Colossus". He but lifts his hat in homage and holds his tongue ! !

Since I have not had the wit to do likewise, I ask myself what Goethe the man and his work signify ? For me he is primarily the poet whose outward life reads like a fairy tale of the year 1775, that time of rigid court etiquette and aristocratic exclusiveness. The hero is a darling of the gods ; a golden-mouthed Apollo ; beloved of men and women and adored by children. He, the lawyer poet, has by order of the reigning Duke been fetched, after an exciting interview in Frankfurt, as guest to the Court of Weimar for three months. There he takes hearts by storm ; hunts, rides and dances. He reads his *Urfaust* to a breathless circle in the Dowager Duchess's palace. And his Ducal Highness, Charles Augustus, fights his Council of Noblemen to a triumphant finish to get their co-operation with the bourgeois whom he is determined to make Minister of State ! If anything could justify despotism, however benevolent, this gamble of Charles Augustus and his mother would. For the Storm and Stress Poet, in Werther costume, now turned Minister, set the pace in that little Duchy for a thoroughness and efficiency in service which we associate with the word German. Pegasus was yoked, not without protest, as when, in a half-humorous poem in 1782 (*Der Dichter im Staatswagen*), he begs :

> O Pegasus, take him with you !
> Into the wide spaces of the spirit ;
> For *one* ride with you he will gladly give his Coach-and-Six !

or when he sings in *Meine Göttin* of the infinite variety of Jove's darling daughter, " Sweet Poetry," the gift of gods to men. To her he gives first place as Lady of his House, not to be kept down by " stepmotherly Wisdom " whom he calls the sister of Hope. To Hope he looks for consolation and encouragement in what must have been a battle between Duty and Inspiration. But the battle is drawn ; victory can hardly be

said to be to the Court. Indeed the very conflicts arising in the breast of this most rare of laureates are the stuff of his poetry, now as heretofore. For Goethe is Tasso : " Und wenn der Mensch in seiner Qual verstummt Gab mir ein Gott zu sagen was ich leide ; " as he is Werther, Egmont and Faust, Orestes and indeed Iphigenie as well. He is Meister ; as he may be the Harper and Mignon, mysterious voices of his other, his secret self. " Nur wer die Sehnsucht kennt " and " Wer nie sein Brot mit Tränen ass," even more than " Kennst du das Land " are written out of the labyrinthine heart of the singer of *An den Mond*. That miraculous fusion of Art and Nature will go on weaving its rhythmic spells as long as the German language lasts and moons and loves endure. Of such magic in the poet's power to fix a mood and give eternity to a moment might Goethe-Faust have spoken later in the pact with the Devil : " Werd'ich zum Augenblicke sagen-Verweile doch, du bist so schön." It was perhaps the *Dauer im Wechsel* which kept that poet's heart beating, dangerously, for 83 years. The more official Goethe is in the poem *Ilmenau*, fine blend of sincerity and tact in which the Poet as Duke's Mentor speaks with undertones that have the significance of an unresolved dissonance. Here is a new Tasso speaking with the voice of an Antonio to whom the graces have given a late birthday gift. The Goethe, of whom good craftsmen had no fear when his great eyes were on them, organised a lasting memorial to his stage carpenter-friend in the poem *Auf Miedings Tod*, whilst in narrative doggerel verses, *Hans Sachsens Poetische Sendung*, there is a hint that *Faust* still occupies him. It will go with him to Italy when Pegasus casts off his yoke, to return under conditions more favourable to the Muse. She does not seem to have done too badly under the eleven years strain. *Egmont*, *Tasso* and *Iphigenie* are in the knapsack, too, for final revision, with a number of trifles as well ; the Goethean capacity for work is a very real part of his genius. " Ich habe es mir sauer werden lassen " is his legitimate boast : the first edition of his works is under way before he crosses the Brenner in 1786.

The man who is moving incognito and with quickened pulses on Rome is 37. He is one of the supreme singers of his own or any age ; the author of a novel that Bonaparte read seven times, of a play *Götz v. Berlichingen* that inaugurates the English Romantic Revival and, above all, of a *Faust* as yet unpublished but the rumour of which had, perhaps, stopped Lessing working on the same theme. The little hunchback Fräulein Luise von Göchhausen had already saved it for posterity by making a manuscript copy. It is the *Urfaust*, familiar as Salzburg Festspiel and produced last year amid the ruins of Cologne, when the Cathedral had its centenary celebrations. The *Urfaust* contains, in the garden scene, Faust's Confession of Faith : Wer darf ihn nennen/Und wer bekennen / ich glaub' ihn. . . . It was meant to ease the mind of poor Catholic Gretchen, Faust's sweetheart and victim, one of the great creations

of literature. It is a Confession that remained good for Goethe himself to the end, however much he may have elaborated its form later in *Proemion* and other poems. In spite of the fact that Gretchen tells Faust he has no Christianity, Goethe, calling himself "an old heathen," was nevertheless deeply rooted in the Christian tradition—in the ethic of which he believed, whilst disclaiming all dogma. For his wife and son he conformed to the Lutheran State religion of Weimar. For himself he had a substitute, Art and Science. That was for the few; for the world at large there is an interesting passage in the seventh book of *Dichtung u. Wahrheit* on the Catholic Sacraments which its author, despite the protests of his friends, insisted on publishing since it expressed for him a fundamental truth.

Whether Goethe, crossing the Alps in the September of 1786, knew it or not, he was at a turning point of his life. The eighteen months spell of leave and its carefree associations with simple folk, with painters like Tischbein and Angelica Kaufmann or art scholars like Heinrich Meyer and Moritz, brought release from the tensions of Weimar. But it started him on that life of self-culture which grew in intensity after his return to Germany, ceasing only with his last breath. How it, in the event, affected his own art, is a question that will never be settled. I have always felt that something irreplaceable was lost in Italy, though many things hitherto, perhaps, lacking—clearness of outline, objectivity, measure (that great lady of the mediaeval as much as of the classical world)—were gained. The plastic; the sculptural, the architectural, the moulding hand and seeing eye are now words applicable to his conscious craft of poetry. They are evident in all the post-Italian works in classical form—the *Roman Elegies* and *Epigrams;* the great *Elegies* of the *Musen-almanach;* in the epic idyll, *Hermann u Dorothea* even, Germanic to the core as it is—but a type more than a species. And for the type our scientifically bent poet is now inexorably searching. I think of Goethe, plunged in grief at leaving Italy, bidding a tearful farewell to the group that loved him ("How could we do otherwise" Angelica Kaufmann wrote to him) and yet sternly buying a hammer to tap the rocks for geological inspiration as he crept home unwillingly, like the snail, image of the schoolboy. He seems very far from *Kennst du das Land* with its magic mood of evocation. It may have been the Natural Sciences or the Marmorean Figures in the Vatican Galleries—the tyranny of a Greece that Byron did not know. But the Goethe whom Schiller found Weimar adoring when he visited it in Goethe's absence, is no more.

When he returned to the banks of the Ilm—relieved, at his own request, of all burdens of office except the Ministry of Education—the French Revolution was at hand; a new epoch had begun. Let us take rapid stock of the poet, more than half of whose life, soon to become legendary, has yet to run. His country is going, like all Europe, through

a crisis and the poet goes, like any mediaeval minstrel, to the war with his lord. Not to sing, however, but to observe and note. We have it all in the *Campaign in France*, as we have Italy in the *Italian Journey* and his pre-Weimar days in *Dichtung u. Wahrheit*. He has never separated poetry and truth. Did he not receive the veil of Poetry from the hand of Truth? And are not these autumn years the natural period of garnering and gleaning—with perhaps, by the help of his gods (and goddesses), now and then a rich aftermath. The great days of rushing song are, however, over; Goethe sings their requiem in the Faust: "Vorspiel auf dem Theater." He might not even have done that had he not, somehow, been rescued in 1794 by Schiller's famous letter, bringing eleven fruitful years, of a new order, indeed, but for which we must be forever grateful. The First Part of Faust gets finished; the *Helena* of the Second Part takes shape; there are the *Ballads*—some direct, some with a sombre beauty as of subterranean fires; there is *Hermann u. Dorothea* and there is the reconstructed *Wilhelm Meister*. When death breaks the Schiller-Goethe bond, there are new forces at work, producing the *Sonnets*, which confine passion within the play of Renaissance forms, and the *Wahlverwandtschaften*, that strangely compelling work weaving chemistry with Christian ethic into the web of the novel. Goethe is here as in the *Wanderjahre* the *Entsagende*. He damps down the fires within and removes from his path, inexorably, all outside sources of chaos. He knows his dangerous heart. For he is, under the ministerial stars and orders (as under the Werther coat) problematic, a man of moods—with a Daimon. He is fond of the word on which he writes a poem and which he explains at length in *Dichtung u. Wahrheit*. But he strives after a synthesis; a balance of forces. Does he succeed? At 74 he is shaken for the last time, by the wind of passion. In the *Trilogie der Leidenschaft*, poetic deposit of his mood of despair and renunciation, he is back with Werther. He conjures up the dead lover:

"Zum Scheiden *du*, zum Bleiben *ich* erkoren/*Du* gingst voran und hast nicht viel verloren."

There are no such echoes or accents in the Second Part of *Faust*, the final work on which belongs to the years 1828-1830. It is a wonderful feat of memory and shaping imagination. Behind it an immense learning, with which the old poet plays lightly; an affirmation of the world as the poet, who was also a scientist, saw it; its changes and myriad forms ringing and swinging down the ages. There is irony, too—for is there not Mephisto?—perhaps as much "Double" as Devil. Only: the end of it all, the salvation of Faust, is full of mediaeval mystery and mysticism. The Devil is routed; negation at an end; grace abounds; Faust is safe. The concluding chorus is once more *Dauer im Wechsel*—Permanence in Change. It is an image of the poet himself as he passed in 1832 for ever from our world of *Seeming* to that of *Being*. At that passing

his last audible words were : to transcend oneself. Like all great creators, Goethe has done so. Become a symbol, he becomes part of the creative process, to be fashioned and refashioned continually like Faust and Tasso ; Iphigenie and Helena.

Part II—Memories of Weimar

I HAVE a lively recollection of Goethe's capital as I saw it for the first time on the 18 March 1932 when, as university representative and one of the Free State delegation, I attended the Commemoration of the First Centenary of the poet's death. The first centenary of his birth had, in the revolutionary year 1849, been allowed to pass unnoticed ; an excited democracy then deliberately ignored one of Germany's great men, whom they dubbed the slave of princes ! Political winds in 1932 were blowing, though none too surely, in a different direction. The German Republic, then in its death throes, still breathed and its cradle was Goethe's Weimar. So the 22nd March was to usher in a crowded week of wreath-laying, lectures, dramatic revivals, concerts, banquets and visits to places of interest in and around Weimar. These were not only connected with the great poet's life and work for over half a century in the grand ducal capital, but also with the many significant figures who, in the course of the intervening century, had been minded to continue the Goethean tradition in the town which he had made a centre of culture of the arts and sciences.

When I left Dublin, where we had anticipated the centenary date in a two-day academic musical and dramatic commemoration, the first snowdrops had come and gone in our gardens and our later flowering shrubs were already answering the call of spring. In Weimar, on that Friday afternoon of March the 18th, the scene was unimaginably bleak and the narrow streets were difficult to negotiate, patched as they were with a hard snow that covered even the lower slopes of the Thuringian hills. An icy wind blew in the parks, where the delicate growing things were still wrapped in their winter matting ; only in Goethe's sheltered garden did an occasional drift of snowdrops venture a thrust into the frozen air. Was it that great plant-lover's salute to us mortals ? The town—its smallness somehow summed up in the two miniature tramcars which kept circulating all day from centre to circumference—was, I should say, quite abnormally full of guests arriving, like myself, for the week of ceremonies. Actors, journalists, scholars, men of letters, poets and statesmen, within and without the Reich boundaries, were gathering to pay tribute to a poet-sage who for more than a quarter-century of his lifetime had attracted visitors from all over Europe and from further west to the little capital where he, more truly than his Duke Charles Augustus, might be said to have held court.

The centenary year 1932 was not, any more than the revolutionary year 1849, without its political excitements; and the Free State of Thuringia, into which the Grand Duchy of Sachsen Weimar Eisenach had long since been incorporated, was a centre of National Socialist activity. It had as one of its ministers of State one of Hitler's earliest adherents, Dr. Frick, soon to be rewarded with the portfolio of Reichsminister of the Interior. Was that, I wonder, why Thomas Mann's lecture, *Goethe as Writer and representative Citizen*, was to get such a cool reception. He was probably even then a marked man, and he was a strong supporter of Republican forms. The future leader of the Third Reich had in 1932 just been defeated in his candidature for the Presidency by Field-Marshal von Hindenburg, whose prestige he had challenged. But he had polled thirteen million votes against seventeen million for Germany's wartime demigod, so that the defeat had assumed the appearance of a triumph and was an indication that the Chancellorship would soon be his for the taking. I remember the number of Brown Shirts in the streets and the show of Swastikas in the many offices where, despite Chancellor Bruning's ban, the Party had carried on the business of electioneering with such remarkable results. The Chancellor himself, soon (in May 1932) to be dismissed by the President whom he had so loyally served, had not yet arrived for the ceremonies. He had other cares as well as other consolations. When he did appear on the morning of the 22nd, it was only to meet the one-time ruling Grand Duchess called back for the purposes of the celebrations and with her to lay a wreath on Goethe's tomb in the grandducal vault. Later on that day he acted as host at the lunch given in the palace by his government and the government of Thuringia to the visiting delegations. The Grand Duchess remained on for the performances of Goethe's plays, but the Chancellor took his leave immediately—and so quietly and unostentatiously that few outside his immediate entourage were aware of his going.

How Weimar looked after 1933, when the Hitler drive had dynamised it into industrial activity, I know only from the detailed and illustrated description in the new edition of Brockhaus's Encyclopedia. It makes clear that the allied bombing of places like Weimar (and Würzburg—it a beautiful and historic Prince Bishop's seat of government and a centre of art, architecture and academic learning, as markedly Catholic as Weimar is markedly Protestant) was not just a gesture of hate of Germany's cultural places. Weimar was, in 1932, obviously no longer intended to remain identified solely with the fine arts and the sciences. Every vacant spot in the town or its approaches was placarded with advertisements inviting application for suitable sites for heavy industry, so that the developments described at the height of the National Socialist achievement were already foreshadowed in the last year of the Republic.

In spite of changes accomplished or to be accomplished, I think I

scored a near success in the " experiment with time," which I believe to be a part at least of the idea underlying commemoration. Though I refused absolutely to accept the invitation of the Weimar Committee who, in their eagerness to comply with the efforts of the German Minister to Ireland, Herr G. von Dehn, on my behalf, had offered me rooms in the great Goethe house itself, I was with my hostess, Fräulein von Kalkstein, made at home in the cultural world of old Weimar. For the new world of post-war Germany she had, obviously, little use. She was a General's daughter and as well a direct descendant of one of the military tutors of Frederick the Great. In spite of the wreck of the family fortunes in the defeat of 1918, a defeat which her officer brother refused to survive, she was gallantly keeping her invalid and widowed mother alive and happy and the precious heirlooms, souvenirs of her family's connection with the Hohenzollerns, intact. Fräulein von Kalkstein's commodious flat was a welcome retreat from the bleak streets : the great white tiled-stove diffused warmth and the period-table was well provided with fine editions of the Weimar classics. She was an excellent musician and added to her mother's modest pension—" my only capital " as she called it—by giving lessons for the greater part of every morning on a beautiful Blüthner. She made no secret of the fact that, as a paying guest, I was a real godsend ; and there was literally nothing that she was not prepared to do to help me during that pleasant week. Because I had been unable to book seats for all the theatre performances, she insisted on mounting guard herself for hours at the Box Office and usually returned with tickets which had been sent back or were otherwise somehow made available, so that I should not miss this great opportunity of seeing Goethe acted. She did that completely as a matter of course, as she did so much else for me. With her I went to Ilmenau, once the hunting-ground of Goethe and his Duke, often the poet's retreat from Court cares, and always his inspiration. In a pair of Fräulein von Kalkstein's snowboots I climbed to the Kickelhahn where the poet put into words, on the wooden wall of his hut, that forest-born sigh for peace which has set musicians down the ages vieing with one another to match his mood in music : *Uber allen Gifsfeln ist Ruh.* It is beautifully companioned by another wood-born prayer from the heights of Ettersburg : *Der Du von dem Himmel bist* the same spot where he staged *Iphigenie auf Tauris* as a court entertainment, he playing Orestes, and where he got the introductory imagery and symbolism for that fine ode : *Harzreise im Winter.*

Though Fräulein von Kalkstein had never been a Court lady, she had the reactions of one to Goethe's wife, Christiane, and to his rather belated marriage, which she termed socially awkward—a mistake. She spoke of it as if it were of yesterday and of the poet as if he might emerge at any moment from the house on the Frauenplan, going to make arrangements in the hotel *Zurn Weissen Schwan* close by for the accommodation

of Zelter, his musician friend from Berlin, whose music we had heard in the Weimar Public Hall on the 22nd. She laughed when I told her of my fears at being lodged in the great house; but she was glad of them, because they had brought me to rescue her for a little space from an all too stern frugality. She was, like the majority of her national and social type, a Protestant but of the Pietist order of whose influence on Goethe in the sixties and seventies of the eighteenth century every student knows. She was as well a monarchist, refusing to believe that any other form of life than the Prussian military one was right for Germany. Her ignorance of Catholicism was childishly entertaining. I was probably the first Catholic with whom she had come into real contact, and she tried to assure herself and me of her sense of relief that I had not turned out to be what she called a Jesuit Catholic. She could tell me exactly how to get to the only Catholic Church in Weimar—which she, of course, had never entered. Moreover she found its architectural type, the modern Romanesque, completely out of place in the Weimar picture. Curiously enough, I later, on holidays in Southern England, heard exactly the same remark passed by English Protestants about outstanding examples of Catholic Romanesque Churches in their English landscape. It was with real regret that I was to say goodbye to this fine German lady, battling so bravely against life's odds. She was of the race and type of the Yorcks and Moltkes who suffered such a humiliating death at the hands of Hitler.

In spite of the strictures of my hostess on Republican forms of life, I found the commemoration arrangements finely carried out and the public displays impressive. The former grandducal properties, both the town and the country summer palaces, were excellently kept; the influence and co-operation of Goethe were everywhere evident and carefully preserved. Indeed the life of the poet and his every activity are so intimately linked with that of the former ruling house that no commemoration of the one can exclude the other. It was so even in the lifetime of the poet. He was averse to celebrations involving his own person; and when—I think it was in 1825—the halfcentury of Charles Augustus's rule coincided with the halfcentury of Goethe's residence, the Duke refused to celebrate his jubilee if Goethe did not at the same time allow the public commemoration of his own arrival in the Duchy! I always think—and more than ever since I saw Weimar—of Goethe's relation to his sovereign as that of a mediaeval *ministeriale*. It was a relationship involving mutual loyalty with no trace of servility: gracious giving and dignified acceptance. Such a relationship of mutual understanding of rights and obligations is obvious, I think, in the scope and character of Goethe's varied activities in Italy; in his campaigning with Charles Augustus in the French Revolutionary Wars; and in the visitations of home and outlying countries made in one another's company.

Students of Goethe are helped by a visit to Weimar to realise the

character of this relationship and the enrichment it brought to a Court whose social arts and literary entertainments were never before or since so splendidly enhanced. That Goethe's grandsons, dying childless, were fully aware of the value of the tradition established by this rarest of laureates and perhaps equally rare liege is proved by their testamentary return to the Grand Duke of the great house on the Frauenplan, with the inestimable gift of their grandfather's writings and collections. That generosity of the poet's descendants was answered in a corresponding spirit by the Grand Duchess Sophie who took over the cost of editing the 150 volumes of the great Weimar Edition as well as of building a house to keep the Goethe and Schiller archives.

The committee arrangement that pleased me most was their feat of concentrating for a full week in Weimar actor groups from such famous centres as Vienna and Munich, Berlin and Dresden to do honour to a dramatist who was as well a fellow-craftsman, man of the theatre and actor. The choice of *Torquato Tasso* played by the Burgtheater group for the evening of the 22nd March—though it might seem obvious—was inspired. The presence of the Grand Duchess, representative of the house that loomed so large in the composition and final evolution of a play which is as much symbol of Weimar and Goethe as of Ferrara and Tasso, was a happy coincidence—if it was not rather fittingly planned and generously conceded. Raoul Aslan's playing of the name-part I can never forget. I had seen him act in Vienna, but only in Strindberg plays. He was now to strip Goethe of his classic mask, and we were to see into the gulf of that " disproportion between talent and life " which is the poet's tragedy and which Goethe is minded to show us here at the remove of highly stylised verse-speech. How questionable is art? How questionable the poet who will not stand our question ! Is Tasso symbol? Or warning—or both alike? Or is its creator, already here, at his subsequent task of educator? It is the fascination of the symbol that it eternally challenges interpretation.

If the Weimar celebrations gave me nothing else except the great representations of *Tasso, Iphigenie, Egmont*, and *Faust* I and II, my wintry journey would have been well worth while. But they gave me as well the opportunity to look at ease into Goethe's world of a century ago, sharply divided as it is from our modern age. The fascination of the lyrist Goethe for me always was his immediacy of communication. There was such a magic transmutation of scene into sound, of mood into music, the rhythms of nature caught in the web of his art. I had always felt that I knew his cottage in the Park ; the gently flowing Ilm ; his beloved woods where the birds are silent at eventide or where the vulture hovers in the dawn, seeking his prey. Now I had seen and shared his experience ; it remains unforgettable.

MARY M. MACKEN

THE GAELIC UNION: A NONAGENARIAN RETROSPECT

BY PROFESSOR EMERITUS PATRICK CANON POWER, D.LITT.

THE writer easily recalls the time—three-quarters of a century since—when there could scarcely be found a reader and writer of Irish, per county, in all Ireland. Popular association of the olden tongue with poverty and illiteracy had banned it from school and college. Even the Church looked askance at it because of its alleged connection with souperism. Consequently the single reader and writer aforesaid was often none too ready to acknowledge his ambiguous accomplishment.

Accounts of the Irish revival have appeared from time to time, and the lamented death of Dr. Hyde has evoked a whole spate of them. Almost all of these have been written by persons who could have had no personal knowledge of the events or the times; and all differ, in details at any rate, from the present writer's memory of the movement and its stages. Hence the writer in question deems it proper—and, in part, a duty—to put on record his own recollection of the language resurgence and of the men therewith associated, with all of whom he was personally acquainted. The matter is not, to be sure, a momentous issue, but the day comes when such data will be demanded. Present-day Irish youth find it hard to realise that, within living memory, it was possible to pass through an Irish school—primary or even secondary—without once having heard that there was an Irish language which could actually be written down and without ever having seen a letter of the Irish alphabet. The spoken language—that is, its sound—was of course familiar to his ear; for he might hear it any day in the streets of Waterford, Cork or Galway. But that the seemingly uncouth tongue enshrined a rich and varied literature he had neither heard nor dreamed. None so poor then as to do the old tongue honour. Similarly our ordinary or average youth was left to glean his Irish history as best he might—from street ballads, political oratory, chapbooks, and the like. What an all but insuperable task faced the dreamers who first tackled the revival enterprise!

It used be the fashion in certain quarters to blame O'Connell and his followers for their neglect of the national language. Indeed the charge is still occasionally repeated. Whether or not there be solid ground for the accusation, its formulation is an attempt to read history backward and out of focus. Young Ireland, which held the Liberator a laggard, did little, if any, better itself, though there was the sympathetic attitude of Smith O'Brien and Davis. Both O'Connell and Young Ireland had their respective tasks which required their every energy, and Irish did not in their time appear the essential we deem it to-day.

So, in such wise, things continued for a generation or two from Young Ireland. The Famine intervened and more than half-drained the nation dry. Intermittently, and half apologetically, " Irish Columns " or " Easy Lessons in Irish " appeared from time to time in newspapers like *The Tuam News* and *The Irishman*. Philip Barron and his Irish College arose in Co. Waterford and were succeeded in the same county by the less remembered Keating Society, which brought out an Irish Catechism for Munster and prepared for publication Keating's *Eochair Sciath*. William Williams of Dungarvan, Father Meany and John Fleming were founders of the Society ; indeed it would be true to say they *were* the Society.

Fleming, an over-worked and poorly-paid country schoolmaster, was the most active of the trio and perhaps the best Irish scholar. Perhaps, too, he was least influential. He had—off and on when opportunity offered—conducted Irish " lessons " or " corners " in local newspapers and, despite the frowns of authority, had taught Irish in his National School at Rathgormack. Hampered in public by an unimpressive presence and in speech by a noticeable stammer, he wielded a trenchant pen as more than one foe of the language had occasion to remember. On his retirement as teacher he removed to Dublin, where he accepted a little scribal post under Dr. Atkinson in the R.I.A. In Dublin he fell in with the chief " Irishians " of the city and, indeed, of Ireland : David Comyn, Father Nolan, O.D.C., Father O'Carroll, S.J., J. J. MacSweeney (O'Longan's son-in-law) and Richard O'Mulrenin. Few of these, except Fleming, were practised speakers of Irish, but they were very enthusiastic —especially in the beginning. As the outcome of much discussion they banded themselves together under the name " Society for Preservation of the Irish Language," their object being of course study and use of Irish. They were soon joined by other—mostly lesser—enthusiasts, and they held weekly meetings.

In its early years the Society, with the aid of Fleming and Comyn, compiled and published a series of useful elementary text books in Irish, and the sale of these became, later, a modest source of revenue which enabled the Society to pay a weekly salary of 15s. to a part-time secretary. Burdened, however, by dilettante membership the Society gradually grew more academic than practical in outlook. The Secretary, who had a personal interest in the life of the body, wrote innumerable letters, in English, to school teachers and others all over the country, and the reading of replies to these became chief part of the business at the weekly meetings. The more practical-minded grew dissatisfied with the lack of real progress, the perfunctory methods and the loss of time. The chief of them, including Comyn and Fleming, seceded and, some time in 1880, formed themselves into a new organisation under the title of " The Gaelic Union". Deprived of its working element the " Preservation " Society languished,

but lived for a long time—not alone under the curse of sterility, but to do a kind of red-herring disservice. Nothing can better illustrate the humble beginnings of the Gaelic Union than that an obscure ecclesiastical student, like the present writer, could be, and actually was, elected a member of the Council. He has now no memory of actual attendance at meetings. The railway fare to Dublin might have proved an obstacle. But he remembers informal talks from time to time with almost all his fellow-councillors. Father Nolan presented him with a copy of his then recently published Prayer Book, and this, specially bound for presentation, he still retains after nearly three-quarters of a century. Father Nolan also brought out an Irish Grammar in rhyme, which introduced itself somewhat in this style :—

> " Good news I bring that you can sing
> Hard rules to music's sound."

The daring resolve of the Gaelic Union in 1882 to establish a periodical in Irish aroused quite a lively interest and some popular expectation. Of course such proposals had previously been made in the past—but they had ended as proposals merely. Proposal is so much easier than achievement ! The promoters were, however, in deadly earnest this time. The writer well recollects the aspects of the question as debated : should the proposed paper be entirely or only partially in Irish ? Should the Irish be in the Roman or in native type ? Where were writers to be found and, granted the writers, could a sufficiency of readers be got to support the venture ? There were the usual optimists and pessimists—only the latter seemed to be the more numerous.

The first number of the new Journal appeared in November 1882 ; among the contents was a graceful metrical tribute from Douglas Hyde. At what date, exactly, " An Craoibhin " had come into the movement the writer does not now recollect. At any rate, he does recall that the newcomer was a brilliant young man of engaging personality deeply devoted to Irish literature. David Comyn had been appointed editor. Though otherwise very capable, he was unfortunately in somewhat indifferent health. The price of the new Journal was fixed at sixpence—which, considering the then value of money, was perhaps excessive. Printing of Irish was, however, very costly at the time and the prospective circulation was small. The tone of the articles was a bit on the academic side—savouring more of the library than of the turf fire and the fair green. Taking it all in all, however, the founding of the *Gaelic Journal* was the most progressive step of these early years.

In No. 4 of the Journal appears a metrical *fáilte* from M. P. Hickey (afterwards Rev. Dr. O'Hickey) from whom this is the first contribution—more goodwill, rhyme and metre than poetry, perhaps. Apropos Rev. Dr. O'Hickey, the writer may be allowed to interject a claim—in abeyance

for nigh half a century—that to him (Dr. O'Hickey) more than to any other single influence we owe our "Essential Irish" in the National University. In behalf of the Essential Irish demand he did a giant's work—writing and inspiring pamphlets, articles and newspaper letters innumerable. Many, if not most, of these were anonymous or under a *nom-de-plume*. And for all his labour this unselfish and indefatigable zealot received neither credit nor profit; instead he met a world of trouble and an early grave.

Though so striking a portent, the appearance of the *Gaelic Journal* did not attract much public attention in 1882. That particular era of ebullient political feeling was not very propitious: the magazine's significance was obscured—nearly blacked-out in fact—in the all-engrossing agitation of the day. The *soi-disant* nationalist press barely noticed it, and of the Irish Parliamentary Party, only three members acknowledged receipt of their free copies. Many people bought the paper through sentiment or because of its novelty. The vast majority regarded resuscitation of Irish as a gigantic impossibility.

Though planned as a monthly, the Journal early contracted the bad habit of unpunctual appearance. As, however, neither Editor nor contributors received any remuneration and as their writing had perforce to be done outside office hours, irregularity of issue was hardly very censurable. Moreover, the Editor's choice of material was limited. Copy he had often to beg, occasionally to borrow, but it has never been suggested that he stole any. In spite of its poor circulation and other drawbacks, the Journal managed to do a work far beyond its pretensions; it managed to bring into Ireland the new soul foreshadowed by Young Ireland.

Propaganda by deputation was another of the Union's activities. Deputations waited upon educational bodies, political committees and ecclesiastical authorities. By most of these reception was formal, chilly and discouraging. Fleming was usually a deputation member and he, notwithstanding his familiarity with all the essentials of the situation, helped but little the embassy's prestige. The present writer recalls the old man's account of one such deputation—to the Cardinal Archbishop of Dublin. The interview was frigid and the impression made was ostensibly nil. Deputations to popular political bodies met with not much warmer reception. Justice, however, demands the qualifying statement that it was not so much any hostility to Irish as such, but that the proposals seemed quixotic and that their makers were unknown men—cranky folk or something of that sort, presumably.

At Archbishop Croke's suggestion a strenuous effort was made in 1883 to re-unite the Gaelic Union with the more or less effete Preservation Society, but the latter body would have none of it; it steadily ignored the olive branch and amalgamation. In July 1883 Mr. Comyn, for reasons

of health, was obliged to resign the editorship of the Journal—of which eight numbers had, up to that date, appeared. He had filled the Editorial chair with dignity and good sense, if not with distinction. As the writer remembers him, he was a cultured and well-read man, kindly and genial in manner and, perhaps, rather a thinker and scholar than a pioneer to blaze a trail.

It deserves to be remembered that a couple of months later Mr. T. M. Healy, M.P., from his place in the British House of Commons, made a slashing attack on the Commissioners of Irish Education for their injustice towards Irish. Powerful though the assault and irresistible though the case made, they produced no reform. Other Irish politicians of the time who helped in the language movement were Thomas Sexton, Tim Harrington and Michael Davitt. All four attended the Annual Meeting of the Union in 1883, and Sexton delivered a memorable oration—the sessional address.

David Comyn was succeeded as Editor by John Fleming, who brought to his task a vigour quite out of keeping with his years and venerable mien. He remained in office till 1891, when ill health compelled him, too, to retire. Fleming's fulminations against enemies, or quasi-enemies, of the language were sometimes devastating. In and around 1888 especially, the old man was letting himself go lustily. The present writer recollects that he had himself the audacity to write from the far Australian bush a letter of friendly remonstrance to the new Leonidas. The first victim of the irate Editor's zeal was the then Todd Lecturer, R.I.A.—Rev. Dr. Bartholomew McCarthy, who had brought the trouble on himself—evidently sadly under-estimating the opposition prowess. Fleming's next antagonist was Thomas O'Neill Russell of New York. Then the veteran warrior took on Richard J. O'Duffy, who had edited *The Pursuit of Diarmaid and Grainne* for the Preservation Society. O'Duffy, however, thought it better policy to make no fight. The redoubtable *Gaelic Journal* man, secure in his ability to justify his attacks, was unrestrained by dread of libel. Anyhow the poor man was no mark for legal damages. Fleming's labour for the Union and, afterwards, for the Gaelic League was prodigious and as heavy and thankless as it was great. And the devoted worker was, all the time, severely handicapped by ill health and weight of years. Considering the circumstances the results were marvellous and, of course, they have remained very inadequately acknowledged—or rather not acknowledged at all. Fleming's work was badly needed at the time and there was no one who could have done it so well. Most of Fleming's writing has a decidedly Decies flavour—vocabulary, allusions, idioms, illustrative examples, etc. Niceties of syntax and Munster usage were among his strong points.

A young student of Irish, Eoin O'Growney, makes his first appearance in No. 30 of the Journal (1889) with some questions of Irish grammar ;

and there is a formal article in Irish from him, on a visit to Aran, in the succeeding issue. Meantime poor Fleming is reaching the end of his long service to Irish letters ; in the Journal for February 1891 (No. 37) there appears, on his behalf, an explanation and apology from Mr. P. O'Brien, which informs readers and friends that the stalwart of many battles is no longer, owing to illness, able to attend to literary matters. Two numbers later (No. 39) Fleming formally resigns, and No. 40 appears under the Editorship of Father O'Growney. In the immediately succeeding issue, by the way, Rev. Richard Henebry makes his debut with a sensible and well-reasoned article, in English, on Irish prose.

Transformation of the Union into " The Gaelic League " is foreshadowed in the Journal for November 1893. Father O'Growney, from the Editor's chair, welcomes the recently established League as a new and valued auxiliary. Unlike the derivation of the Gaelic Union from the Preservation Society (which was by secession and in an atmosphere of hardly-veiled antagonism) the generation of the League was by a natural development—the adoption of a new name and the influx of new members, like John MacNeill, bringing into the movement an air of stimulation and revival.

In many recent newspaper paragraphs, apropos An Craoibhin's lamented death, it has been asserted that Dr. Hyde was the actual founder of the League. The statement is hardly quite correct. The writer was absent from this country and hemisphere at the particular time ; but, to the best of his recollection, Dr. MacNeill and Father O'Growney were, at least equally, co-founders. The point is, of course, of little moment. The venerable Charles MacNeill—still happily, with all his learning, in our midst—could, no doubt, settle the matter if appealed to. No. 2, Vol. VI of the Journal (May 1895) announces definitely that management and publication remain " as before " in the hands of Eoin MacNeill.

P. Power

DEPARTMENTS OF EDUCATION: CHURCH AND STATE

BY JOSEPH O'NEILL
Secretary, Department of Education, 1923-1944

PART I—Departments of Education

MOST people, if they were asked 'What is a Department of Education', would probably reply: "The Department of Government whose business it is to establish schools, employ teachers, and see that the pupils attend the schools." The answer would seem to be an obvious one, and yet it would be quite inaccurate in the case of most Departments of Education. Our own Department of Education in Eire, for instance, neither establishes schools nor employs teachers. Neither is it the Department which enforces school attendance. The bewildered enquirer may naturally ask: "If the Department of Education does not perform these obvious and essential duties, what then are the services it and similar Departments do supply?"

I

The answer is not a simple one, since the functions and powers of Departments of Education differ very widely in different countries. If, for instance, we examine the work of the Departments of Education of the Central Governments of our two neighbours, England and France, we find that the differences are at least as great as the resemblances. Yet they are much closer to each other in powers and functions than either is to the Central Department of Education of Switzerland or that of the Federal Government of the U.S.A. In fact the only thing in common between Departments of Education the world over is that they are all concerned in some way with Education, while their ways of concerning themselves with it are so different that many of them cannot be said to have any other resemblance to one another beyond this general purpose.

To get a bird's-eye view of Departments of Education the best method of approach will be, I think, to group them under four heads.

(1) Those which establish schools and employ teachers—*i.e.*, supply education directly. The French Department of Education is an example of this type and so are the Departments of Education of the various Local Authorities in Great Britain.

(2) Departments of Education that do not found schools or employ teachers, but which supervise closely the work of the schools, ensure that the supply of teachers is sufficient and of a good standard, and supply

all or a considerable part of the money required for the founding and running of the schools. Our own Department of Education and the Board of Education in Great Britain fall into this category.

(3) The third type of Education Department is that which does not supervise the work of the schools closely, although it gives grants for their support and prescribes certain standards as a condition of such grants. The chief example of this type of Department is the Federal Department of Education of Switzerland. The late Board of Intermediate Education was an example nearer home up to the end of the first decade of the present century, when it entered into closer relations with the schools. In neither case was there personal supervision through inspection, the only test of standard being the results of written examinations. In the second and third decades of the century the Intermediate Board changed over to the second group ; but the Swiss Federal Department has never been able to do so owing to the jealous attitude of the Cantonal Departments of Education, which would resent any encroachment on their powers by the Federal Government.

(4) The same reason is at the root of the powerlessness of the Federal Department of Education in the U.S.A., which is the chief example of the fourth type of Education Department, one to which the various States of the Union have delegated no authority, no powers, and no function but to collect and distribute educational information.

This conflict between the State and the Local Authorities for the control of Education, which has kept the Federal Governments of Switzerland and the U.S.A. so powerless, might of course arise in any country. In Great Britain the spirit of compromise which informs Government activity has prevented such struggles for power, with the result that the Local Authorities and the Central Government share their functions amicably. A remarkable example of this is the existence side by side in London of two great Departments of Education : the Board of Education at Whitehall and the Department of Education of the L.C.C. which controls the education of over a million pupils—twice as many as those in all types of schools in Eire. The functions of these two Departments of Education are both considerable, yet they are so nicely differentiated that it is very rare for a conflict to arise between them on educational matters. The Board of Education, apart from the fact that it operates not merely over the London area but over the country as a whole, confines its functions to general supervision and direction. It founds no schools, employs no teachers, and in general does not initiate educational projects for any particular area of the L.C.C. Authority. These are the functions of the London Department of Education which, apart from the general supervision exercised over its activities by the Board of Education, has powers and functions much more similar to those of the Central

Department of Education of a country like France, since it founds the schools, employs the teachers, and runs education directly.

The whole of Great Britain is covered by a network of similar Departments of Education on a smaller scale but of a similar type—*i.e.*, they not alone control education but they initiate the educational schemes of their area, except those which are controlled by the Catholic Church. Their attitude to the Catholic schools is indeed another instance of the spirit of compromise in which English Education is run, since the Local Authorities make no attempt to control those schools, although they give them considerable financial aid on condition that the class-rooms, school buildings and teaching reach the standards prescribed for their own schools.

II

When examining the powers and functions of the various types of Departments of Education of the modern States one of the first things that strikes the enquirer is the recency of their development. Most Departments of Education are newcomers in the field of Education—upstarts, one might say, compared with the Churches, since the latter have been dealing with Education for centuries while few of the Departments of Education can trace their origin farther back than the nineteenth century.

There is one exception so tremendous that, although it did not influence European or American education, cannot be ignored, not merely because of its venerable age but because of its profound social influence on the country of its origin, the Education Department of China. Here is a Department of Education that is said to be over 3,000 years in existence —a Department of Education that was certainly in full career as a vast organized system before ancient Greece or Rome were heard of. The last available Annual Report of this Department recorded that in the preceding year it had brought some two million candidates into its centres all over China to be examined for 2,000 odd vacancies in the Chinese Civil Service. It added that this was in accordance with its practice for three thousand six hundred years.

The contemplation of this vast hoary Department of Education, which is amongst other Departments like an elephant amongst mice, is all the more awe-inspiring since not only is it the oldest Department of Education in the world but it stood for thousands of years alone. If Departments of Education are indeed the steps on the road of progress that they are usually supposed to be, it is strange to think that the Chinese were the only people who were sufficiently civilized to develop a Department of Education before the nineteenth century.

III

The Great Roman Empire, for instance, had a vast Civil Service with tens of thousand of Civil Servants, a most complex web of Government

Services. It had a splendidly organised Department of Finance, a great Department of Defence, a Department of Public Works, a Department of Public Food Supply, a fine Postal Department, a Department of State Mines and Factories, a Department of Flocks and Herds, a Department of Government and Old Age Pensions, a series of Land Commissions; but I have not been able to find in the whole of its existence any definite reference to a Department of Education. This is all the more remarkable since the Roman Empire had a highly developed system of State Education, under which schools were founded by public authorities and financed out of State or Municipal funds, a system so advanced that there is no parallel for it from the fall of the Roman and Byzantine Empires until the nineteenth century.

From the beginning of the Roman Empire we find the State busying itself with Education and with the supply and control of schools. Education was, in fact, one of the chief methods used by the Roman Empire in the Romanizing and Latinizing of the conquered countries. Wherever the Roman Eagles flew the Roman schools followed, and we find the most elaborate regulations as to the degrees of compulsion on each municipality to supply such schools at the public expense. One such Imperial ordinance made it a penal offence for a private person to found a school; another exempted the higher classes of teachers from the payment of rates; another freed them from military service; another made themselves and their families "sacred"; another fixed the salaries of the higher classes of teachers at 24 times the salary of a private soldier, while another sanctioned a grant on a 50.50 basis from the Imperial Treasury for the salaries of teachers—*i.e.*, it decreed that for every grant of money contributed by Municipal Authorities to the support of schools the State would give an equal grant.

All this seems to prove the existence of a strong Department of Education in the Roman Empire, but nowhere have I been able to discover any mention of such a Department. If there was no such Department, then the Department of Finance of the Empire must have made all these regulations and given all these grants without any pressure from a Department of Education. If this be so, it would seem to prove that the Imperial Treasury of the Empire was even more benevolent and more omniscient than our Treasury Departments and Departments of Finance of modern days. It was certainly efficient in its educational work from the side of language; for its operations played a very considerable part in substituting the Latin speech for the native languages of Gaul, Spain, Lusitania and Rumania, with results that are evident in the Latin speech of these countries to-day.

When we come to examine the governmental system of the Middle Ages which succeeded the Roman Empire, there is no trace of any such branch of Government as a Department of Education. This is as

might be expected, since even such vital services as Defence were only supplied as the need arose, and government action in all spheres was spasmodic. One of the reasons for this was undoubtedly that there was no general system of money payments in the Middle Ages. Payment to Officers of the Crown had to be made therefore in lands or in kind. The result of this lack of liquid money was that the Governments of the Middle Ages could not maintain a standing army or fleet much less Departments of the modern type.

But, although the State systems could not and did not include Departments of Education in the millennium that followed the break up of the Roman Empire, there was another organization which could and did step into the breach—*viz.* the Church.

PART II—Church and State in Education

Now that the storm against the direction and control of Education by Religious bodies has broken out more fiercely than ever in Eastern Europe, it is well to call to mind that for over a thousand years it was the Church alone which kept alive the torch of education and civilization. Here in Ireland we are legitimately proud of that great achievement, since our missionaries took a notable part for centuries in educating and civilizing the barbarian States which succeeded the Roman Empire. Not a few of the older universities of Europe owe their foundation to the zeal of the Irish missionaries. I shall never forget the thrill I felt in the corridor of one of those ancient institutions when a Professor stopped two of us to ask what language we were speaking. " Irish " we told him. " Irish ! " he said. " It must be well over a thousand years since Irish was last heard in the cloisters of this university."

This incident brought home to me as nothing else could how great a power Ireland was in those days when the missionary lands were sending their sons to save Europe for Christianity and civilization. If the barriers had given way before the storm of barbarism, which came then as now from the East, the history of mankind would have been disastrously different. The barriers were held, as they will surely be held to-day ; but they never could have been held by the education systems of the old Roman and Byzantine Empires.

IV

" The first distemper of learning," says Bacon, " is when men study words not matter." This distemper was the canker at the heart of the Imperial Education of Rome. It was not that there was a lack of content in the curricula of the schools of Ancient Rome or Byzantium. The " matter " was there if they had wished to use it, and it was there in abundance at all stages of the pupil's school career.

At ten or twelve the boys, having learned to read and write, entered "Grammar," which included not merely declensions, conjugations, syntax, etc., but the greatest works of the poets and dramatists of the classical literatures. From Grammar they went on to Rhetoric, which meant the study of the orators and historians: Demosthenes, Herodotus, Thucydides, Isocrates, etc. So wide was the range of authors at both these stages that it was usual to send a slave to school with the pupil to carry the load of books required in the classes; and from the third and fourth centuries come loud wails from parents about the cost of school texts swollen by the renderings of Homer and other archaic writers into the current Greek and Latin speech of the day. It is noteworthy that these ancient versions of "Kelly's Keys to the Classics" were not forbidden fruit for the pupils of those days owing to the fact that their teachers believed in memorising rather than translating the classical authors. Not only Homer and the great dramatists and orators were committed to memory, but even Thucydides was learned by heart in the hope of acquiring something of his punch and concentration by memorisation of his best passages.

From Rhetoric the pupils proceeded, at the age of eighteen or twenty, to Philosophy, Mathematics, Music, Astronomy, Geography and Mechanics, and the competition for university students was so keen that at the beginning of winter, when the freshmen arrived, the harbours of the university centres were watched by gangs of adherents of the various teachers and the newcomers were often seized and held until they agreed to enrol themselves in the classes of the professors favoured by their captors. This seems to indicate a much more lively interest in learning than is visible in university circles to-day, but actually the raids on the freshmen and the faction fights which resulted were due more to provincial rivalries than to any special zeal for learning. In so far as there is a parallel to-day, it would, I imagine, be found rather in the football fields and other athletic contests which give outlets to the competitive patriotisms of the various colleges.

More real evidence of zeal for learning in the university centres of the ancient Empires is provided by discoveries such as the invention of Algebra by Diophantus of Alexandria in the third century of our era (an achievement often wrongly accredited to the Arab mathematicians), the developments of Geographical Research culminating in the celebrated Map of Ptolemy in which latitude and longitude were assigned (not correctly of course) to every considerable place in the known world, some developments in botany and in theories of heat and chemical combinations, and a few inventions in Mechanics and Hydrostatics. But, even when the fullest credit is given for these and other signs of progress in learnings, the fact remains that the main objective of the Imperial systems of Education of Rome and Byzantium was the manipulation of words. The

aim of the student was not to gain knowledge but to become a fluent rhetorician.

By the end of the third century of our era, Nature had ceased to be a storehouse from which men drew knowledge by scientific observation and became a well of wonders, mysteries and occultism. The inductive and applied sciences were not considered worthy of the class-room and, so far as they existed at all, were found only in the practical work of outside craftsmen. The age of reason and discovery had in fact come to an end. Even in Medicine—though there was some study of Botany and the art of distillation—Biology, except for the work of Galen, remained where Aristotle had left it in the fourth century before Christ. It was still possible in the second century of our era to have a great medical figure like Galen, but he had no successors.

V

In fact long before the fall of the Western Empire the Imperial system of Education had become an empty shell with little drive or sense of direction, whereas the Church system of Education which replaced it when the Empire fell was throbbing with purpose and intensity of conviction. Only a system inspired by such a depth of belief and purpose could have held the barriers against the storm of heathen invasion and shaped the barbarian hordes into the Christian communities which became the Nation-States of Europe. It is no wonder that, when these Nation-States emerged from the chaos of the barbarian invasions, they made no attempt to oust the Church from the control of the Education through which it had raised and shaped them into national entities.

It was reserved for the Reformation to take this fateful step and produce the suicidal struggle which has convulsed Europe for centuries. When Luther proclaimed that the State was " as sacred an institution as the Church," he rang the tocsin for the conflict. Less than ten years after this proclamation Joachim II of Prussia issued a decree taking over the urban schools of the State " for the purpose," as the Edict declared, " of maintaining the Christian religion and an efficient police " ! (" die Erhalturg guter Polizei "). Before the end of the century Saxony issued a still wider edict compelling all children to attend State schools. Other German and Scandinavian States followed suit.

The Catholic Church countered by strong defensive measures, chief of which was the foundation of the great Jesuit Order. The struggle for the educational control of Europe had begun. There would not be space in a short article to give a detailed account of this fundamental conflict ; but the results of the Counter-Reformation may be summed up as the retention of Church control of Education in the Latin countries and in fifty per cent. of the German-speaking lands. Britain and Scandinavia were lost, but in Ireland the most savage persecution and proscription

failed to break the control of the Church or to give the State the victory it sought in the suppression of Catholic Education.

Beyond its efforts to proscribe and destroy, the English Government indeed showed little grasp even in England of the great shaping power of Education. While in Scotland the Stuart Dynasty fostered the system of Parish Schools which the Catholic Church had induced James IV of Scotland to help it to establish in 1494 (and for which the Presbyterian Church often gets the credit although it did not come into existence for half a century after the establishment of those schools !), the English Government confined its efforts at home to the suppression of the schools of Catholics and" Dissenters," allowed the Grammar Schools to starve through lack of funds and the " Public Schools " (which had been founded for the education of the poor) to become the monopoly of the rich—and in general left the masses to shift for themselves for centuries after the Reformation.

Nor was the Government running counter to the general feeling of the country in this. So intense was the hatred of Education amongst the Puritans that the " Barebones Parliament " proposed the suppression of the Universities as " centres of carnal knowledge " ! Luckily those ancient institutions were saved by the dissolution of that body ; but it was not until the granting of votes to the adult population in the latter half of the nineteenth century that the English Government became aware of the need to educate the main body of the people—" We must educate our Masters ".

VI

With this new consciousness of the need to supply Education to the masses there came also a growing awareness of the rights of the various Churches to supply the special needs of their own congregations. In this connection the problem of the shares of the Church and State came to be seen as the ensuring, in the Church schools, of the standards of Education needed by a modern State and, in the lay schools, the conservation of the religious beliefs without which Education tends to become sterile and empty.

There were States which made no effort to deal with the problem in this balanced way, chief among them being post-Revolutionary France, which merely cut the Gordian knot by driving religion out of Education while at the same time retaining the Jesuit system and methods in the Secondary Schools. The result is that the Secondary Schools of France are as regards scholarship and pedagogical method the flower of the French system, whereas the Primary Schools—which are solely State products—are perhaps the worst in Europe and are at the present day hot-beds of unrest and Communism.

Luckily for Europe most of its Western States handled the problem

of Education in a much more balanced way than the French Republic by associating the State with the Church authorities in the control of Education. One result of this sharing of control between Church and State was that in many States the official title of Departments of Education was the " Department of Education and Religion " or the " Department of Education and Public Worship ". Another result was that in several countries the State Inspectors of Schools were very frequently clergymen of the various religious denominations.

In our own country, after centuries of savage repression of all forms of Catholic education, the first attempts at co-operation took place in the early nineteenth century when the Board of National Education was established—not, be it noted, to provide a new system of Education but to co-operate as far as was possible with the Church authorities in the supervision of a wide-spread educational system which had been in existence for centuries. In 1812, a quarter of a century before the establishment of the National Board, a Government Commission of Enquiry reported that there were 4,600 schools in Ireland with an attendance of nearly a quarter million pupils. In 1824–25–26 another Government Commission after a much more exhaustive enquiry put the number of schools at 12,000 with an enrolment of over half a million. Of these 12,000 schools over 9,000 were Parish Schools under the management of the local clergy ; and the Commission reported that, if the State desired to have some say in the system of Education which existed, it could have it only on condition of co-operating whole-heartedly with the Church authorities. The result of this Enquiry was the foundation of the National Board and the beginnings of that co-operation between Church and State in Education which is one of the chief characteristics of our educational system in Ireland to-day.

VII

The elasticity of this co-operation is one of its most remarkable features. If we look at the Primary system, the Secondary system and the Technical Instruction system as they exist at present, we find that one feature common to all of them is that in none of them does the State initiate the schools or appoint the teachers. But, although this is true of all three systems, there are very great differences in the degree in which the State shares in the administration of these different types of school and supplies their financial needs.

In the Primary system, for instance, the Department of Education exercises a very considerable power of supervision over the selection of teachers : although it does not appoint teachers of National Schools, it provides all their salaries and therefore has a power of veto over their appointment. In the Primary System, therefore, power and functions are divided more or less equally between the State and the Managers ;

but Secondary Education is mostly a private system in which the State has little direct control. This has arisen largely from the fact that the various Churches, during the centuries in which they alone supplied education, found it much easier to supply an efficient and adequate system of Secondary education than an adequate system of Primary Schools. The financing of a thoroughly modern system of Primary Education dealing with so great a mass of children would be beyond the finances of any Church.

With Secondary Education the problem was a much smaller one, and here the Churches or other similar bodies had supplied the need much more adequately in all centres. The result was that, whereas the State began to take its share in Primary Education in the first half of the nineteenth century, the first contacts between it and Secondary Education did not take place until the last quarter of that century; and then the State confined its intervention and co-operation to the foundation of the Intermediate Board for the purpose of financing Secondary Schools by a system of money grants paid on the results of annual examinations.

The schools were already there in great numbers; and the Government, instead of trying to supplant them by State Schools as was done in France and some other countries, wisely accepted the situation and proceeded to help to raise the standard of education by its system of written tests, but made no attempt at supervision of the teaching until a much later date. Of recent years the Irish Government has effected a much closer degree of co-operation with the Secondary Schools not alone by the inspection of these schools but also by sharing with the school authorities the provision of salary increments to the teachers and laying down standards of qualification as conditions of such aid. But it has not, as in the case of the Primary Schools, any control of the appointment or dismissal of teachers nor of the internal management of the Schools.

In other words the Secondary Schools retain the autonomy which they possessed since the Church first founded them, and the Government exercises its control over them by indirect means through the fact that it gives them valuable financial aid and, as a condition of this aid, can require the carrying out of regulations to ensure proper staffing, curricula, standards of education, suitable school-rooms and schoolhours and similar essentials. Actually there has never been any difficulty in this. Adjustments have come about easily and naturally, because they have been made not in pursuance of ideological theories but as the need arose, with the result that the School Authorities have been most willing to co-operate in all changes.

When we turn to the third branch of the Department of Education, *viz.* Technical Instruction, we find quite a different system of management, finance and supervision from those of the Primary and Secondary systems. We find in fact something which approaches much more closely to the

English system of local administration under which the Local Authorities establish schools, employ the teachers, and in general initiate and control Education directly. The reason for this is that the Church did not concern itself with Education for trades. Such Education during the Middle Ages was provided by the guilds and craftmasters of the various crafts, and it was not until the apprenticeship system broke down during the nineteenth century that the question of Technical Schools arose. Hence, when the State began to tackle the problem, it did not find itself confronted with a system already in operation. The problem, here as in other countries, was to provide a system where there was none. The result was that, as neither the Churches nor private bodies wished to supply this form of Education, the duty was put on the municipal and local bodies such as the County and Urban Councils ; and the Schools, although they are not State schools, are nevertheless public schools unlike those of the Primary and Secondary systems.

VIII

In the above summary of the outlines of our Irish system of Education it has not been possible to include many important factors which have contributed to its success. The part played by the various types of teachers is one of the most fundamental of these factors, since without the whole-hearted co-operation of the staffs the work in the schools would have been fruitless. What can happen when teachers and authorities are not in unison can be seen in the French Primary system, in which the distrust and hostility of the teachers to the Education Authorities is in the opinion of the best qualified observers the root of much of the unrest and Communism which are distracting France to-day.

The contrast between our system and the rigid machine which the Soviet is trying to clamp on the countries which adjoin its territories is even more remarkable. Here in Ireland the Church, the State, the teachers and the parents combine harmoniously to form an organism with the flexibility and power of adjustment of an organic growth. Behind the Iron Curtain, gangs of men who have seized the machines of State are forcing a mechanical system on nations whose Churches, teachers and peoples detest and resist it by every means in their power.

From our point of view it is incredible that such a machine-made " Education " could last. Apart altogether from the fact that an Education system which has not religious conviction at the heart of it is still-born, a mechanical system of Education is a contradiction in terms. Educational systems must be organic ; they must have the vitality and growth and adjusting power of life.

JOSEPH O'NEILL

AN IRISH PRIEST IN FRANCE

BY GERARD O'BEIRNE, S.J.

THE welfare of the Church in France is a matter of grave concern to all thinking Catholics. Why this is so I need not elaborate. Suffice it to say that France is not only the geographical centre of the Western Church, but is the spiritual bridge between the Latin world and what has come to be called the Anglo-Saxon. She acts as interpreter and shock-absorber between these two cultures and cannot avoid influencing both for good or evil. Whether it be for such reasons or for more intimate and sentimental ones, certain it is that we in Ireland are deeply interested in all that pertains to Catholic life and practice in France. The many articles that appear from time to time in our Catholic papers and journals prove this, as do the earnest questionings on this very subject put to returned visitors from France. To judge from my own experience this interest is lively indeed, and has caused me to feel that it will not be entirely futile to communicate my experience of a short visit there last summer.

I

Having answered an appeal for priests to take up chaplaincies or parish work in France during the holidays, I found myself within a fortnight of the closing of school in a château in Central France. When I recovered from my gruelling trip, which coincided with the hottest days of the hottest summer for fifty years, and found myself at leisure to study the terrain—in a very literal sense—of my future apostolate, I found myself in the midst of rolling country just south of the Loire—mainly agricultural in my immediate surroundings, but with agriculture yielding to the grape on the sun-kissed hills four miles to the north-west. What struck me most, as I scanned the countryside, was the intensely close cultivation of the soil. All the land, outside of the woods and forests—which occupy about 20 per cent. of the region—was given over to wheat, oats, barley and root crops. I could not see a single field of pasturage and wondered if the folk kept any cattle or sheep. I soon learned that nearly all keep a few cows, which they stall-feed during the summer and harvest. At least I am presuming they stall-feed them, for the animals looked fairly sleek and well fed, and all they could have got out-of-doors during this period was fresh air and sunshine. The thrifty farmers insisted that the animals get enough of this, for each day they were taken out to browse along the unfenced roads. The grandmother or the youngest child or both together keep guard over them and, with the aid of a well-trained dog, keep the poor beasts from devouring a single stalk of corn. On inquiring if there were any sheep in the district, I was

informed that the country was famous for its breed, that the Berry strain was to France what the Galway-Roscommon is to Ireland ; and still my wonder grew, for as yet I had not seen a single animal and could not see where or how they were kept. But as soon as the harvest was reaped, an avalanche of woolly bodies streamed over the stubble fields and seemed to thrive on—I know not what. At least I could see nothing in the fields save stubble, but doubtless the sheep had better eyes.

During the next few days I pushed my curiosity about the manner of life of the people further afield, cycling round in the sweltering heat, only to find that the same intense cultivation was typical of the department. ' Who eats all the wheat ' was my constant query to myself. I was told that the French are great bread eaters ; and since wheat is not exported, I can only agree that they must be.

On these cycling tours, made before the harvest began, the loneliness of the French countryside came home to me. Hardly a person was to be seen on the roads or in the fields, where nothing met the questing eye save seas of waving corn. The fact is that the French farmer wisely lives in villages or hamlets. He is very sociable and prefers to travel rather long distances to his farm than to be deprived of the company of his fellows. These villages and hamlets had not, it is true, the air of trimness that the English and some Irish villages possess, but they had the appearance of solid prosperity. I saw no evidences of want or poverty. Indeed it would be hard to reconcile either with the smiling fertile countryside.

II

This air of prosperity was heightened for me by the number and size of the woods and forests. Everywhere to be seen, mostly of pine or beech, darkening yet beautifying the picture, they naturally caught my attention, accustomed as I was to our relatively bare land. They spoke to me of demesne and noble château and of spacious leisured life. And I was in the region of the châteaux of the Loire ; but while these woods beautify, they also serve, supplying fuel to a countryside possessing no other. Many of these forests surround historic châteaux owned by nobles whose names are written large in French history. I was surprised to learn that so many ancient families of the French nobility still live in the homes of their ancestors. Their lands have shrunk, and their influence is little felt in the life of the republic. In fact it seemed to me as if most of them did not care to share political influence with the—for them—parvenus of the political arena. They seemed to live a life apart and, in the case of many of them, a reasonably quiet and unostentatious life.

I knew of two or three such families whose standard of living was not as high as that of many middle class people over here. They did not possess the inevitable motor car, which even a Ford workman considers

indispensable. Their table and amusements were not as costly as those of the normal well-to-do family in Ireland. Many work their small or big estates efficiently and are good employers. Others, I was told, have little interest in their estates or in their neighbours. Paris or Pau sees them during the winter, and they use their châteaux as villas during the summer months. As with many of their kind in every country, horse-racing and kindred sports take up most of their time. In fact they recall the type most pilloried by impartial and partial writers on the prerevolutionary period. And worst of all, being Catholics, at least in name, they do not help the Catholic cause at all among the ignorant proletariat. I did not meet the type.

Those I did meet were quiet folk, who seemed content to live their lives in an elegant simplicity and, patriotic to the core, to supply the cream of the officer class of the French army and navy. They were Catholics, as indeed are most of the nobility. But I have heard it said by a high ecclesiastical authority that, as in the political sphere so too in the religious, as a class they were apathetic, and their leadership in Catholic organizations was passing to the more energetic and alert professional class. Their relations with the people around were cordial. They are not a landlord class as we understand the term in Ireland. The land is mostly owned by the tillers of the soil. And, speaking all the time of what I saw myself, the forests, which are owned by these nobles, were supplying an indispensable commodity to the community. Land hunger, and I saw no signs of it, could not reasonably be aroused by their possessions.

Besides, the countryside was not over-populated. Birth-control and the lure of city life were operative here as in so much of rural France. As a consequence labour was scarce. Wages were higher than at home in Co. Kildare, but so was the price of most commodities ; as a result the men were no better off than our own farm labourers. I could not judge the size of the average farm, for fencing was conspicuous by its absence ; but I did discover on enquiry that many of the farms were very large—two or three hundred acres or more. I think that land division would correspond very much to what it is in our own fat counties of Kildare and Meath. Doubtless skilful communist agitators could present a plausible case for the liquidation of the surviving remnants of the old nobility and of these French kulaks ; but in them France would lose many of her best citizens.

If there are any such agents of Moscow around—and I heard there were a number in the towns—they wisely stay there. For the French farmer—and the great majority of the country folk are farmers, in the sense that they own their land—is stony ground for the Communist seed. His love for the land is too deep and his sense of independence too opposed to the fellowship in slavery of the Communist ' paradise '. I spoke to many of them and found them all polite. Some became quite friendly

and hospitable when they learned I was an Irish priest, asking me to join the family in a glass of wine. Among many French, as amongst most Spaniards, the name of Ireland stirs feelings of friendship, though I was taken aback in one case to find the reason was the wonderful horses we breed.

III

I have dwelt at length on my surroundings, so that my readers may have some idea of the people I was to serve as a priest. Having presented therefore the *mise-en-scène*, let me hasten to the real purpose of this narrative. As I have stated, I came to serve as a chaplain at a château. My duties were extremely light. I had to say Mass in a small chapel on the grounds, which was meant to serve both the owners and the small staff of the house and also two hamlets each at a half-mile distance from it, and hear a few confessions. Were I not certain that I should have to work hard to polish up my French, I would have feared great boredom. But the day after my arrival, the nearest curé came and asked me to say Mass in the parish church on Sundays and Holidays and to hear the confessions of the people. This I readily agreed to do—all the more so when I discovered that this good priest had charge of three parishes, of which this was one. During my stay I was to all intents and purposes its curé.

On the following Sunday I heard the confessions of the very few who came to confess, and said Mass afterwards. The population of the village, in the centre of which was the church, was 700. I am certain that not more than sixty attended Mass either on this or any other Sunday during my stay. This means that less than ten per cent. attended Sunday Mass. In the chapel at the château the attendance was even poorer. I can only remember one occasion when a few women from one of the two hamlets mentioned were present, and more than half of the small staff at the château never came at all. I know that attendance at Sunday Mass was equally bad in many of the neighbouring parishes. In fact, the department was one of the worst in France, as I have been told, from the point of view of Catholic practice. I hope so. For things would be desperate indeed for the Church, if the same state of affairs held good all through the country. For, after all, attendance at Mass is the mark of the Catholic ; and while it does not necessarily guarantee all the other christian virtues, non-attendance generally argues their absence.

What of the rest of the people ? It is true there was a sprinkling of Protestants in the district, but the main body were supposed to be Catholics. Certainly any I spoke to, and they were many, readily replied to my question, if they were Catholics, that they were—but added " I am not a practising one " in such an easy unembarrassed tone that it was evident they saw no essential difference between their Catholicity and that of their more fervent brethren. Most of them had been baptised, had

received their First Communion, and were married in the Church. The majority were willing and anxious to have the priest at their death-bed, and all desired to be buried in consecrated ground. One could conclude from this that they had the faith always, but found its practice too costly or too onerous. Profound ignorance of their christian duties will make their final judgement light, I am sure.

The reasons for this ignorance I shall state later, and perhaps there is some truth in the assertion that the priests have not always insisted enough on the Church's law about attendance at Sunday Mass. I have heard it said that many curés were too acquiescent in the religious apathy of their people. They were content to perform fully their official duties, tendering their services to those who asked for them, but did not go after the straying sheep. I came across a few examples of this type of unenterprising rather than lazy priest. Even among many of these indifferent Catholics it was noticeable how particular they were that their children should receive Baptism and First Communion. And the reception of both sacraments is attended with great ceremony and festivity. Tradition dies slowly in the country; perhaps much of this display is a mere clinging to custom with very little real religion behind it.

IV

What of the other great Christian virtues? I cannot speak with much assurance on the subject; but I can state, for it was common knowledge, that birth-control was as widely practised here as it is in so much of France. Certainly I saw few enough children. Divorce was not unheard of; but, as one might expect among a farming community, it was not common. There was still a strong christian persuasion of the indissolubility of the marriage tie and of the sinfulness of impurity. I saw no signs of the pagan acquiescence in either of these dissolvents of society.

Indeed christian tradition, judging by the externals of the faith, seemed very strong; the Church in every village dominated the scene; the crucifix was planted frequently along the roads and at the crossings; the graveyards, where the dead slept peacefully under the protecting shadow of the Cross, were beautifully kept—and on entering them, one breathed an atmosphere of christian resignation and hope, as one read the truly Catholic farewells to the dead on the tombstones. One had to enter the Churches on a Sunday and see the terribly sparse congregations, to be rudely awakened from the illusion of a France still deeply Catholic. Though here I must be careful not to generalise; for it would be temerarious in the extreme to draw sweeping conclusions from my brief and geographically limited experience. Indeed this very experience taught me the need of caution in speaking of Catholic practice in France to-day.

I was invited by the neighbouring curé to assist at High Mass in his Church on the Feast of the Assumption and to carry the Blessed Sacrament in the procession around the village in the afternoon. The inhabitants of the place were almost all vine-growers ; and their vines, clothing the surrounding hills, gave an air of neatness and happiness to everything, and I could not help recalling Belloc's lines :

> Where'er a Catholic sun doth shine
> There's always fun and good red wine.

On entering the Church, I found it packed to its capacity. The devotion of the congregation during Mass was marked, and their friendliness to myself and their own curé on leaving the Church afterwards was equally evident. I said to them, in a short talk that evening after Benediction, that it was the first time in France I had felt at home. I meant that their devotion and faith and friendly relations with their priest were what one sees here in Ireland. Nearly all in this large parish were practising Catholics ; and so much does the faith unite that, were it not for their speaking French, I could have imagined myself among my own.

I do not know the recent or more distant history of this parish. Perhaps there were other factors to explain to some extent its vigorous Catholic life ; but I do know that it is mainly due to the amazing energy and zeal of its present curé. His parish was a striking example of what a young apostolic priest can do even in the apparently barren soil of this department. Nor was this place alone in its sound and solid Catholicism. I heard of others like it in the region ; and even if they be few, they forbid us to despond about the future of the Church in France or to speak too loudly about universal paganism there.

V

But the great, the humanly speaking insuperable, difficulty here as elsewhere is the dearth of priests. I knew of no curé who had not charge of two parishes, and many tried to look after three. It is true that the parishes are smaller and the churches consequently nearer than in Ireland. If the saying of Mass and the hearing of confessions ended the priest's duty, his task would not be overwhelming, provided he were young and strong. But of course many are old, some are infirm, and occasional illness reduces the activity of others. But the truth is that in France, more than elsewhere, the priest's task only begins after the fulfilment of these essential services. For, in addition to the routine work that falls to the lot of all parish clergy, he has to shoulder the onerous task of teaching the young—and the old when he can get them—all the christian doctrine they are ever likely to learn ; has to try to shield them, by parish organisations, from the fierce blasts of impiety and irreligion that blow as strong as ever over the minds of young and old alike ; and, hardest

yet most necessary task of all, he has to energise them from his own spiritual resources against the enervating indifference all around them. This heavy burden, imposed inexorably on all, might be successfully borne by each priest in his own individual parish, but becomes impossible when two or three parishes are under his care. It is in contemplating this problem that the increasing dearth of priests assumes its terribly serious aspect—and to this dearth there is no immediate or visible remedy.

Vocations to the clergy depend normally on a vigorous Catholic life and a certain supernatural atmosphere in the community. But these in turn spring from the presence of the holy priest. " Like priest like people " is an old saying. There is a mutual causality between priest and people, even if that of the people affects more the existence of future vocations rather than the actual pastor. Now this vigorous Catholic life is not sufficiently diffused to produce, under God, sufficient vocations. To me, as to many others, who speak or write about the French Church, this appears to be the problem of problems. A possible solution might be the introduction of large numbers of priests from other countries. I have been told that, during the past year or so, some three hundred Dutch missionaries have started work in France. If this is true, the Dutch Catholics have shown once more their deep and practical Catholicism and their great charity. Perhaps God has given to them to-day the task providentially apportioned to our early Irish missioners and so nobly fulfilled by them.

But something must be done by the French Catholics themselves to solve this great difficulty—something which, it seems to me, is easily within their powers. The priests of France are miserably poor. At least the ones I met were, and I have every reason to believe that this poverty is general. They had not money to procure themselves clothing in keeping with their dignity as priests ; their food is poor ; their houses are shabby and ill-furnished ; they can barely afford the means of transport to their various churches. One could not withhold one's admiration for their poverty-stricken lives so courageously lived. If they have various tariffs for marriages and funerals—so much for the rich and so much for the not-so-rich—it must be in a vain effort to make both contribute to the support of their pastors. In fact I did not see any imposition of these tariffs, although I cannot say that they were not imposed.

Now voluntary poverty is a highly prized Christian virtue. But it is a counsel of perfection, practised with the Church's blessing in monasteries. For the rest all are urged to be poor in spirit, to detach their hearts from worldly goods, though they must have a sufficiency of these to fulfil their tasks in life. So too must the secular clergy, like the rest of the faithful, have a sufficiency of this world's goods. But indigence, which is quite another thing from poverty, is not recommended by the Church for anybody. And indigence would about describe the financial condition

of many of the clergy of France. " As poor as a curé " is a common saying in the language.

Some might be inclined to question my use of the term indigence here. I can justify it, I think, by statistics and by a conversation I had with one of the indigent. The contributions made for the clergy are collected in all parishes and sent to the Bishop, who distributes them equally among the curés. I saw on the wall of the Cathedral of the diocese the average for each priest. It was 20,000 francs—or roughly £20. On my questioning the local curé how he managed to live on this pittance, he reminded me that of course they had the offerings for marriages and funerals, which brought his income up to about £100. " But Father," he said, " if I have meat three or four times a week and wine for my dinner, I owe it not to the Dues, but to the kindness of a few humble families working at their vines out there on the hills." A priest's life is always difficult ; it requires a certain amount of heroism to embrace it or live it. I feel that this is truer of the French priest than of the priest in more Catholic lands. Why add the burden of indigence, which undoubtedly deters worthy youths from joining the ranks of the clergy ! St. Thomas says that one must have a sufficiency of this world's goods to keep the law of God. How can a priest devote his time and energy and zeal to his parochial duties, if he is unduly preoccupied with procuring the means to live ?

VI

And the priest has enough and more than enough to contend with in modern France. He has to carry on his difficult task in the teeth of the hidden or open opposition of the official world. Although the baiting of the curé by the anticlericals as a pastime seems to have grown stale, the French Republic and most of its servants are very much lay ; they are certainly non-co-operative in the Church's work. This holds especially in education, where the teachers, traditionally anticlerical and often agnostic, flaunt their independence of the Church. They are the chief supporters of the Lay State, which carefully excludes from the school curriculum the teaching of Catholic doctrine. Therefore the herculean task of teaching the young the elements of the faith falls on the already overworked priests. This is the second greatest problem facing the Church in France, a problem closely related to the first and to a great extent explaining it. For the Church in France is losing the battle for the young. Without sufficient funds, with insufficient vocations to the priesthood and the teaching orders, she is being relentlessly pushed out of this field of the apostolate by the all-powerful State aided by the public purse. Only this very year the Jesuits of the Paris Province had to close down two of their big colleges, either for lack of funds or lack of vocations or for both reasons combined. Many Catholics to whom I

spoke, most of them of limited means, told me that they were unable to pay the very moderate fees the Catholic Schools must charge if they are to keep open at all. For some at least the temptation to avail themselves of the free Government Schools must be very great—a temptation which too often, I believe, proves overwhelming in the difficult circumstances of post-war France.

As my readers must see by this time, the over-all view I have brought back from France on the life of the Church there and the progress of the faith is not one of optimism. But again I must stress the fact that I was working in one of the most religiously apathetic regions of France. Even here, as I have shown, are islets of the faith where Catholic life is as intense as in our own country. Besides, I met many splendid Catholic families whose shining light is all the brighter for the surrounding gloom. These islets and families forbid me to despond about the future of the Church. I feel that, for and through these, God will save the eldest daughter of the Church from that retrogression to paganism of which there are so many signs. This persuasion was still more strengthened, as I knelt before the miraculously preserved bodies of St. Bernadette in Nivers and St. Catherine Labouré in the Rue du Bac at Paris. Surely, I felt, God must love France and desire its renewal in spirit when He deigns to strengthen the faithful by such perpetual miracles. The long list of France's saints is still being filled up and their intercession with God is too powerful to allow us to doubt of the issue in the mortal combat between the forces of good and the forces of evil in that fair land.

G. O'Beirne

HISTORIC GALWAY CONVENTS

BY SENATOR HELENA CONCANNON, M.A., D.LITT.

I.—The Poor Clares

ALMOST exactly three centuries ago—in the tragic summer of 1649 —" the Mayor and Corporacion of the towne of Gallway met in open Courte and full Assembly," in the Tholsel, to consider the " humble peticion of the Abbess and Convent of St. Clara for a grant of sufficient roome for building a Monasterie and, convenient thereunto, a garden and orchard in the next illand adjoining to the bridge of Illenaltanagh". The document disclosed that the petitioners (who had been in Galway since 1642) were unable, " through the distempers of the tyme," to obtain from their parents and friends help to pay the exorbitant rent demanded for their present dwelling, and, in consequence, were " to be thrust out of it next May, their lease being ended". The petition was signed " Mary Bonaventur, Unworthy Abbess," and " it was unanimously agreed uppon by the major portion of the whole Courte that the contents of the said peticion be graunted".[1]

I

Mother Mary Bonaventure Browne, whose autograph has thus been preserved over three centuries in Galway's Archives, has written her name large on some of the most memorable pages of her native city's history. She was a daughter of Andrew Browne, that staunch Catholic who in 1631 had resigned his office of sheriff rather than take an unlawful oath ; and she was the niece of the wealthy merchant, Martin Browne, from whose mansion in Abbeygate Street have been salvaged the noble doorway and window now forming one of the entrances to Eyre Square and known as " the Browne Gate ". She and her sister must often have passed through that doorway when, as girls, they came to visit their uncle in his stately home.

It may have been on one such visit that the two pious Browne girls heard from their kinsman, Father Valentine Browne, Provincial of the Franciscans, of the arrival in Dublin of a little band of Irish ladies who, greatly daring, had availed themselves of a temporary lull in the storm of religious persecution, to return from their Poor Clare Convent in Belgium to their native land to rekindle there the flame of religious life, which Henry VIII had quenched nearly a century earlier.

On the Feast of St. Antony, 1629, seven Irish Poor Clares, professed in the Low Countries, arrived in Dublin and established, on Merchant's

[1] Historical Manuscripts Commission. Tenth Report. Appendix, Part V, p. 498. Galway Archiv., 10 July 1649.

Quay,[1] an " enclosed " convent which excited a good deal of interest—" the more," as their chronicler puts it, " because by people's memory there was none cloistered in that kingdom, and so everybody was desirous to see and hear them ". Unfortunately among their visitors was the wife of one of the Lords Justices, and her indiscreet praise of what she saw had unpleasant consequences, culminating in the expulsion of the Poor Clares from Dublin. They found refuge in a desolate spot on the shores of Lough Ree, near Athlone, where some of the nuns' relatives, of the powerful Dillon family, helped to build them a modest convent, appropriately called " Bethlehem ".

To " Bethlehem " flocked many postulants, including quite a number of Galway girls—among them the two Browne sisters, Mary and Catherine, and other daughters of " the Tribes ". Mary and Catherine Browne were professed together in " Bethlehem " in 1633, and took, in religion, the names of Mary Bonaventure and Catherine Bernard.

The standard of education for girls, in the Galway of the period, must have been high, for Mother Bonaventure has been described as " prudent, wise and well-spoken in English, Irish and Spanish " ; and she showed herself, in later years, not only an enlightened patroness of Irish scholarship, but, according to Father Joannes a San Antonio, a writer of Irish herself.[2] She had also a ready pen in English ; and it is to her *chronicle*, still preserved in the Convent in Nun's Island (once " Oilean an Altanagh "), that we owe our knowledge of the " Golden Age " in " Bethlehem " from 1632 to 1641 :—

> In this convent they increased to the number of three score, where might be seen the golden age in many religious, meanly apparelled, who employed themselves in the meanest offices and ate the grossest meates, though they were choice and noble persons in the world ; none of them excused to labour, as in drawing turf and wood, with things necessary to the building of their house ; as also to brew, bake, wash dishes, serve in the kitchen, and the like. They prayed continually ; for while they laboured by their hands they used to be saying some kind of prayer in common, answering one another quirewise. They observed such silence that midday seemed midnight ; they had mutual charity to help and comfort one another, rose continually at midnight to say matins, and never ate fleshe meat, nor wore socks, shoes, or stockings, but contented themselves with wooden soles or patens under their feet, having a list nailed about to hold them on, and observed all other things ordained by the first rule of St. Clare with the strict statutes made by St. Colette upon the said rule.

The story of the austerities practised by these high-born, delicately-reared ladies brought many visitors to their *Grille*, among them Lady Wentworth, the wife of the Lord Deputy, and the Duchess of Buckingham. But a visitor to " Bethlehem " whose name stirs us more than that of any " Ladye Deputy " or Duchess was Brother Michael O'Clery ; he arrived

[1] *Lismore Papers*, 1st Series, III, 106.

[2] In his *Bibliotheca Universa Franciscana* (Madrid : 1732) he enumerates " eleven tractates in the Irish tongue " composed by her.

there, in 1636, almost straight from the completion of his enormous labours on the *Annals of the Four Masters*, and, in collaboration with Father Aodh O'Raghailligh and Father Seumas O'Siaghal, made for the use of the Sisters a translation into Irish of the " First Rule of St. Clare and the Bull of Approbation of Innocent IV." Many of the community then, like Mother Bonaventure herself, must have been Irish-speakers.

The number of postulants grew so much that foundations could be made in Drogheda and Waterford ; but, alas, these two, like their parent house, were doomed to early destruction. When the war broke out Mother Bonaventure has a sad story to tell : " These Convents were flourishing, as well in admitting of good perfect members, as also in virtue and renown of good life, until ye beginning of ye ensuing warrs, ye religious were forced for ye security of their persons to leave them ; and that of Bethlehem was ye first of all ye country which ye hereticks destroyed."

Warnings had already reached the nuns of the impending danger, and they turned to uninterrupted prayer that, " by the merits of their most holy Mother St. Clare," Christ would repeat the miracle he had wrought for her when, with the Monstrance containing the Sacred Host in her hand, she drove away the Saracens from unprotected San Damiano. They set up a picture in the choir portraying this miracle, and they kept watch, in turn, through all the hours of the day and night before the Blessed Eucharist. This continued for some months. At this point the good citizens of Galway, many of whom had daughters and relatives in " Bethlehem," anxious for their safety, petitioned the Provincial of the Franciscans for leave to found a Poor Clare Convent in Galway. In January 1642 Father Antony MacGeoghegan issued a " patent " for twelve Sisters and two Novices to leave " Bethlehem " and make a foundation in their native city. Mother Gabriel Martyn was appointed Abbess, and among the other eleven " Professed " were Mary Bonaventure Browne and her sister, Catherine Bernard. Their first Convent seems to have been located in the part of the city between the modern St. Augustine's Street and Queen Street, for the seventeenth century map of Galway shows in this territory a " Poor Clares' Lane ".

The foundation made in 1642 under Mother Gabriel Martyn began auspiciously " with great austerity of life, good example and doctrine. They received eighteen novices, being as much as they could or as the tymes did permit, whom they brought up in regular observance, not omitting in the least any of the great religion and good education they received in Bethlehem ". In 1644 they received five more novices, and Sister Maria Evangelista Kelly (who was one of two novices from Bethlehem) seems to have been professed in this year ; for a Chalice, still treasured by our Poor Clares of today, bears an inscription showing that it was " procured " by her in 1644. Mother Gabriel Martyn was suc-

ceeded as Abbess, after her *triennium*, by Mother Clare Antony Kennedy, and she, in her turn, by Mother Mary Bonaventure Browne (1647-1650).

The period of office of Mother Bonaventure was marked by some notable events. For one, she made a Poor Clare foundation in Loughrea, which, if " the distempers of the tyme " did not permit it to last long, produced at least some saintly souls. Then she persuaded the great Irish scholar, Duald MacFirbisigh, while resident in the College, to translate for her Community the *Blessing of St. Clare*, the *Testament of St. Clare*, the *Constitutions of St. Colette*, and other items concerning the Rule. The manuscript (in the hand of MacFirbisigh) still exists and is bound up with the O'Clery translation of the *Rule of St. Clare* now in the Royal Irish Academy.[1]

But perhaps the most important of Mother Bonaventure's achievements was to procure from the Galway Corporation a site for a new monastery on the island in the Corrib then called " Oilan an Altanagh " (and now " Nun's Island "). " Thereon they built a good, large spacious house, with other conveniences, with the cost and charge of two hundred odd pounds of the Sisters' portions in timber and other materials." The Map of Galway, already referred to, gives a good picture of it ; and its foundress, doubtless, had the satisfaction of seeing her daughters settled in it, when she laid down the burden of office and was replaced as Abbess by her sister, the saintly Mother Catherine Bernard.

II

Alas, the happy days in their new island home were to be of short duration. On the very day (10 July 1649) when the Corporation of Galway granted the site Oliver Cromwell set out from London " in a very noble equipage, with coaches and six horses apiece," and a great bodyguard and *suite* for the conquest of Ireland. The tidings of the terrible events which followed must have struck cold terror into the hearts of the poor nuns : the massacre of Drogheda, the death of Owen Roe O'Neill, the " outlawing " of the Mass, the fall, one after another, of the walled towns, until at the end only Galway held out. That city had, before its surrender to Ireton in 1654, already been attacked by a more formidable " Fifth Column " ; for the plague, brought from Spain, raged in it all through the summer months ; and the twofold danger, to which the Poor Clares were exposed, is indicated by a document in their Archives. This is a " licence," signed by the Provincial of the Friars Minor, " to take measures, on the Confessor's advice, for the removal of the Sisters to a safer locality in case of peril either from the plague or the enemy ". They do not seem to have availed themselves of this permission, but stuck to their convent as long as they could. One entry in their Archives records the profession of Sister Clare Lovelock in 1652.

[1] Recently edited by Miss Eleanor Knott.

But when the publication of the Cromwellian edict, banishing all priests from Ireland under pain of death, was followed by another requiring all nuns to marry or quit the kingdom, there was no choice left for them than to bid farewell to their beloved monastery and seek refuge with friends. Unfortunately the Cromwellian confiscations made many of these relatives homeless and so a great number of them sailed for Spain. Some of the displaced Poor Clares (desirous to resume practice of the religious life) took ship with them, and one of them actually died on the boat, while two others died a short time after their arrival in Spain of the hardships they had endured on the voyage. The survivors were received in various convents all through Spain.

Among the exiles were Mother Bonaventure and her sister, Mother Catherine Bernard. They found refuge in the great Madrid convent called *Cavallero de Gracia*, where Mother Catherine Bernard died in 1654. In the *Chronicle* of the deaths of her exiled Poor Clare daughters, which Mother Bonaventure piously kept, there is a touching reference to this dear sister :—" The next year (1654) died in Madrid Sister Catherine Bernard, alias Brown, Abbess of Galway, who with the aforesaid fervour and anxiety came to Spain, accompanied with other religious of her convent, to seek to comply with her obligations. Her body still remains uncorrupted in ye convent of Discalceat Nuns of ye Immaculate Conception of Our Blessed Lady, commonly called ' Cavallero de Gracia,' and God by her merits wrought miracles, as in her *Life* written by her confessor, the Rev. James O'Neill, of the Order of our holy father St. Francis, may be seen."

Other members of the Galway Community were hardly inferior to Mother Catherine Bernard for renown of sanctity ; and our hearts are moved as their Mother makes them pass before us, while she recounts their saintly deaths. Here is what she writes of Sister Julian Antony Blake, " native of ye town of Galway as the former also were " :—

She died in ye Royall Convent of St. Clare of Orduna, where by marvellous signs God manifested how pleasing her soul was to Him, as in a relation which ye Abbess of that Convent writ of her death may be seen. One thing is that, backward in the Spanish language, some days before her death she spoake it so eloquently as if she had been a native of ye country ; by which, not having an Irish Confessour, she could without any difficulties express her conscience with whatsoever she pleased in Spanish. And was so jocund and glad to be dying that she caused to play upon a harp and, together therewith, to sing *Te Deum Laudamus*, at which ye community took such delight that each one said interiorly : " What sweetness is this we feel ? Is it to be in Glory or assisting a good death ? " The day before she died she craved, before it was time, to sing sometimes the *Creed* for her, herself saying with great alacrity *Deo Gratias* ; and approaching neare death she spoke out vigorously, two or three times, as if somebody were contradicting her : " I believe all " ; and making a sign to ye Confessour to give her the last absolution, which to him seemed not then time ; but she knew the instant thereof, for presently she became senseless and so rendered her happy soul to God, with such peace and tranquillity, as if it were smiling, that it could not be

perceived, a while after, whether she were dead or alive. . . . Always she used great austerities and never entered bed, howsoever cold or hot the weather was, but passed all the nights in quire, and felt hunger always because she would never eat what would satisfy it.

Not all the Galway Poor Clares went to Spain ; among those who remained at home were Mother Gabriel Martyn and Sister Ellis Font. We find these two making a valiant effort to regain possession of their convent, and Sister Ellis was bold enough to appear before the " Loughrea Commissioners " to establish the nuns' claim to the Island of Altanagh, as based on the Corporation grant. However, the island and its monastery passed into the hands of John Morgan, who was Mayor of Galway in 1660 and 1664.

III

With the Restoration of Charles II the exiled Catholics came back to Galway, and Sisters Ellis and Elisabeth Skerrett rented their old convent from John Morgan and, gathering their scattered sisters, resumed community life. It was probably on Nuns' Island that Mother Gabriel Martyn died (in 1672) and was borne from there to her tomb in the Franciscan Abbey graveyard, where it is yet a venerable object. The year after Mother Gabriel's death Charles II granted the Corporation lands to Madame Elisabeth Hamilton ; and it is recorded that the Abbess, Mother Elisabeth Skerrett, took the bold step of travelling to London to obtain by personal petition from Madame Hamilton the grant of the island on the same conditions as those accorded by the Galway Corporation in 1649. It is said that, dressed in her habit, she was presented to Queen Catherine of Braganza and, by her majesty's influence, obtained what she asked.

And so for a time the Poor Clares were suffered to take up their life of adoration, reparation and intercession in the monastery which Mother Bonaventure had built for them ; and the times seemed to promise such stability as to allow them to take novices. But, alas, evil days came once more upon the land ; for the tide of the Jacobite War encircled Galway and drove the nuns again from their island. After the signing of the treaty of Limerick they returned to Galway and secured a large house in Market Street, where for a century and a quarter they " carried on ". Several times they were raided ; their *Clausura* was broken down in 1712 ; and after 1718 it was not possible for them to wear their habit. Dressed in black and taking boarders as a shield, they followed their rule as best they could until the times mended. About 1740 another Skerrett Abbess repeated the feat of her namesake, and, by travelling to London, obtained a favourable answer to the petition she presented to (the contemporary) Lady Hamilton in person for a grant of five acres on Nuns' Island. There they laid out a garden and built a small lodge for the Sisters who might need change of air ; for the old house in Market Street (where the com-

munity had grown to fifty) was overcrowded, and the nuns' health suffered in consequence.

In 1823 the Provincial of the Franciscans, perceiving this state of affairs, went to look at the old island and found an eligible, airy, wholesome place for a Convent, and, being satisfied that they were in a position to build, employed an architect who in less than two years, for the sum of £3,000, completed a beautiful convent, chapel and poor school—all under one roof. " And now, thank God [writes Mother Baptist Clancy, from whose *Narrative* I quote] the entire community removed there the 18th June, 1825. Happy Community and enchanting situation that now bids fair, with the blessing of heaven, to promote the honour and glory of God and good of their neighbour."

It must have gladdened the heart of Mother Bonaventure Browne, on that June day of 1825, to look down from her high place in heaven and see her daughters, after an exile of a century and a half, back in their old home, whence the Cromwellians had driven herself and her Sisters. But joy even greater was in store for her. For, in the fullness of God's good time, there was restored in that holy island the full observance of the old rule which she and hers had practised so faithfully and so joyously. The records of the Nuns' Island Community tell the story soberly enough, yet it is better that to them we should leave the telling. " On the 16th July (Feast of Our Lady of Mount Carmel) the Poor Clares at Nuns' Island Convent of the Sacred Heart took up cloister of their rule. They also took up midnight office, fasting, with other parts of their holy rule, which on account of the persecutions in Ireland had to be given up for a long time. On Corpus Christi 1893 they took up the old kerchief and linen veils, and on the octave day they took up the wearing of sandals."

And so were the prayers of their ancient and exiled Mother answered. And once more, as in the golden age at " Bethlehem " or in the great days in Galway, when Duald MacFirbisigh translated into Irish for them the *Testament and Blessing of St. Clare* and the *Constitutions of St. Colette,* that " perfect observance of fasting, silence, poverty, and other austerities " for which the Irish daughters of St. Clare were renowned, flourishes to-day, even as of old, in the Convent of the Poor Clares, Galway.

IV

The story of this historic convent, thus briefly told, has another importance besides that of its intrinsic interest. It can claim to be the " ancestress " of all the other Poor Clare Convents in Ireland—except those branching from the Colettine foundation made in Carlow-Graigue in 1893, inasmuch as they all derive from a colony sent out from Galway in 1712. In that year the celebrated Dr. Nary, P.P., of St. Michan's, Dublin, desirous of establishing a Poor Clare Convent in his parish, came to Galway and was successful in securing six nuns (headed by one of the

Lynches of Barna) to make the foundation. They were first housed in what had been a Benedictine Monastery in Channel Row in the reign of James II. But the fact that it had been a convent drew the unwelcome attention of the authorities and the nuns were raided more than once, as was the parent house in Galway.

For that reason the Community soon removed to a less conspicuous place in North King Street, and here they contrived to live quietly for more than a century. They had to dress in secular attire and keep lady boarders, while their beautiful chapel, open on great feast-days to the devout, attracted many worshippers. About the middle of the eighteenth century a number of the Sisters, in the desire to practise their Rule with more exactitude, removed to a house in Dorset Street, and here they did good work for God and Ireland, until the financial crisis associated with the Napoleonic Wars threatened their existence as a community. In this crisis they turned to fervent prayer, and God answered their prayers by giving them new work to do for Him in the orphanage established by some pious Dublin benefactors in Harold's Cross (1804).

From Harold's Cross, a Poor Clare Convent was founded in Newry (1830); and Newry, in its turn, has been the " Mother " of a Poor Clare Convent in Cavan and another in Kenmare in 1863. Cavan, in its turn, sent out a colony to Ballyjamesduff; the year before a convent was founded in Keady from Newry (1873); Newry and Keady co-operated in sending a number of Sisters to Waverley, near Sydney. And so the blessed " seed " which Mother Bonaventure Browne's daughters tended so devotedly through the gloom and storm of the Penal night has been borne to fructify across the boundless seas.

HELENA CONCANNON

KIERKEGAARD REVEALED

BY JOSEPH O'MARA, S.J.

A THINKER may suffer much from his disciples. The very cult they pay him is apt to become a betrayal of what is most proper to him. His central intuition is too easily scattered into the dead ashes of controversy. The man and his work are quickly converted into a cause and battle-cry, a rallying-point for derivatives, a common banner for the most disparate interpretations. The greatest names enjoy the precarious survival of adjectives, existing on the borrowed strength of the movements they qualify. This tendency to turn originators into classifiers has affected none, perhaps, more closely than philosophers. The seer of Königsberg has almost shrunk to the status of the first of the Kantians, and neo-Hegelians have all but reduced Hegel to a tutelary shade. Few of the classical philosophers have entirely escaped this process of depersonalisation at the hands of posterity, and the reason for the process is understandable enough : it is to be found in the very character of the classical philosophies themselves and in the fatal exigencies of subsequent championship or opposition. Most philosophers consider their work as the outcome of a reasoned dialectic based on rational principles and as having, consequently, a value at once positive, logical and objective. In the systematic presentation of their thought, the purely personal is either completely absent or merely incidental—an aside in the level development of the plot. That original and lived contact with reality, which is at the source of all pertinent philosophic thinking, that ' intellectual auscultation ' of being, as Bergson calls it—" quelque chose de simple, d'infiniment simple, de si extraordinairement simple que le philosophe n'a jamais réussi à le dire "—has, in its expression, been thrown into the mould of universality to emerge stamped with the anonymity of a system. By the very force of the rational construction of his thought and of its outward articulation, the systematic philosopher renounces proprietorship and assumes a common name. And in so doing, he leaves himself open to almost indiscriminate handling ; he is without defence against friend and foe alike. His thought lies there for the taking, and his name becomes a label only too easily attached to the partisan crusadings of lesser minds.

I

It might have been expected that Kierkegaard would be safe from such substantive depreciation. Never was there so unclassical a philosopher, never one so unsystematic, never one so intensely and fanatically personal in his every utterance. The rationally constructed and the objective were anathema to him. " Subjectivity is truth, subjectivity is reality,"

he wrote in *Postscript*; "only in subjectivity is there decision: to seek objectivity is to be in error." As for logical systems, they are the targets, in the person of Hegel, of some of his fiercest and most brilliant broadsides. It is the lived situation, and this alone, that counts for truth: the "how" of knowledge, not the "what". Every line Kierkegaard wrote had its root in some deep personal experience—in his anguish at his father's moral dereliction, in the self-torturing reaction of his love for Regine Olsen, in his battle with the *Corsair*, in his embittered relationship with Bishop Mynster and Professor Martensen. Not a thought, not a word of his but was marked with the private seal of an unique interior event. Here, seemingly, was a man whose thought defied any attempt at generalisation; a man of such concentrated individualism that no perversity of history could make of him a mere philosophic denomination. Yet, in our day, Kierkegaard is most commonly known as "the father of existentialism". What more appropriate fate for the author of the *Concept of Irony*?

There are, luckily, certain forces at work to counteract this undue and dubious promotion of Kierkegaard to leader of a School. One of them is the amorphous nature of the modern existentialist movement, with its undefined and, indeed, undefinable contours. It is difficult to foist on any one man the paternity of so boneless a structure. The other force, more direct and more efficacious, is the replacing of Kierkegaard in correct perspective—that of an essentially religious thinker. The books noted below[1] are conveniently representative of the elements that make up this effort at reinstatement. Between them they give a cross-section of the literature of rehabilitation: translations of the original works; partial studies—with some inevitable flag-flying; and full-dress presentations of the life and inner history of the man. It would be hard to find a more satisfying introduction to Kierkegaard than the pages of the *Anthology* and *Le Vrai Visage*; Dr. Patrick is a guide less unbiassed, less sure, less readable, though no less sincere.

The story of Soren Kierkegaard is the story of an infant prodigy, who never grew out of it. He was a prodigy of foreboding. "Child of old age," as he dubbed himself, he was born at Copenhagen on May 5, 1813, when his father was fifty-six and his mother forty-four. His precocious melancholy was early nourished on parental gloom. Mikael Pedersen Kierkegaard was a religious man, who took his Lutheranism with a seriousness in no way lightened by his dabblings in the theological

[1] *A Kierkegaard Anthology*. Edited by Robert Bretall. Oxford University Press. 1947. pp. xxv and 494. 30/–

Pascal and Kierkegaard: A Study in the Strategy of Evangelism. By Denzil G. M. Patrick. Lutterworth Press. 1947. 2 vols: vol. 1 *Pascal*, pp. xvi and 234, 15/–; vol. 2 *Kierkegaard*, pp. ix and 413. 25/–

Le Vrai Visage de Kierkegaard. Par Pierre Mesnard. Paris; Beauchesne. 1948. pp. 494.

radicalism of the Moravian Brotherhood. Christianity was a very real and ever-present tragedy—the tragedy of a crucified Christ rejected and spat upon by a sin-soaked humanity. The more gracious truths of God's pardoning love and the soul's interior renewal formed no part of his vital beliefs. Religion was a dark and crushing obsession. It weighed with particular deadness upon a mind filled with the certainty of a divine malediction. In words and in the deeds of the flesh he had cursed his Maker, and the retributive hand of God lay heavy upon him.

Soren, the youngest child of the family, passed his boyhood under the shadow of his father's self-condemnation. By nature highly-strung and introspective, he gradually developed a sort of nervous exaltation of morbid curiosity in the sombre mysteries of his faith. At times he seems to smack his lips, with a terrifying appreciation, over the bitter taste of sin and man's corruption. In his university days, this acute sense of sin was hidden under a mask of defiant nonchalance, which deceived everybody but himself. " From a child," he wrote in *Point of View*, " I was in the power of an immense melancholy, whose depth finds its only true expression in the equally immense capacity granted me to hide it under apparent cheerfulness and joy in life—my sole joy, almost as far back as I can think back, that nobody could discover how unhappy I felt ; and this relationship (the equal size of melancholy and dissimulation) means that I was thrown back upon myself and my relationship to God. As a child I was brought up strictly and seriously in Christianity—brought up, humanly speaking, in a crazy way . . . . a child madly dressed up to represent a melancholy old man." A day came, however, when he dropped the mask and allowed those who had eyes to see, to look upon the true face of his anguish and despair. He called it " the great earthquake "—a violent convulsion of soul, sudden in its eruption but long prepared by premonitory stirrings in his harassed conscience. It was one of those interior events, recurrent in the life of Kierkegaard, into which was gathered all the accumulated tension of the past and from which was released an explosive force that drove him brutally through a further stage in his psychological evolution. A short consideration of the incident and of its antecedents will be helpful—in fact, necessary—for the understanding of Kierkegaard's religious development and of the significance of his writings in that development.

II

For Kierkegaard there was no interior break in the passage from school to university. Indeed, during the latter part of his nine (1821-1830) years at the Borgerdyskole College in Copenhagen he began to play the rôle of callow undergraduate with remarkable virtuosity. Not only was he born an old man ; all the early influences in his boyhood helped to make of him a grown-up before his time. There was the stern and dread-

ful vision of Calvary, sole subject for the reflection of his anxious piety ; there were the many afternoons passed with his father in the enchanting and enervating game of imaginary journeys through town and countryside ; there were the evenings when he sat in the corner and listened in taut fascination to the discussions—social, religious, philosophical—between Mikael Pedersen and Pastor Mynster—discussions in which he heard and relished and stored away, more for their sound than for their meaning, the magic words and phrases of current dilettante learning : sufficient reason, transcendental, paralogism, mediation, divine foreknowledge apostolic continuity. These factors acted with acute virulence on the hypersensitive and " autoscopic "[1] temperament of Soren. As a boy in his 'teens, he felt himself to be above the common ruck, an aristocrat of the mind. His self-importance worked up a formidable ' head of steam,' which escaped in jets of disdain for his fellow-pupils, of underhand mockery and spiteful insubordination against the weaker-wristed of his professors. Not a lovable pupil, but an intelligent one. His school-reports had much to say of his unruliness ; yet he did well at the Borgerdyskole and, when he left it to join the University, he carried in his pocket a certificate commending his originality and intellectual curiosity.

That a youth of such unstable temperament should think of going on for the Church must appear preposterous. To both Kierkegaard and his family circle there was nothing odd about it : it seemed the normal course in the circumstances. The boy himself, for all his queerness, had always been religious-minded, and the atmosphere in which he was spiritually nurtured had the intense, though oppressive, rarity of the hothouse. Example, too, was before him : his elder brother was already on the road that was later to lead to the Bishopric of Aalborg. Nor did an ecclesiastical career in the Lutheran Church demand the renunciation of either family joys or social ambitions. Moreover, no preliminary survey of the ground, no testing novitiate, no delicate probing of spiritual direction safeguarded the approaches to the ministry. The whole setting of Soren's life connived to make the call to the pulpit, if call there was, more insistent and inescapable.

At all events, it was in view of later pursuing his studies in theology that Kierkegaard matriculated at the University of Copenhagen in October 1830. From the start, he set himself a furious pace in his search for ideas ; but he sought them in the cafés rather than in the lecture-hall. Surrounded by an admiring clique of fellow-students, he argued and harangued, with a harsh and piercing dogmatism, on the burning questions

[1] This word is borrowed from the Abbé Jolivet, who coins it in his article " L'Existentialisme de Kierkegaard " in the special 1946 number of the *Revue de Philosophie* devoted to Existentialism. This article is reproduced in the author's " Les Doctrines Existentialistes de Kierkegaard à J.-P. Sartre ", pp. 33-59. The quotation runs : " Chez Kierkegaard, ce qu'on pourrait appeler cette ' autoscopie ' prend des proportions étonnantes ".

of the hour. There was plenty to occupy a disputatious mind : politics, with the clash between the weakening grip of monarchical tradition and the lusty strugglings of the infant revolution ; literature, especially German literature, where the dying waters of the *Sturm und Drang* converged with the strong romantic current of Hoffman and Tieck and the fresh springs of Heine in an exciting swirl of heady lyricism ; philosophy, where the dominating figure of Hegel survived in the fervent championship of Heiberg and Martensen and in the sharp-tongued opposition of Sibbern and Möller. Such high seriousness, however, for all its unacademic setting, could not long hold—much less absorb—Soren's uneasy and self-centred energies. There was in him a bewildered craving for the bitter-sweet of life that no mere nourishment of mind, however varied and substantial, could satisfy. His emotional hunger needed more stimulating dishes, and he thought to find them on the boulevards and at the theatre. He made a practice of whatever in Copenhagen was the equivalent of " walking Grafton Street," twirling his cane and ogling the pretty nurses on his passage. But it was the theatre that brought him ripest fulfilment. Always passionately fond of music, his dearest hours were spent at the Opera. Mozart was a god, and *Don Juan* the acme of experience. His ear, which " from love of Mozart's music has ceased to hear," was filled with " the deep choral tones of the immortal overture " (*Either Or*) ; and the music of that opera and the story of its hero were to become for Kierkegaard the very norm and gauge of sensibility.

Thus pleasantly did the theological student put any earnest attempt at immediate clerical preparation on the long finger. A nature rich in possibilities was being allowed to run to seed. Not, however, without noticeable reactions from without and from within. Paternal dissatisfaction came to a head when in a single year Soren was in debt to the tune of over £200. Pointed recrimination was suprisingly softened by a generous yearly allowance. The future Bishop of Aalborg, too, was incensed, and his well-aimed reproaches had all the strict justice and all the galling superiority of brotherly reproof. But Kierkegaard's chiefest accuser was his own conscience. While between the two brothers no love was lost, Soren's admiration of his father, despite shock and disillusion, ever remained affectionate and deep. Filial remorse, although not issuing in the practical resolve of attention to the theological curriculum, set in motion a process of painful self-questioning that brought, first, ill-health and, later, the frightening revelation of God's anathema and of the soul's despairing isolation. Repeated examinations of conscience discovered to him his own emptiness and the deceiving promise of worldly learning. There was no stability, no warmth of security for mind or heart. The *Journal* entries are eloquent of Kierkegaard's inner disarray. " I have looked in vain for an anchorage in the boundless sea of pleasure and in the depth of understanding ; " " What good would it do me if truth stood

before me, cold and naked, not caring whether I recognised her or not, and producing in me a shudder of fear rather than a trusting devotion ? " " Sometimes there is such a tumult in my head that it feels as though the roof had been lifted off my cranium, and then it seems that the hob-goblins had lifted up a mountain and were holding a ball and festivities there—God preserve me ! " " ' Sdeath, I can abstract from everything but *not from myself*. I cannot even forget myself when I am asleep." Through the interplay of circumstance and temperament, the whole atmosphere of Soren's interior life had been heated to flash-point. The explosion came abruptly and with violence.

III

To Kierkegaard, his father's chilling interpretation of the Christian faith had up till now been evidence of the old man's spiritual insight. No hint had been given that a sinful past had poisoned the wells of confidence and joy and that Mikael Pedersen was, in his own eyes, an outcast before the face of God. How precisely Soren uncovered the truth is unknown. We do know that his realisation of it was a shattering experience. Here is the undated entry in the *Journal* : " . . . Then it was that the earthquake occurred, the terrible revolution which suddenly forced upon me a new and infallible law of interpretation of all the facts. Then I suspected that my father's great age was not a divine blessing but rather a curse, that the outstanding intellectual gifts of our family were only given to us in order that we should rend each other to pieces : then I felt the stillness of death grow around me when I saw in my father an unhappy man who was to outlive us all, a cross on the tomb of all his hopes. There must be a guilt upon the whole family, the punishment of God must be upon it ; it was to disappear, wiped out by the powerful hand of God, obliterated like an unsuccessful attempt . . . . . that all recollection of us should be utterly wiped out, and that we should no longer be found." A turning-point had been reached.

The ' earthquake ' was not the only crisis in the life of Kierkegaard nor, perhaps, the most violent ; it was, however, the prototype of all subsequent upheavals of soul and their secret epicentre. The breaking-off of the engagement with Regine Olsen, the rupture with the Established Church and with its official representatives, the rather ludicrous battle with the public press—each, certainly, had its own immediate and proper causes, its own setting and individual complexion. No less certainly, each shared with the others a common origin in the incident of the ' earthquake'. In this occurrence we may find, too, the hidden source of Kierkegaard's curious technique of pseudonymous publication of many of his writings and of his almost obsessive antagonism to Hegel and his followers.

This religious conversion—for such, in effect, it was—produced in

Kierkegaard a complex reaction to outward events and gave to his inner life a characteristic colouring. It initiated and developed in him a threefold sense—of sin, of isolation and of personal responsibility—which gradually pervaded his whole outlook and became his sole medium of vision and interpretation. Consciousness of sin formed the root of this attitude of mind; the feeling of isolation and the keen awareness of personal responsibility, for all their deep-set vigour, were but secondary offshoots. Sin is not merely an act; it is an invasion and an infection of the soul. The curse of God that lay upon Mikael Pedersen and, through him, upon the whole family, rotting its branches and withering its finest flowers, expressed in miniature the blight that affects the sinful race of men. Sinners we come into the world, and sinners we remain. Our justification by grace is no inward renewal of spirit, no re-creation of a divine likeness, no reknitting of a broken intimacy. "Luther's great discovery," wrote Kierkegaard, "is that the relationship to God does not lie in the sphere of reason, but is an irrational, personal and spiritual relationship, comprising two moments absolutely irreconcilable for reason: the consciousness of being at once a sinner and justified."

If sin, ineradicable and all-pervading, is of the very texture of man, it becomes "the new medium of existence" (*Postscript*), and consciousness of sin becomes the primary condition of the Christian way of life. Never for a moment must sin be forgotten. If we turn aside our eyes from it, we no longer recognise ourselves for what we are—a lost race, a 'mass of perdition'. Sin is our definition and our name. Kierkegaard takes an almost savage pride in the reality of sin, insisting on it with a bitter satisfaction, as one might bite deliberately upon a decayed tooth—just to make sure it was still there. He has no time for the weak mediocrity of puny souls who, through indifference and irreflection, cannot even sin vigorously. "Let others complain," he cries in *Either/Or*, "that the age is wicked; my complaint is that it is wretched, for it lacks passion. Men's thoughts are thin and flimsy like lace, they themselves pitiable like the lacemakers. The thoughts of their hearts are too paltry to be sinful. For a worm it might be regarded as a sin to harbour such thoughts, but not for a being made in the image of God. Their lusts are dull and sluggish, their passions sleepy. They do their duty, these shopkeeping souls, but they clip the coin a trifle, like the Jews; they think that even if the Lord keeps ever so careful a set of books, they may still cheat Him a little. Out upon them! That is the reason my soul always turns back to the Old Testament and to Shakespeare. I feel that those who speak there are at least human beings: they hate, they love, they murder their enemies, and curse their descendants throughout all generations, they sin." And in *Postscript* we hear the authentic ring of Luther's 'pecca fortiter': "Let us sin, then, sin forthrightly; let us seduce maidens, assassinate men, commit highway robbery: of these at least we can repent and God can likewise get a grip on us."

IV

With the consciousness of sin, and in proportion to its intensity, comes the sense of isolation. The soul is terribly alone, stripped naked of all illusions and facing God across a chasm of anguish and despair. Sorry is the man who has not suffered this " dark night of sin," who has " never received in the deepest sense the impression that a God exists and that ' he ' exists in the presence of that God : a gain (that infinity is won !) which is indeed never achieved except through despair " (*Sickness unto Death*). Unless a man come to this realisation of his uniqueness, of his startling singularity in the eyes of God, of the fact that, as an individual, he " stands in an absolute relation to the absolute " (*Fear and Trembling*), he is no more than one of a crowd, of that crowd which " is the evil and chaos that threatens us " (*Point of View*). There can be no genuine religious spirit without the stern conviction that each one of us is an individual before God and that " before God we are always in the wrong". Canon Demant has put it admirably : " To be the individual is terror. It has no standing ground in the universal, and is therefore a hard fate. To bear it, one must pass beyond the universal discipline of ethics and arrive at faith." Kierkegaard, whether seen in his own life or in his writings, was fearfully alone. For him there was no Communion of Saints—not even a Communion of Sinners. He hugged his isolation to himself and made of it a passion. He could have chosen no more apt motto for himself and for his works than the quotation from Chateaubriand which he prefixed to the second volume of *Either/Or* : " Les grandes passions sont solitaires, et les transporter au désert c'est les rendre à leur empire."

Until man has come to the consciousness of sin and to the realisation of his stark ' particularity ' before God, he remains below the level of authentic existence. " This is the pitiful thing to one who contemplates human life, that so many live on in a quiet state of perdition ; they outlive themselves, not in the sense that the content of life is successively unfolding and now is possessed in this expanded state, but they live their lives, as it were, outside of themselves, they vanish like shadows, their immortal soul is blown away, and they are not alarmed by the problem of its immortality, for they are already in a state of dissolution before they die " (*Either/Or*). The soul, in intimate recognition of its sinfulness, must stand squarely before God and assume responsibility in His sight. A choice must be made. And, as a first step, any choice will serve. " What is it, then, that I distinguish in my either/or ? Is it good and evil ? No, I would only bring you up to the point where the choice between the evil and the good acquires significance for you. Everything hinges upon this. As soon as one can get a man to stand at the crossways in such a position that there is no recourse but to choose, he will choose the right " (*Either/Or*). Let a man but take up a position, be shaken out of his lethargy, and there is hope for him. If a man can be brought to decision,

the day will come when he will not be afraid to confront the final, definitive choice—the choice of becoming a Christian. There is only one ultimate responsibility—the responsibility of becoming a Christian. And, truly, it is a hard fate. " What is the use of it, then? The answer is: Hold thy peace! It is the absolute! . . . . . Christianity came into the world as the absolute—not for consolation, humanly understood; on the contrary, it speaks again and again of the sufferings . . . which a man must endure to become and to be a Christian. . . . There is an endless yawning difference between God and man; and hence . . . . to become a Christian . . . proved to be an even greater human torment, and hence also a crime in the eyes of one's neighbours. . . . . ' But if the Christian life is something so terrible and frightful, how in the world can a person get the idea of accepting it? ' . . . . . Only the consciousness of sin can force one into this dreadful situation. . . Only through the consciousness of sin is there entrance to it, and the wish to enter it by any other way is the crime of *lèse-majesté* against Christianity " (*Training in Christianity*).

V

Here we have the essential Kierkegaard—a man fascinated by sin and by the dreadful void separating the soul from its Creator, but determined to leap the gulf and come to grips with God. Underlying all the crises of his life, governing all the twisted strangeness of his private and public relations, is this anguished conviction of man's corruption and of the life-and-death necessity of the Christian choice. A dark, lopsided vision, if you like, distorted out of all sane proportion; yet all the more operative for its very incompleteness, and painfully sincere. If he lashes out against the Hegelians, it is because they destroy the ' individual ' in the universal, emasculate the stern choice of the either/or in the pretty-pretty conciliation of the and/and. However complex be the full explanation of the Regine Olsen episode—(and every explanation has been tried from sexual impotence to philandering and frivolity)—this, certainly, was at the bottom of it: that, in his own eyes, Kierkegaard was the ' exception,' branded and set apart by sin, but mercifully awakened by God to the sense of his crushing responsibility—the responsibility, first to himself and then to all the world, of preaching Christianity as ' the radical cure '.

This missionary aim was continually at the forefront of Kierkegaard's mind; on this head his words are explicit. As a kind of blurb to his *The Point of View for my Activity as a Writer*, he writes: " This little book is to show what sort of a writer I truly am. It shows that I am and have been a religious writer, that my entire literary activity turns about Christianity, and about the problem of how a man becomes a Christian." In the light of this declaration we can discover the basic reason for Kierkegaard's prolific use of pseudonyms. His literary ventriloquism was

at once a disguise and a self-revelation. Under the mask of aestheticism, he worked a deliberate deception, as one who would " deceive a person into the truth. . . . What then does it mean ' to deceive ' ? It means that one does not begin *directly* with the matter one wants to communicate, but begins by accepting the other man's delusion as good money. . . . One begins thus : Let us talk about aesthetics. The deception consists in the fact that one talks thus merely to get to the religious theme." He carried his " incognito and deceit " even into his public appearances, fostering his reputation as ' man about town,' so that his readers might be taken all the more unawares. And with true Kierkegaardian perversity, he adds : " I found (I do not deny it) a certain sort of satisfaction in this life . . . in observing that the deception succeeded so extraordinarily. . . . This was an indescribable alleviation to a sense of resentment which smouldered in me from my childhood ; because, long before I had seen it with my own eyes, I had been taught that falsehood, pettiness and injustice ruled the world " (*Point of View*).

In his attacks upon the Danish Church, too, Kierkegaard spoke from out his sense of the humbling decisiveness of the Christian choice. In the Church, as it was, lay the ruin of personal responsibility. The Church was the levelling down of the individual to a deadening mediocrity, where insensibility to the realities of faith was cloaked in the outward pretentiousness of the ' Established Order'. Here the unawakened and sluggish soul might hide itself as in the anonymity of the crowd. The Church was the enemy of God, because it did away with the necessity of the awful leap of faith. The Church was the deification of the bourgeois and the denial of the fundamental category of the ' exception'.

" Genius, like a thunderstorm, comes up against the wind " (*Journal*), and the genius of Kierkegaard affronted and rode a series of storms—most of them of his own making. Through them all, he stood out as a great religious figure. And that is his primary significance to-day. He saw the tremendous realities of God, the soul, sin, and the insistent alternative of choice. He not merely saw them ; he lived them. He had one message to preach, and he preached it " in season and out of season " : the necessity of being a Christian—of *being*, not merely of *professing to be*. Perverse he was, savage, unjust, unhealthily morbid, abnormal certainly and, perhaps, a little mad. But in his fierce piety and intransigent sincerity, he is a reproach and challenge to our timid mediocrity. He died, young and broken, on November 11, 1855. His most fitting epitaph might be :

There was method in his madness.

JOSEPH O'MARA

TERCENTENARY OF OWEN ROE O'NEILL

BY G. A. HAYES-MCCOY, M.A., PH.D.

DURING the celebrations held recently in Cavan to mark the tercentenary of the death of Owen Roe O'Neill emphasis was laid on the fact that O'Neill was a great soldier. But he has another claim to greatness that, if it was mentioned at all, was but lightly touched upon. Owen Roe was also a great Irish unionist. In this time, when we speak so much of the unity of our country, this claim is something that we should remember for him and, in view of the lesson that the history of Ireland in the seventeenth century may afford us, something that we should remember for ourselves. We have had no lack of soldiers. We could spare Owen Roe as that, even though he was the greatest of them; but realists with the courage to envisage Irish unity as the compromise that it always had to be have been few among us and should be precious.

I

Owen Roe stands at the chasm that separates the old Irish world from the new. The old world had received its death blow at the battle of Kinsale. The new one is our own that since Owen Roe's time has seen so much tribulation and that is still in travail to bring forth an Ireland united in spirit and in fact—an Ireland uniting all that is good in each of the varied traditions that have contributed to her making.

Nothing when Owen Roe and his contemporaries struggled could have called back that older Ireland. The fight that his uncle Hugh had made was a struggle for survival between two different ways of life. England in the sixteenth century had achieved union and relative prosperity under the centralised rule of the crown. She was determined to extend her dominion to Ireland by reproducing in this country the whole range of the institutional system as it existed in England—but with English, not Irish, administrators. Her most serious obstacle lay in the system that obtained in the territories under native, or old Irish, control, the area that, under the leadership of Hugh O'Neill, fought so stubbornly against her. Here were institutions older than the English ones and with an appeal as direct to the Irish mind as crown and parliament and sheriff made to the Englishman. Between these two systems or schemes of life there was almost as much difference as the Spanish conquerors found between the native empires in America and their own country.

We make a great mistake if we think that difference in religion counted for everything in the historic Englishman's outlook on Ireland. Before religious differences were in question, the Irish food had turned his stomach and the manners and customs of the Irish had annoyed him—sure indication of the fact that we were to be his natural enemies! Secure

in the assumption that the right way was the English way, he found everything in Ireland to be wrong because it did not conform to his own pattern. Since the Irish did not enclose their land, they must be improvident; since the eldest son did not necessarily succeed his father, they must be impractical; since they had ideas other than his on the subject of capital punishment, they must be unjust.

For all this there was but one remedy: the Irish, so sadly in need of correction, must be won over to "civility". The instrument by which the remedy was administered was the sword, an arbiter that Hugh O'Neill and his allies by their struggle and subsequent flight might be said to have accepted and to have put to the test.

When the end came, it was an end indeed for the institutional part of the Irish scheme. There was no longer a place for O'Neill as descendant of the kings of Ulster; and Shane as the exponent of immemorial right and Hugh as the reformer who might have moulded the Irish way of life into something with a better chance of survival in a new age slipped alike into the past. Instead, the Ulster lands became shires or counties like their English counterparts; the right to administer justice and to exercise force was vested in the crown alone; and unhappy Ireland was strained into the straight jacket of her conquerors.

For the Irishman, condemned to such reformation, the title "merry England" was a strangely inapt one. But the English system had come to stay. For good or ill English "civility" in the shape of her institutions had been forced upon Ireland. They are the institutions—parliament, local government, the whole machinery of administration—under which we live today. They have been adapted to meet Irish requirements; they are old enough among us now to pass for things native; and Irish skill and patience have helped to develop them; but their coming meant the shipwreck of an older order and the turning over for ever of an earlier page in our history.

II

While Owen Roe O'Neill was working out his career in the Spanish service this revolution was under way. In Ulster the coming of the new order was, of course, unmistakable. The Plantation was literally, with the erection of the bawns and the cutting down of the forests, transforming the face of the countryside. The last fastnesses of Lough Erne and Glenconkein were penetrated, and the last secrets of a land so long forbidden to the invader were being laid bare.

Elsewhere the break with the past may have been less spectacular; but it was none the less real. Ulster until the time of the Plantation had been almost altogether an old Irish area; but in Leinster and Munster, and to a lesser degree in Connacht, there was an element of the population that was of English descent and that had always regarded itself as

distinct from the native Irish. For some part at least of these people the setting up of the paramountcy of English law was a reestablishment of contact with a tradition. For the whole community, old English and old Irish, the era of the Stuart kings was a time of new orientation. There were no longer strong Irish areas in the Leinster mountains, in the midlands, in Munster, and west of the Shannon. There was no longer a sanctuary inviolate of Irish tradition in the north, standing beyond the debatable lands like a powerful homeland-state, to encourage revolt among its severed members and to symbolise a Gaelic unity that was in fact a thing of the irrecoverable past. With very few exceptions, of whom Rory O'Moore is the most notable, the leaders of expressed opinion in the southern provinces in the generation that followed Kinsale were drawn from the ranks of the old English.

These changes were most noticeably reflected in the affairs of the Catholic Confederation, a movement that was in itself a reaction to change. It is a fact implied in the title of the Confederation that it represented an alliance rather than a union of ideas or ideals; and it is most patent in its history that the alliance was one of expediency. The elements of the "old English" and "old Irish" had not reacted to the changes in the same way. All through the contemporary literature the distinction between them is laid down as though it was axiomatic.

The old Irish were those who had risen in revolt in 1641. They were the dispossessed in Ulster, the subject people everywhere; they were the scarcely articulate majority that had been defeated in war and that hung sullenly on the fringes of "civility". The old English were the families of the Pale and elsewhere who were Irish some of them by centuries of residence, but who still held themselves apart from the original inhabitants and who still trailed the glory of their origin as a colony. A common determination to defend their Catholicism and varying degrees of dissatisfaction with the English administration — these alone brought into one camp Irishmen who had yet to become conscious of a common nationality.

III

Owen Roe O'Neill's claim to the title of unionist lies in the broad-minded tolerance which he displayed in handling the recurring problems of an alliance of the letter that cloaked an hostility of the spirit. The Confederation, as he found it on his arrival in Ireland, was a movement backed by tremendous enthusiasm all over the island. It was a system of leadership and of government displaying the greatest promise. But at heart it was a junta controlled by a faction that was narrow and self-centered. The old English, who from the first ruled the councils at Kilkenny, had been led to take up arms through fear for their religion, the possession of their lands, and—as they conceived it—their natural

position as the local ascendancy. The growth of Puritanism in England, the reexamination of land titles foreshadowed by the policy of plantation and the effort to increase the income of the crown, and the attempt to reduce their influence in Parliament by the creation of a new tribe of subservient members had threatened them in their conscience, in their pockets, and in their pride. But when they agreed to join the Irish who were in revolt against the rule of the Lords Justice, they did so with every reserve of feeling towards those who had in the past been their hereditary enemies. And they never unbent. When the skies darkened for the Confederacy, they put their faith rather in a treaty with Ormonde—their eyes ever fixed on the fortunes of the king—than in any effort to accommodate themselves to the wishes of the old Irish and to close the ranks.

Up to the time when he could bear their vacillation and double dealing no longer, until indeed they had turned openly against him and had made it impossible for him to continue his cooperation, Owen Roe acted as the loyal servant of the Supreme Council of the Confederation. His message to them from the Netherlands was to hold firmly together and that they should not want for succour. He willingly placed himself under their command when he took up his duties as General in Ulster. He acquiesced in the use for the Leinster forces of the shipping that he had organised for his own purposes, and that at a time when he himself was sorely in need of such assistance. Neglected though he was by the Supreme Council and, from the beginning, distrusted by them, he came loyally to save the northern Pale from the attacks of the Dublin forces in 1643. When the sequel to his intervention was the truce with Ormonde, he faithfully observed the terms of the engagement, although he did not approve of it and although in return for his help the Council had in effect abandoned him to defend himself as best he could against Monroe. When in 1644 they sent the worthless Castlehaven to supersede him in Ulster and when Castlehaven complained to him of happenings that were the result of his own incompetence, he allowed himself to expostulate only by saying: " My lord, we shall answer for these things before the Supreme Council which employs us both."

What service O'Neill could render to the common cause had he been granted a tithe of the assistance given to the " *ne plus ultra* Prestonian Blade " he showed by his victory at Benburb, the greatest—considered as a pure military feat—of Irish victories and an exercise of arms of which even his illustrious uncle was incapable. And how he placed the common interest of Ireland above the sectional interest of Ulster he showed by what followed. Once more summoned south, this time by the nuncio, to stave off disaster to the cause which the Confederation had been founded to defend, he abandoned a great part of the fruits of success

in his own province and hastened to the rescue. At a time when the nuncio and his party alone stood out against a betrayal of the Confederation to Ormonde, when Preston temporised and Ormonde himself soon gave up the struggle and handed Dublin over to the English Parliamentarians, O'Neill only was staunch.

Throughout his career in Ireland Owen Roe was always the one who put country before sectional interests, always the realist who saw that the day of divided loyalties within the country had passed. After Preston's defeat at Dungan's Hill in 1647, when he was called again to defend the Pale from the ravages of the Dublin garrison, his officers protested against this repeated pulling of the Leinster chestnuts out of the fire. But O'Neill was not to be deflected from his purpose. Throughout that winter he showed with renewed spirit his qualities alike as a general and as an Irishman. He placed his forces in the midlands so that he could at the same time curb Jones in Dublin and stand guard between Monroe in Ulster and the seat of the Confederacy at Kilkenny. And yet the Kilkenny junta could allege that his real intention was to make himself king in Ireland and to subjugate the old English. Their contribution to national unity at this time was to make peace with the ex-Parliamentarian Inchiquin after he had defeated them at Knockanoss, an action that outraged even their own supporters.

Later, when the discredited remnant of the Supreme Council tried to blacken Owen Roe they said that " no true-hearted Englishman, or any of that extraction," would join him. He had brought, they added, " the British Nation to their now sad condition". By these revealing phrases they meant their own old English faction. So far had they yet to go towards a realisation of their position as natives of Ireland.

In striking contrast to these narrow utterances is the voice of Owen Roe. Told by his nephew Daniel O'Neill that the Palesmen believed that he hated them, he burst forth : " I hold him to be no better than a devil who will make these distinctions but call all Irish alike."

The statement epitomizes his career. His realism taught him that the old order had passed away and that there was no longer room for the old hatreds. Kinsale could not be fought over again, nor the day of the Ulster princes be called back. Whatever future Ireland had lay not in factions but in a compromise that would make " all Irish alike".

IV

In the three centuries that have elapsed since Owen Roe O'Neill's time that consummation of his hopes has been realised. Anglo-Irish and old Irish, elements apparently irreconcilable in the seventeenth century, have long since become indistinguishable. The fresh infusion of the Cromwellian settlers, so long a separate element and an irritant to the

others, has been assimilated. Acknowledged leaders, constitutional and revolutionary, have arisen perhaps more frequently from the descendants of the old English than from the people of Gaelic stock.

This unity was worked out in times of oppression and misgovernment. A grinding necessity, with occasional withering away and casting out, has slowly made one people of disparate elements. The wrangling that Owen Roe knew did not cease until after the Jacobite war. Although it is noticeable that in the cavalry of the Irish army of king James the vast majority of the officers were of old English origin, the old Irish were the more strongly represented of the two in the infantry regiments, and both fought side by side at the Boyne, Aughrim and Limerick. Similarly, the two elements suffered alike under the penal laws; and of the names of the Palesmen made illustrious in foreign service during the eighteenth century there were none to say that they were English names or that their bearers were other than Irishmen.

If the centuries saw a change of heart among the descendants of the colonists, they saw too a change among the old Irish. The disappearance of the original Irish aristocracy began with the Tudor conquest in the sixteenth century. The flight of the earls removed at one sweep the pride of the Ulster nobility. The wars of the Confederation and the Jacobites, with their sequel of confiscation and exile, removed practically all that were vocal or effective as leaders of the remainder. And so the helots of the countryside, the "Celtic aborigines," always the vast majority of the population and always the most oppressed, were deprived of their natural leaders and had to await nineteenth century democracy before they could voice their grievances.

On their way to the management of their own affairs, through absorption of the extraneous elements, through pike charges and famine and land war, they too had to suffer a change. Many of the old ways that had survived the downfall of the native institutions had to go. The distinctive Irish costume disappeared early. The same dying out of traditions and customs experienced by all rural populations in an age of the opening-up of communications, and hastened in this instance by a hostile government, took place. The Irish language was reduced almost to extinction.

In the achievement of unity the traditions of both elements have become entwined. The past of the Gael and the past of the Anglo-Irish have become the common yesterday of the Irish race. It is possible that to us of this generation—with Pearse's words "not free merely, but Gaelic as well" fresh in our minds—it has become something like a duty to regard the Gaelic element as the preponderant one in the making of the nation. Indeed there was a time when it seemed perhaps to most of us the only element that mattered. The last push of the first quarter of this century that won our independence was made amid the high enthusiasm of the Gaelic revival. Without that revival our latter-day

history—whatever else might have happened—could certainly not have been the same. But indications are not absent that, as the glory of those revolutionary years falls into historical retrospect, the importance of earlier events that had no connection with expressed Gaelicism will be more fully appreciated. Certainly the spectacular happenings of the years between have dimmed the significance of the Land War ; a longer view may well suggest that the much publicised national apathy at the end of the last century was due to exhaustion after a victory that revolutionised the entire life of the countryside and was of major significance in the winning of independence.

History is a continuity of effort, and not the least of the efforts that have produced the Ireland in which Owen Roe's tercentenary has been celebrated with reverence and pageantry were those made by the descendants of the old English who opposed him. Toleration of differences as between Gael and Anglo-Irishman has led to a union of spirit in southern Ireland. Can we in the south contemplate such a toleration in respect of all our brother Irishmen in the north ? When the day comes that all Irishmen are indeed " called alike ", the defenders of Derry will be included with William Orr and Jemmy Hope—and with Owen Roe O Neill —in the Valhalla of united Ireland.

G. A. Hayes-McCoy

SOME IRISH BARDIC POEMS

EDITED BY LAMBERT MACKENNA, S.J.

XCII

OUR SALVATION

BRIAN CAOCH Ó DÁLAIGH cc.

1. Daingean connradh fa chairt ríogh ;
cairt ar cconnraidh ar ar ccúl ;
nár má do sénadh an síodh
is lámh ríogh dá dénamh dhúnn.

2. Síoth ó shoin do daingneadh dúinn
dá shnaidhmeadh i ccrois do-chuaidh ;
do sgríobh fa chartaigh san chígh
síodh trír ar nach antair uainn.

3. Ní fríoth conair roimhe riamh
nó gur cosgradh croidhe an ríogh ;
mairg fine nar gheabh an gaol ;
raon 'n-a chridhe cneadh 'n-a chíogh.

4. Dar n-arthrach dob fhírbheach eoil
ríghbhean nach gabhthar a géill ;
slighe chaol na habhla ón óigh
tarrla róinn i n-a raon réidh.

5. Créad fa mbiadh cumhal 'n-a chneidh
dar bhfurtacht do thriall ó thoil ;
do fhoiligh a ghrásd a ghuin
nach fuil (acht) tásg oidhigh air.

6. A n-uair an chluiche do chaill
a nguais don uile do fhill ;
do fhoiligh chánaigh an chroinn
fa choim n-álaidh troighidh tinn.

7. Rí nimhe gur dhuine dhínn
cluiche ar a chineadh do-chuaidh ;
táinic dar siair coimhdhe ar ccláir
a ndiaigh an áir fhoirne fhuair.

8. Ret fhíoch dámadh éidear srian
ní híoc do-ghébhthar am ghníomh ;
ná luaidh ceart am fhoghlaibh uam ;
ní dual foghlaidh fa reacht ríogh.

9. Líon ar inneal d'fhuil an taoibh
dá chineadh gur chuir a cciaigh
ar sheilg gan tilleadh a ttír
go hinneal lín deirg 'n-a dhiaigh.

10. Ar ccreach gan tóir roimhe riamh
re hóigh gur roinnis do rún ;
an teach thuas réidhighe róm
ógh suas as dréimire dhún.

11. Líon einigh ar inbhear ngráidh
let eighir do hinnleadh róinn ;
sreabh thobuir ar ccabhra ón chígh
dob adhbha lín mhogail mhóir.

12. Tig filleadh a fhíocha d'óigh,
a fhine ag díorghadh 'n-a diaigh,
bean le saorthar na sé sluaigh ;
ní haonchradh fuair sé ler siair.

13. Gidh trom éraic fhola ríogh
togra ní lémhthair san Luan ;
mairg fuil do doirteadh dar ndíon
guin an ríogh ní hoiltear uainn.

14. Fleadh reacthar ar chunnradh cuain,
turbhadh as deacair fa a dáil ;
cuirfe ar aoinfheadhain sé slóigh,
cóir do mhaoidheabhair mé a-mháin.

15. Buime ler caomhnadh a clann
Muire ghá gaoltaibh a ngioll ;
ar muir mhóir ní leontar a long
a-nonn le hóigh seoltar sionn.

16. Ná leanadh ar dhearadh dúinn,
do cheadaigh ceangal an tsídh ;
gabhadh cách 'n-a bhfoltaibh (phéin) :
gnáth géill ag rochtain go rígh.

17. Dá leanadh a chor a ccrois
nó lot an bheara 'n-a bhais
luadh cóire ná léigidh leis ;
ní héidir feis óighe ar ais.

18. Ná saoil dearadh aoinfhir uaibh
gan daoine ní dleaghar rígh
ní thig tú gan mhuinntir mhóir
ná cluintir cóir fa (. . . . .).

19. Dob fhiu a n-aontomha nar an
ar siur ghá haonrogha d'fhior
. . . . . .
bean re ndearna chloinn gan chion.

20. Guais nach sgarfa cách red chóir
—an lán mara ní budh mín—
leanfaidh tú an failgheas go fréimh ;
réidh gach aighneas go crú in chígh.

21. Cóir fhalaigh ní hoircheas uainn
nó go n-admhaigh a fhoilcheas rúin ;
breath échta ná óighidh féin
réir a érca as doiligh dhúinn.

22. Leanb Muire gan chuimhne a chrú
's gan chuimhne luighe fan lia
cealgthar é d'fhoicheardaibh mná
gibé lá as doichealgaidh Dia.

23. Neimh an chíogha cuirfe a ccéill
budh duiligh do dhíoghail Luain ;
deacair taomadh mara mhóir,
fa chóir t'fhola as baoghal buain.

24. Fiu t'fhuilsi ar ccomhdha mur chloinn ;
gá truime torchar mar thuinn ?
sleagh dar ccobhair san chíogh thinn
as líon ar linn thoraidh truim.

25. Íoc a fhala dleaghair dúinn,
agra 's na bearaibh ní brígh ;
cuid érca ag cineadh as cóir
dá sireadh cóir chréachta an chígh.

26. Cóig chridhe gur dhathais dúnn
t'fhine fan Athair dob fhuar ;
tú a gcronn do gonadh dod ghaol ;
braon trom don toradh as tuar.

27. Dar ndíon do doirteadh an fhuil
t'fhíoch nó gur snoigheadh mar sin ;
('sna) saoir (aga) seilg a-muigh
do shnoigh t'fheirg don taoibh as-tigh.

28. Dob é an t-oineach 'n-a am féin,
dá oigheadh a ccrann do-chuaidh ;
as fear móireinigh nar mhaoidh
cneadh taoibh dar bhfóiridhin fuair.

29. Fuair Muire deacair dar ndíon
ní seachna muirir a mian ;
bean ag cuireadh na sé slógh
ní mór lé buidhean dá mbiadh.

30. Cosg t'fhaladh más éidir (dhúinn)
ní éisdfe re m'agra Luain ;
ná luaidh mur urraidh mé a-mháin
red cháir 's nach urraidh sé sluaigh.

31. Guais t'fhola tar chách do chuir,
ní tráth dar locadh ód fhleidh ;
le mnaoi an tighe taobh don tigh ;
ná sir slighe chaol fad chneidh.

32. Dot fhuilsi do dáileadh dúnn
tuile dá ttáinic ar ndíon ;
cuiridh muir toradh a dtrágh
ár t'fholadh do chuir an chíogh.

33. Nach clann tamhain sinn dar siair ?
do adaimh do rinn a rúin ;
roinn mháthar ar chloinn as cóir ;
fa chóir ccroinn gá dtáthar dhúinn ?

34. Tú ar bhearaibh dar ngrádh dod ghuin
do chách nír (seamadh ó sein) ;
lot na habhla do fhóir t'fhuil,
luibh a cabhra as cóir re cneidh.

35. Neimh a ngonaibh t'oighre uann
rem fholaidh nír fheirrde srian ;
tig dhínn gur corcradh an chíogh
ar shíodh ghontar na rígh riamh.

36. Do chabhair le ghrás a ghaol
don fhalaidh ar bhfás a frémh ;
gidh mór an cás cleith ar ngníomh
síodh fa bhreith na ngrás do-ghén.

D.

Translation

1. Strong is a contract drawn up on a royal document ; for our contract (about our salvation) we have (such) a document to rely on ; if I have refused the arrangement so made 'twas a shame seeing that a king's hand drew it up.

2. This pardon for us has been strong ever since for He ascended the Cross to settle it ; He wrote out in a legal document on His breast the peace-terms with the Trinity, so that we may never be abandoned.

3. No path (to salvation) could be found until the heart of the King was crushed ; the wound in His breast is the way to His heart ; woe to the folk who have denied Him their kin-love.

4. A true guiding-bee for our ship is the unconquerable queen ; the narrow way of the Tree (i.e. Cross) has been made by the Virgin into a smooth path stretching before us.

5. Why should we have to pay Him a price for suffering His wounds seeing that 'twas of His own will He came to redeem us ? His love prevented Him from thinking of His wounds so that He was slain only in name (having died of His own will).

6. When the world had lost the game the danger threatening it was averted ; the claim for debt due owing to the Tree (in Garden), He hid beneath the wounds on His sore feet.

7. The game was going against the folk of Heaven's Lord until He became one of us ; from our sister came the salvation of our earth after the wholesale destruction it had suffered.

8. If Thy anger can be stopped it is not because my sins can be atoned for (by me) ; talk not of my atoning for my offences ; by his nature a king's foe (as I am) is not submissive to the king's law.

9. A net consisting of His blood was spread so that it hid Him from His race (?) which was being fished for (?) but would not come ashore (?) until that red net was set for it.

10. We were completely destroyed until Thou didst impart Thy purpose to the Virgin (at the Annunciation) ; Thou art getting the Palace above ready for us ; the Virgin is our ladder thereto.

11. To catch us, a net of generosity was set by thy Son in a pool of love ; the well-stream of our salvation springing from the breast of Christ was the place where that large-meshed net was constantly placed.

12. The turning-back of Christ's wrath is due to the Virgin ; His race can then walk the straight way after her, the lady by whom the Six Hosts are saved ; Christ got every kind of wealth with my sister.

13. Heavy as is the *éiric* for a king's blood, no attempt to plead for it will be made on Monday ; alas for the blood shed to save us, we do not tend the Lord's wounds.

14. The banquet (i.e. salvation) is given gratuitously (?), though the giving of it costs trouble and difficulty ; Thou (O Christ) shalt bring the Six Hosts together, and Thou hast done right to mention me (in the invitation) in particular.

15. Mary, a mother who has ever protected her children, is always at the disposal of her kinsfolk ; we are guided yonder (to Heaven) by a virgin, and her ship (wherein we are) will never be wrecked on the great sea.

16. He allowed the fixing of peace-terms, let Him (therefore) not persist in rejecting us ; let all men receive punishment (?) for their crimes ; prisoners are ever being brought into a king's presence.

17. If He intends to avenge His crucifixion or the nailing of His hands tell Him not to talk of justice, for the espousal of the Virgin (which renders such vengeance unjust) can not be undone.

18. Do not admit possibility of any of you being rejected, for kings require followers ; thou art with a great company, let there be no talk of . . . .

19. Our sister being chosen above all women for her Spouse, 'twas right for her to wed . . . . . ; the woman by whom He begat offspring without sin.

20. I fear folk will not escape Thy justice—a full tide is never smooth ?—Thou shalt follow up each secret sin to its roots ; every kind of pleading is gentle compared to that of the breast-blood.

21. Justice should not be inflicted on us in secret without God's explaining to us His mysterious purpose ; it is hard for us to pay the *éiric* of His dread condemnation or His death.

22. Whenever God, Mary's son, is found hard to appease, one can see Him forgetting His blood and His burial owing to the blandishments of a woman (Mary).

23. Thou (O Christ) wilt plead the torturing of Thy breast, and so the punishment Thou inflictest on Monday will be severe ; 'tis hard to bale out the great sea, and so 'tis dangerous to be liable for the debt of Thy blood.

24. Thy blood can save us, Thy children ; what greater wealth could a wave bring in (to shore) ? The spear which for our salvation was driven into the wounded breast, acts as a net cast on waters hiding much wealth.

25. To requite His blood is our duty, the pleading of the nails is of no avail ; if He demand requital of His breast-wound His race must pay some of His *éiric*.

26. Thy race heeded not Thy Father until for our sake Thou didst get the Five Hearts covered with blood ; on the Cross Thou wert wounded by Thy own folk—a heavy rain is presage of good harvest !

27. Thy blood was shed for our salvation, and thus Thy wrath was worn down ; Thy blood dispelled Thy wrath from within, while smiths (i.e. executioners ?) sought to arouse it from without.

28. He went to His death on the Cross—how well-timed that generous deed ! He was a truly generous man who boasted not of the wound which He received in His side when saving us.

29. Mary incurred hardship when defending us ; never to be separated from her family was her great desire ; no crowd that might be present could satisfy that lady who had called the Six Hosts to come to her.

30. If I can check Thy wrath Thou wilt not pay heed to the pleading (against me) on Monday ; do not think that by myself I can face Thy justice, seeing that the Six Hosts can not.

31. She has saved men from the threat of Thy blood, this is therefore no time to exclude me from the banquet (of salvation), for 'tis the right of a mistress of a house to invite to a seat within the house ; do not therefore be over-exacting in the matter of Thy wounds.

32. A torrent of Thy blood was poured forth for us and from it came our salvation—the sea throws up wealth on the shore—Thy breast has destroyed Thy wrath.

33. Are we not children of our sister's stock ? She consented to this by her decision (at the Annunciation) ; a mother should be ever at the disposal of her children ; how do we stand as regards the debt we owe for the Crucifixion ?

34. For love of us Thou wert pierced by the nails ; for the saving of the world they had not to be rivetted again (?) ; Thy blood atoned for the spoiling of the Tree (in Paradise) ; 'twas right that a wound should have a herb to cure it.

35. The pain we cause in the wounds of Thy Son has not induced us to curb our sins ; 'twas owing to us that the breast was bleeding ; 'tis in striving for peace that kings get wounded.

36. By His grace He saved His kinsfolk when sin had spread its roots ; though getting rid of sin is a hard task, I will make peace (with God), under the guidance of that grace.

Notes

MSS. : 23 D 14, 5 (D), H 5 10 152 (H), H 4 19, 198 (a copy of H). Text is D except as noted below.

1*a*. cheart H *b*. ceart H *d*. dhún D 2*a*. -ngnidh dhúinn D *b*. shnadhmadh D *c*. chíogh D 3*c*. Leg. a ghaol ? 4*d*. roin D 5*d*. fhuil D ; ass D, asin H 6*a*. chluithe D 7*b*. -the D *d*. foi. fu. D 8*d*. -aigh D 9*b*. gor DH *d*. di. D 11*b*. oigh. DH ; róin D 12*c*. saothar D 13*a*. Gé DH ; fo. DH *b*. tag. DH 14*a*. Fleagh DH 16*a*. dhúinn DH *c*. cáin DH 17*a*. chora DH *c*. córa DH 18*d*. fa dhíth an uain DH 19*c*. *blank* D, an taingeal go fíor dfhaisnéis dí H 21*a*. -aidh DH *b*. -aidh DH *d*. dhúin DH 22*a*. Mhui. D *c*. ceagthar D, chítair H *d*. -aigh DH 23*b*. doil. DH 24*a*. ccoimhdhe DH 25*a*. fhola DH 26*a*. croi. DH ; dúinn DH *c*. guineadh DH 27*c*. mc (*overlined*) DH ; ag DH 28*a*. ein. DH *b*. -idh DH *d*. tha. D. 30*a*. dhínn DH *b*. tagra DH 31*b*. -eigh DH *d*. ca. D 32*a*. dhúinn DH 34*b*. sheam ⊥ ó shoin DH 35*a*. uainn DH *d*. ríogh DH 36*a*. grás DH *b*. fhol. DH.

REVIEWS

Studies in Environment

DUBLIN. A Study in Environment. By John Harvey. London: Batsford. 1949. 15s.

Mr. Harvey is known to many readers by his books on fourteenth-century England and by his research into its craftsmanship. His study of Henry Yevele is one such outstanding example. When he approaches Dublin, not indeed as a research student but as presenting to his countrymen a picture of the contemporary city, he comes with a strong sense of history and, in the matter of its architecture, with a proper bias towards full-bodied expression and good workmanship. Both his Gothic studies and his recent experience of too much regimentation have thrown him also into lively reaction from English formalism, whether in the English way of life or its Georgian architecture. To visit Dublin is to recapture the spirit of rude health and feel again the " brilliant poignancy of life ". Mr. Harvey is like one of Cowper's slaves who touch our country and their shackles fall. Finding in our city a recurrent source of creative energy and aware of an unaccustomed freedom of mind and speech, he gives generous expression to his sense of expansion and finds that his country can learn a good deal from us. Even our vices lean to virtue's side. " Formality, convention, petty hypocrisy, are all foreign to Dubliners, whose savage repartee springs from a keen delight in verbal wit and from no spiteful desire to wound."

Mr. Harvey calls his book a study in environment; and this, in effect, is what it is, though his rapid survey of our streets in his third and fifth chapters is comprehensive enough—presented as it is with a rich supplement of excellent illustration—to win for it a prominent place in available guide-books to Dublin. His book consists of a preface, five chapters, and an epilogue on the pre-18th century town. It is short, no more than 107 pages of text to its no fewer than 161 illustrations. The historical and political matter is familiar to us, and it is sufficient to say that Mr. Harvey is neither unintelligent, timorous nor mealy-mouthed when he has to touch our resistance movement or the issues of neutrality and partition—perhaps one should note, in passing, a characteristic identification of Michael Collins with Du Guesclin. He treats of contemporary Dublin neither as a national capital nor, as it seems to some of us, a capital digesting with difficulty its provincial accretions, but as a separate unit, the creature of heredity and environment, conditioned by its immediate geophysical context and foreshadowing a supra-national future by reason of its conglomerate origins. He writes: " In an earlier Dark Age Ireland preserved the dying flame of the classic world and, in cherishing it, became herself the first of modern nations. Now, as the youngest and smallest of them all, she may fulfil this role for a second time . . . . . Dublin at the present moment holds in its hands the future of European thought and the European way of life."

Mr. Harvey's geophysical discussion occupies a relatively large space which does not, however, preclude him from more than one relevant excursus. Dealing with the surroundings of Dublin—" not London, not Paris, not even Vienna can show comparable riches of encircling beauty "—he dwells on one outstanding difference in the Irish and English types of agricultural economy. The English type is the nucleated village, a group of farmhouses each the head of an estate spreading out in the countryside about the village. Ireland, Wales and Cornwall show the houses themselves scattered and the true village non-existent. Mr. Harvey finds Co. Dublin and parts of its adjoining counties following the English

model with Rathcoole, Newcastle, Rathfarnham, Finglas, Glasnevin, Swords and Lusk—examples of the nucleated village with traces of the English " open-field " system of arable cultivation. To determine how far all these villages can be linked in this connection or to settle how far the half-obliterated traces of villages wiped out by the Famine confirm his comparison leads on to fences which I am unqualified to take. I am content with this mention as indicating the range of his survey, and I return to the stones of Dublin.

Mr. Harvey's predilections give an agreeable savour to his comparison of Dublin eighteenth-century building and the English Georgian. Quotation is here the honest and modest policy: " Even English lovers of Georgian architecture, fond of England's rather colourless austerity, are a little frightened of the exuberance of Dublin—the rich and coloured traces of a southern, catholic, baroque past that England never knew . . . . Our 18th century consisted too largely of a formal and negative taste without deep roots and based on a selfish and cynical philosophy. The culmination of the Renaissance centuries, Georgian England surpassed them in hollowness. This is not true of Dublin, where life still keeps the full flavour of humanity ".

To this text—a heresy to the Georgian Group—Mr. Harvey recurs again in his attempt to discover why he finds the Georgian art of London empty and unsatisfying: " The felt want is closely analogous to the moral and social insipidity of the English 18th century and, possibly even more, of the English social shibboleths which have survived from it into another and more dynamic epoch. For at the best the 18th century in western Europe was a swan song—when the singer was Mozart—a thing of exquisite beauty. At the worst it was an elaborate doll running down. So far as London was concerned, it was an age of pretence. Reality was only injected by the foreigners and provincials."

Mr. Harvey concludes that Georgian architecture and art are less vacuous in the provinces than in London by reason of the employment of local craftsmen and local materials: " The English vernacular was, for the most part, not great art; but it was little and good, simple and unpretentious . . . It possessed the appropriate provincial virtues, but tells us little or nothing of the main stream. In Dublin it is otherwise. The fact that it was a capital city put even the minor craftsmen on their mettle." Imported architects were infected by the spirit of Dublin, money and ground were cheap, good local material was available, and behind good material and good craftsmen stood the compact and unified spirit of a small but capable community.

A great deal of this challenging text could be glossed and placed in a context, less animated, perhaps, but with a deeper background and with lights both higher and more sombre. Irish readers will regret that the author does not enter with more specific detail into those differences which are the subject of his—to us—flattering comment. Mr. Harvey attaches also too great a relative importance to the work immediately following the period of legislative independence—" the seventeen years of high summer, the high water of Dublin as a prosperous capital city ". It is true that it was Gandon's period and Gandon is our greatest master. But both the initiative—intellectual, aesthetic and monetary—and the major execution of the lay-out of Dublin date many years earlier. The singular excellence and influence of Edward Lovet Pearce before 1730, the example of his predecessor Thomas Burgh, the lay-out of the streets and squares from 1750, the mid-century work of the master builders and decorators, these determined the essential character of the eighteenth century city. It is not to derogate from the achievement of Mr. Harvey's great quadrumvirate—Gandon, Cooley, Ivory and Francis Johnston—to find a greater interest in the work of the generation preceding them. And this, accepting for the moment what I believe to be Mr. Harvey's quite mistaken idea

of the share of work to be assigned to two of his Big Four and recognising his difficulty in saying everything in one hundred pages.

He has, however, said many things that matter, carrying his account through some of the good work of the early 19th century which have been the subject of papers in *Studies* down to contemporary work by Mr. Michael Scott and Mr. Desmond Fitzgerald. He has found space for much rightly to reprobate and more, with perhaps too kindly an optimism, to assume. He has not written a guide book nor entered for that purpose the interiors of our museums or galleries. Yet, as I have said, his swift tour of our principal streets and the admirable wealth of his illustrations will ensure for his book an instant popularity. For this reason and in view of its later editions I add *seriatim* a list of some *errata* and omissions.

pp. 38, 46. While giving names in all other instances, the architects' names are omitted in the cases of St. Paul's, Arran Quay ; St. Audoen's (Cath.) Church, High Street ; and St. Andrew's, Westland Row.

p. 4. Repeating an error of my own, his reference to James Tabary is, I believe, inexact.

pp. 49, 50. The text conveys the impression that the old House of Commons as transformed by Vincent Waldré after the fire of 1792 still exists.

p. 50. While it is true that Thomas Burgh was directed in 1727 to prepare a plan for the new Parliament House, there is no evidence that he did so or had any share in Pearce's building.

p. 50. It is possible that Pearce visited Italy. I should like to think so and learn where he studied. But the statement upon which Mr. Harvey relies has been corrected.

p. 53. It is not exact to say that Pollen " leaned on Newman to an unusual degree in designing University Church ". They had no doubt many ideas in common, but Newman's own words are explicit on the point : " The general proportion was given by the Rector " (*Cath. Univ. Gazette*). Pollen really leaned on S. Maria in Cosmedin and Ludwig I of Bavaria.

p. 92. It is incorrect to say that Cooley prepared a scheme for the new Four Courts. Only after Cooley's death was it decided to build the Courts at Inns Quay. Cooley planned an unexecuted Record Office quadrangle.

p. 97 and Pl. 13. There is no evidence of which I am aware that Chambers designed Aldborough House.

p. 95. The text repeats an error of mine, elsewhere corrected, attributing to the Francini the introduction to Ireland of the fully figured stucco ceiling. Credit for this should go to the earlier unknown master of the La Touche ceiling, now happily in the Bank of Ireland.

Pl. 70. Thomas Ivory had nothing to do with Bedford Tower, the present Genealogical Office. The cupola etc. was built under the direction of the Surveyor General, Thomas Eyre.

Pl. 140. The correct date of No. 20 Dominick Street is 1757-1758.

Pl. 161. The correct date of University College Church is 1855-1856.

Pl. 17. The caption covering this plate designates the Arms on the Custom House as the " Royal Arms designed by James Gandon ". They were designed and executed by Edward Smyth, and are not the Royal Arms but significantly the Arms of Ireland and were so recognised at the date of their erection. The fact is important in view of the odium attaching to the çi-devant government which regrettably has involved the destruction of some work of artistic interest.

C. P. Curran

THE LAND OF ITALY. By Jasper More. London: Batsford. 1949. 18s.

EARLIER and excellent books in this *Countries of Europe* series are Mr. Sacheverell Sitwell's *The Netherlands* and *The Land of France* by Mr. Ralph Sutton and Lord Holden. Neither of these subjects presented anything like the difficulties of the country of Mr. More's choice. In France, where institutions change their names more easily than their nature, centralised administration and a jealous egalitarian spirit have long been at work ironing out its rich regional variety and canalising the springs of its national life into one easily navigable stream. The Netherlands is still more tractable for the writer; its area is small and uniform, its political history brief, its contribution to the arts a close concentration in time.

But in Italy the diversity is manifold. Over a great span of centuries its provinces have maintained their historic and cultural individuality as sharply marked as their contrasting landscapes; each province has its separate story, which requires and receives in Mr. More's text its separate treatment. The abundant vitality of the Italian genius, displaying itself in one field or another, has been a perpetually recurring phenomenon in the history of Europe, which is, in great measure, its creation. To detail in 250 pages every aspect of the Italian landscape, the form of its contemporary life, its historical background and the monuments of its civilisation is therefore a formidable task. To interpret it to what is once more becoming the travelling public—a wandering and capricious tribe of very varied understanding—invites further risks and involves a personal factor.

Italy is a touchstone of taste and, as Mr. More justly puts it, an Italian visit is a voyage of discovery not only of scenes and cities but also of latent faculties of the traveller's mind and heart. So also of his *cicerone*. Every travel book is an observation car and, as in the window of a bus or in our twentieth century painting, it reflects on the same surface broken images of the spectator and his fellow-travellers mixed into shifting pictures of the world outside. This distinguishes the book of travel from the guide book—Seán Ó Faoláin or Belloc from Baedeker. A long procession of pilgrims to Italy have passed under her unregarding monuments. The sum of their conflicting judgments have conditioned our own approach. Each represents and illuminates his own age. In no case, from Gibbon and Goethe to Taine and Barrès, do they fail to appear to us at some point wrongheaded. Where these have somewhere fallen short can Mr. More always succeed?

He has at least one considerable qualification to back his courage. He has quite obviously a wide knowledge of the Italian countryside and some familiarity with the externals of Italian life. He handles its landscapes well, with a comprehensive understanding of its bony structure and its more gracious aspects. He gives an excellent account of those composite arrangements of natural and human scenery wherein, as he rightly says, Italy has a supreme distinction; and he does this when treating, not merely the familiar regions of Tuscany and Umbria and the Ligurian and Tyrrhenian littorals, but what he styles the grandiose panoramas of the Marches, the singularly humanised plateau of Apulia and the watery charm of the Venetian plain. One reads, for example, with a recollected pleasure his page on the Val d'Aosta whose terraces, descending through vistas of a Poussinesque quality, make such a superb avenue of approach to the south from Mont Blanc and the Matterhorn. Passing to the other extreme, to Apulia and Calabria, he reflects a more modish taste and a return to an earlier fashion in English travel.

I do not wish to suggest that Mr. More's survey is directed by mere modishness. Its aim is to be comprehensive; but we find the same reaction, making for comprehensiveness, in his treatment of architecture. His preferences in this matter appear to be for the Renaissance and when, rather self-consciously, he approaches the baroque, he presents it mainly as a manifestation of the spirit of the counter-

Reformation. He does, however, accept it as a true style and not as a term of reproach—an acceptance which, if it appears modish, is in fact merely the belated adjustment of English insular art criticism. In a condensed narrative one may not cavil with generalisations. It is, however, misleading to speak of the age of the Risorgimento as the age of the neo-classic if this implies a causal relationship. The classic revival was of a much earlier date and circumstance, and Canova was long dead and the monuments to which Mr. More refers were for the most part erected long before the political movement took shape. Neither may one accept Lord Burlington's visit to Vicenza as " perhaps the most striking episode in architectural history". Even as a *boutade* for English readers it is hardly fair to Inigo Jones. And to prefer St. Paul's to St. Peter's is a matter of taste which one need not dispute.

Mr. More, however, does not set out to replace Burckhardt. His treatment of painting and sculpture is much too summary and wholly undiscriminating. The reader will find much less here to satisfy his needs or curiosity than in his historical narrative or in his lively picture of contemporary conditions. These are dealt with expressly in an early chapter, which ranges from cookery to demography. One further regrets that more precise information is not given, as in *The Land of France*, of the losses to art suffered by reason of American, British and German action. Space for this purpose might have been advantageously gained by the omission of a series of pert *obiter* in the manner of Gibbon or Mark Twain. It adds little to our knowledge of Italy to find theories of Catholicism based on a comparison of the cleanliness of County Donegal and County Down—after all, Ruskin found St. Peter's too clean—nor are differences between Guelf and Ghibelline clearly explained by reference to Arsenal and Aston Villas. These little vivacities are natural, perhaps, to a traveller who finds, with another " perhaps, "the heart and head of Italy to be in the Galleria of Milan.

One hundred and sixty-four admirably clear and well chosen photographs adorn Mr. More's text.

C. P. CURRAN

ENGLISH SPORTS AND PASTIMES. By Christina Hole. London: Batsford. 1949. 15s.

HISTORY is a barrel which may be tapped at any level. The folklorist may write down a children's rhyme of captivating simplicity, but his gloss upon it reaches far back towards pre-history. We all play ball. The priests of Osiris tossed balls at their festival of Spring ; Homer played handball ; and so also, no doubt, Erasmus who made it the matter of one of his familiar colloquia. Other games mimic war ; but when we played *Charlie across the Water* from the sidewalks of Dublin, nimbly eluding the watchful forces in the roadway, who of us remembered the Jacobites?

Miss Hole, who has already written much on English folklore and English social usage, does not mention this last or indeed many street games, or take us back to their misty beginnings ; but there is very little in the way of English field games or sports, the diversions of fairs, wakes and pilgrimages, the more questionable recreation of bear-baits, bull-running or rat-catching, or the burning of live cats in the inside of Guy Fawkes that she does not illuminatingly touch upon. Much of her subject matter is followed to its early medieval practice, bifurcating when a trench was dug between holy day and holiday and passing to different levels with the growth of the theatre, the frequentation of spas and fashionable assembly places, and the more intricate development of a new social order.

Miss Hole's book makes a very agreeable miscellany embellished by an excellent choice of some hundred illustrations. These range from long-robed medieval children whipping tops and their elder long-haired brothers at handball in doublet

and hose to gala nights at Vauxhall Gardens and Cremorne, prizefights and a Punch-and-Judy show at Brighton. There are some interesting interiors, accompanying her pages on the theatre, of theatricals in private houses and of the London and provincial theatres in the 18th and early 19th centuries, with others showing how an aquatic festival was arranged at Sadler's Wells and how an equestrienne display looked to Rowlandson and Pugin in Astley's Amphitheatre—spectacles which had their equivalent in the Dublin of the 18th century and in Astley's similar Amphitheatre here in Darby Square.

C. P. C.

Biography

BISHOP SHANAHAN OF SOUTHERN NIGERIA. By Rev. John J. Jordan, C.S.Sp. Dublin: Clonmore & Reynolds. London: Burns & Oates. 1949. 16s.

The heroic story told in these pages brings back to us something of the memory of St. Patrick in Ireland and St. Columbanus in Gaul; there is the same atmosphere of superhuman courage and energy, tempered by a divinely human sympathy for souls in darkness.

Joseph Shanahan was born in 1871 at Glankeen in Tipperary, of 'mountainy' stock, abounding in physical energy and steeped in Catholic Faith. He early developed a vocation to the priesthood, was at Rockwell and at Holy Ghost colleges in France, and returned to Rockwell in 1897 as Prefect of the boys while studying his Theology course. The late Dr. E. Leen, C.S.Sp., who was under his care at this time, described him as 'having a more Christian and a more independent mind than anyone else I knew. . . . . A fine build of a man, a splendid footballer, famous for his tackle'. Afterwards in Africa an angry Ibo warrior was to learn something of the 'Shanahan tackle". He charged furiously at Fr. Shanahan, and found himself seized by the ankles and neatly propelled over the priest's shoulder.

In 1902 a call came for volunteers for Southern Nigeria, and Fr. Shanahan, (he had been ordained in 1900), answered it at once. It seemed a call to certain and speedy death. Since its opening in 1885 malaria, heat-stroke, mosquitoes and sand-flies and indescribable living conditions had stricken the Fathers and Brothers down one after another. Fr. Lutz, who opened the Mission, created a record by surviving ten years; his successor, Fr. Pawlas, lasted barely two. He was replaced in 1900 by Fr. Lejeune, a red-bearded Norman giant with all the vigour of his Viking ancestors, whom Fr. Shanahan was to know and to love dearly. Fr. Lejeune's first experience was the burial of one of his band, the sixth within a year, leaving two Fathers alive in the Mission. Not one of all these devoted men had ever asked to be relieved of his task, although the external results of all that labour and suffering were all but negligible. In 1905 Fr. Lejeune, his huge frame wasted by disease, was ordered back to France in spite of his desire to die in Africa. He died within the year, and in response to his dying wish Fr. Shanahan was appointed to succeed him as Superior of the Mission.

He pondered and prayed much over the problem before him. Then "suddenly the vision of my native land came before me, and I saw how akin Patrick's problem was to mine. He had a country peopled by a wild pagan tribe. So had I. He had one great river and a few smaller ones for communications. So had I. But he did not content himself with trying to convert a few towns on the Shannon as I was doing on the Niger. He struck boldly into the heart of the country to bring home the mystery of the Holy Trinity to all and sundry. He prepared the land for the coming of Catholic schools. I resolved to do the same." The French Fathers followed his lead with enthusiasm and a new era began for Southern Nigeria.

Fr. Jordan manages to convey a wonderfully vivid impression of Fr. Shanahan at work. He had great advantages in dealing with the natives ; his fine appearance, the combination of dignity and simplicity which was natural to him, his utter fearlessness, all appealed to them. The story of his battle with the ' bush-cow,' an animal of the buffalo type dreaded throughout the region, became a legend in the country. Fr. Shanahan had in his hand a ' hippo-rod'. They met in a narrow path. " Simultaneously both charged. ' Swish ' came the hippo rod down on the beast's nose, as the missionary flung himself to one side. There was a terrific snort of surprised anger and a mighty whirl for a second charge. ' Swish '—dead on the same tender part of the same tender nose. The animal turned and fled bellowing towards the bush, with a triumphant and now bloodthirsty Irishman in pursuit. ' Oh, I enjoyed that ! ' ". . . But what won their hearts was the sense that he understood and loved them. He was not in any hurry to condemn their superstitions. He realised that underlying them there was a core of genuine religion which, if encouraged and set free, would be a foundation for the Faith.

Fr. Shanahan made the schools the foundation-stone of the work ; the children, once imbued with the Catholic spirit, would and did scatter the seed of the Gospel abundantly and fruitfully. That involved a huge amount of work, propaganda, organisation, building schools, training teachers. The number of Catholics and Catechumens increased rapidly, but there was no increase in the number of priests, and there were no nuns. Fr. Shanahan visited Europe in 1913 in search of recruits, and came back empty-handed and sad at heart. " It was a year of agony," he said. In 1918, at the request of Propaganda, he set out for the Cameroons. The German Fathers who had had charge of that Mission had been interned in 1914. Fr. Shanahan, who had only lately recovered from serious illness, tramped a thousand miles on foot through forests and mountains, to visit the flock—a feat, said Dr. E. Leen when he heard it described, ' equal to anything ever read in chronicle or legend'. At the end of it his health completely broke down ; he was sent back to Ireland, where he spent months in hospital and underwent a serious operation. Then his splendid physique and his indomitable courage triumphed, and health returned. Word came from Rome that he was to be consecrated Bishop and Vicar Apostolic of Southern Nigeria. He resumed his efforts to find priests and nuns for the work ; and at last, thanks as he believed to the Little Flower at whose grave he had prayed, he was successful. Ten young Maynooth priests answered his appeal to spend the first five years of their priestly life in Nigeria ; precursors of St. Patrick's Missionary Society. Many more would have gone if their Bishops could have spared them. And it was not long before he was able to found the ' Killeshandra nuns,' the Missionary Sisters of the Holy Rosary, who have been doing invaluable work among the native women.

Dr. Shanahan received a wonderful welcome throughout the Vicariate when he returned as Bishop in December 1920. Most touching was the scene when he visited his beloved lepers at Onitsha. They greeted him with transports of delight, and received at his hands the Sacrament of Confirmation, for which they had been diligently preparing in his absence. Before failing health forced him to a sorrowful departure in 1932, he had seen the number of Catholics and Catechumens increase from two thousand in 1905 to two hundred thousand ; he had seen Catholic schools spread through the land ; he had founded the seminary for native priests and had ordained the first of them.

After six years in Ireland, during which his brethren were able to realise how deep and intense was his interior life and how the sense of the divine indwelling saturated his soul—this most active of apostles was a real contemplative—he answered an invitation to come to the Mission of Zanzibar at the opposite side of Africa from his beloved Nigeria. There he did what he could, under the guidance

of the Bishop, until on Christmas morning, 1943, the Divine Child called him to Himself.

Fr. Jordan has done a splendid piece of work. All through the book the figure of Joseph Shanahan stands out, a figure, one feels, that is not destined to be forgotten, and that will by God's grace be a source of light and inspiration to many.

The book is splendidly produced; the illustrations deserve a special word of praise.

M. F. E.

A PROCESSION OF SAINTS. By James Brodrick, S.J. London: Burns & Oates. 1949. 10s. 6d.

BUTLER'S LIVES OF THE SAINTS. First Supplementary Volume. By Donald Attwater. London: Burns & Oates. 1949. 15s.

Fr. Brodrick gives us a baker's dozen of saints, one for each month of the year and an extra one for good measure. All his saints except one belong to the English scene, either because they were English themselves or because they worked in England like the Irish Colman and Aidan or the Italian Anselm. Fr. Brodrick is a delightful story-teller. He rambles on pleasantly, making numerous and always interesting digressions, connected more or less with his narrative; and somehow or other we find at the end of each sketch that we have a very living picture of his saint. It is only on reflection that we realise that it is not quite as simple as that: that an immense amount of reading and a great effort of selection have gone into the telling of the story. His thirteenth 'saint', Venerable Marie of the Incarnation, is not officially a Saint at all, or even a Beata, and her only connection with England is that Quebec, where her holiness flowered, fell into English hands a century after her death. But it is fortunate that Fr. Brodrick did not allow any pedantic scruples to prevent him from including this most attractive of all the attractive figures he presents.

Mr. Donald Attwater collaborated with the late Fr. Herbert Thurston in the revision and bringing up to date of Alban Butler's *Lives of the Saints*. This supplementary volume deals with (i) saints omitted, from one cause or another, from the 1926-38 edition; (ii) those canonised or beatified since 1937; and (iii) Russian saints. When the Holy See authorised some years ago a liturgical calendar for the use of Russian Catholics, the names of thirty Russian saints were included. Twenty-one of these lived after the break between Rome and Constantinople in 1054, and their names had not previously been included in any Catholic calendar. The lives of St. Sergius of Randonezh, St. Theodosius of Pechersk, and the brothers Saints Boris and Gleb have a quite special interest and charm. Among recent canonisations and beatifications Mother Cabrini, (now St. Frances Xavier Cabrini), stands out. The amount of good this Italian farmer's daughter managed to do and get done in the fifty houses she founded, mostly in North and South America but also in the continent of Europe, is amazing. We get also interesting sketches of B. Phillippine Duchesne and B. Justin de Jacobsi, the heroic Vincentian missionary in Ethiopia.

M. F. E.

History

ERASMUS, TYNDALE AND MORE. By W. E. Campbell. London: Eyre and Spottiswoode. 1949. Pp. 288. 15s.

It was over fifty years ago, to be precise in December 1896, that Mr. Campbell's interest in St. Thomas More and his circle was first aroused by a sermon preached at Downside by Abbot Gasquet, who later was made Cardinal. Since that time his interest has never flagged; and the fruits of it are to be seen in his *Last Letters*

of Sir Thomas More, *More's Utopia and his Social Teaching*, and *More's Dialogue concerning Tyndale*, a work later incorporated in *The English Works of Sir Thomas More*, edited by Mr. Campbell in collaboration with the late R. W. Chambers and Professor A. W. Reed. Out of the projected seven volumes of this edition only two have appeared ; and as its continuation has been held up by the accidents and vicissitudes of the war period, Mr. Campbell has thought it prudent to sum up in the work now under review the results of so many years of devoted study.

The plan and pattern of it he has taken from Seebohm's *Oxford Reformers* which ended with Colet's death in 1519 ; and while covering in part the same period as that classic, though from a different standpoint, he has continued the life stories of More and Erasmus to their end, adding to them that of Tyndale and prefacing the whole by a short biography of Colet.

The most valuable part of the book—and it comprises two thirds of the whole—is that dealing with More and Tyndale. Though not neglecting biographical details the author is primarily concerned with the writings of these two antagonists, both remarkable for their mastery of English prose : the one, a layman, the champion of Catholic orthodoxy and a martyr for the Faith ; the other, a priest who lapsed into heresy and was eventually, the year after More's execution, strangled and burnt at the stake in Vilvorde in the Netherlands.

There is an excellent chapter on the *Utopia*, but it is all too short. No doubt, the author, having treated of it at length in his former work, felt that in this general account he could afford to be brief. Even so, modern socialists may find in it a corrective to some of their extravagances. More's *Supplication of Souls*, a reply to Fish's *Supplication of the Beggars*, is dealt with at greater length, while his lesser controversial works against St. Germain and Frith and his devotional writings composed in the Tower, particularly his *Dialogue of Comfort against Tribulation*, which reveals the inmost soul of the martyr, receive shorter notice. The main theme, however, of this part of the book, and that in which the author shows his chief interest, is the theological duel between More and Tyndale, which has been termed, not without reason, the classic controversy of the Reformation.

The controversy arose through the introduction into England of Tyndale's works of an unorthodox character. His translation of the New Testament, though condemned and prohibited for its heretical glosses and tendentious renderings by Warham and Tunstall and later by the king himself, was rapidly distributed in England by a secret organisation. There followed in 1528 *The Parable of the Wicked Mammon*, in which he exposed and defended Luther's key doctrine of justification by faith alone, and *The Obedience of a Christian Man* which upheld the absolute authority of the civil ruler and the duty of non-resistance even to a tyrannical monarch.

As a Catholic Mr. Campbell is naturally out of sympathy with the heretical tenets of More's opponent ; but he treats them in an objective manner and exposes them by frequent quotations from the above mentioned works. This has the added advantage of putting the reader in a position to appreciate the simple directness and force of that style which has earned for Tyndale a place among the foremost writers in the English tongue.

The answer to these and other heretical works, particularly those of Luther, More undertook at the express invitation of Bishop Tunstall ; and his defence of the Faith is to be read in his *Dialogue concerning Heresies and Matters of Religion*, his *Confutacyon of Tyndale's Answere*, a work of enormous length, running to close on half a million words, and in his *Apology*. With the numerous quotations from these works, particularly from the second—a most useful feature of Mr. Campbell's book—the reader is enabled to form a fair idea of the martyr's controversial and theological ability as well as of the excellence of his prose.

All this part of the book is well done. The author should, however, have given some evidence for his statement that, since the time of Wyclif and the Lollards, the bishops had been very nervous about encouraging translations of the Bible—even orthodox ones. It is true that the Council of Oxford in 1408, referring to St. Jerome's words, spoke of the dangers of translating Scripture, since it is not easy in translating to preserve exactly the same meaning in all things. They condemned, too, and prohibited Wyclif's translation and forbade any to be read until it should have been approved and allowed by the diocesan of the place or by the Provincial Council. But More himself, in answering a statement made by the Messenger similar to our author's, declared that this decree had been misinterpreted. " For I trowe," he wrote, " that in this lawe we see nothing unreasonable. For it neither forbiddeth translacions to be read that wer already wel done of old before Wicliffes dayes, nor damneth his because it was new, but because it was nought: nor prohibiteth new to be made but provydeth that they shal not be read if they be misse made, til they be by good examinacion amended, excepte they be such translacions as Wicliffe made and Tyndale, that the malicious minde of the translatour had in such wise handled it as it wer labor lost to goe about to mende them." And he goes on to say; " Myself have seen and can shew you bybles fayre and old writen in englishe, whiche have been knowen and seen by the byshop of the dyoces and left in leye mens handes and womens to suche as he knewe for good and catholic folke that used it with devocion and sobrenes."[1] Despite all attempts to explain away More's words, they still stand.

This, however, is a small defect. It is on the chapters dealing with Erasmus that more severe criticism must be passed, chiefly by reason of the omissions. Certainly no correct idea of the immense field covered by his literary activity can be gathered from this account. This holds true not only as regards his editions and translations from the Classics and his works to promote fluency and an elegant style in Latin, but also as regards his books on Catholic instruction and devotion and his labours connected with the New Testament. Some excuse may be found for this in the nature of the book which proscribes extensive treatment. For other omissions there is less or no excuse. Throughout the book there is scarcely a note, if any indeed, of criticism of the literary giant. The nearest approach to such is the remark that he was no saint, which all things considered was hardly necessary. The impression is left that, though he did not attain the heights of sanctity, everything about him was admirable. Undoubtedly there is much to admire in him: his amazing industry, his extensive learning and scholarship, his zeal in editing the New Testament and the works of the Fathers, his literary style, his wit, his excellence as a letter-writer and the like. Sympathy, indeed, may be felt for the troubles of his early life, even though the method of extricating himself from them be not approved; and in his later years some of the attacks on him were stupid, harsh and unjustified. It is true, too, that he never left nor wished to leave the Church and died piously as a Catholic.

But there are other aspects of Erasmus that are not by any means admirable or deserving of sympathy—at least from a Catholic point of view. His influence at one period of his life was immense, but it was by no means always for good. It is not correct to say that he struck only at abuses, which indeed were multiform and widespread. With his immoderate and venomous satire he attacked at times the very institutions and practices long since sanctioned by the Church, with which those abuses were connected, such as pilgrimages, the cult of saints and their relics, the fasts of the Church, religious life and such like. And in this he was in marked contrast to St. Thomas More, who so ably defended these against Tyndale. His

[1] *The Workes of St. Thomas More*, 1557, p. 234.

was not the method to induce reform nor was he the man to attempt it; and in point of fact the real Catholic reformation owed little or nothing to him: it was wrought by men of far different character.

Similarly, it was not merely the hair-splitting futilities and barbarous form of a degenerate scholasticism that he attacked, as others had done before him, but scholastic theology itself of which he had but the barest comprehension and no appreciation. He eschewed, indeed, all attempt at doctrinal precision and did not see the necessity of it, though the history of the Church and its struggle against heresy should have taught him the contrary. He even proposed in all seriousness a revision of dogmas already long received by the Church. In his hands, writes a modern and not unfriendly critic, all Catholic dogma evaporated into thin air. His so-called "Philosophy of Christ," vague and barren as it was, ruled out all development of doctrine; and his conception of the Church was of something lifeless and static, not of a living organism that, under the guidance of the Holy Spirit, grows and develops both in external practice and in explicit definition of the deposit of Faith.

It is not surprising, then, that Erasmus was considered by many of his time, both friend and foe, to have prepared the way for Luther; and Catholic modern historians, fully acquainted with Reformation literature—such as Janssen, Grisar and Pastor, to name but a few—have maintained the same. His sub-contemporary, St. Peter Canisius, who himself played such a large part in the Catholic renaissance, acknowledged, indeed, what was praiseworthy in him, asserted that he always remained a Catholic, and drew a sharp distinction between him and Luther, yet added: "Erasmus set himself up as judge of what, in the doctrine of theologians and in the Church, he considered should be condemned and what should be corrected: and whether wittingly or unwittingly, he so played the part of Momus (the god of ridicule) that he opened a mighty window for Luther and others to revolutionise all religion and to arouse those tumults which we now see to have brought about the greatest calamity in the Christian world, and which we are unable sufficiently to deplore. Hence it has begun to be a common saying that 'where Erasmus gives the word whether in joke or in earnest, Luther rushes in, and the eggs which the former has laid, the latter has hatched'. This is certainly evident, that the theological writings of Erasmus, many of which he himself had published, could not to-day, and ought not anywhere, to be defended, since the censure of the Church, which is and should be authoritative in the highest degree with the orthodox, has forbidden the writings of Erasmus to be read, except a few, and this for the weightiest reasons; and although it has not condemned the author, yet it has censured his works as being harmful rather than profitable to their readers."[1] The works of Erasmus were, indeed, prohibited by Paul IV, following the Council of Trent. Later Pius IV modified this to the extent that, though certain of his works remained on the Index, others that treated of religion did so only until they had been expurgated by the theological faculty of Paris and Louvain.

It was Erasmus's own hesitant, not to say ambiguous, attitude towards Luther that partly influenced his contemporaries both Protestant and Catholic in their opinion of him. At the beginning of Luther's revolt he undoubtedly was not unfavourably disposed towards him and his movement, and wrote indeed in his favour. Even as late as 21 August 1521, nine months after Luther had publicly burnt the

[1] Quoted by Dr. J. J. Mangan in his *Life, Character and Influence of Desiderius Erasmus* (London, 1927 vol. II. p. 394). The whole passage in Latin from Erasmus's *De Verbi Dei Corruptelis* is given in Braunsberger, *Beati Petri Canisii S.J. Epistolae et Acta* (Friburg vol. VIII, p. 597). For further criticism of Erasmus by the Saint, see his letter to the Rector and Professors of Dilingen, November 1561 (Ibid. vol. III. p. 280).

Papal Bull that condemned him, Erasmus wrote to Zwingli: "It seems to me that I have taught well-nigh all that Luther teaches, only less violently and without so many enigmas and paradoxes." And a year later in a letter to Duke George of Saxony he declared: "It cannot be denied that Luther commenced to play an excellent part and to vindicate the cause of Christ—which had been almost wiped off the face of the earth—with great and general applause." Though frequently pressed by the highest authorities to use his great influence and his talents in defence of the Church, it was only in 1524 that he came out openly against the heretic by his book against Luther's denial of free will. From that time the breach with him was complete.

These and the like aspects of Erasmus's career receive no notice from Mr. Campbell, and for that reason his account can only be judged as unbalanced and uncritical. The same holds good as regard the portrayal of his character. The less pleasing traits are passed over in complete silence: his egotism and vanity, his use of extravagant flattery to win or retain patrons, his hypersensitiveness to the least word of criticism, his venomous vindictiveness to opponents, his duplicity and his employment of underhand methods to silence his critics.

In his references Mr. Campbell fails to note from what edition of Erasmus's works he is quoting; and in his bibliography he omits more often than not the date at which the work listed was published. There are, too, striking omissions in it. No mention is made of Dr. Mangan's two volumes on Erasmus, of Miss Roger's edition of More's letters, nor of de Vocht's "*Acta Thomae Mori*". Had he consulted the first work he would have realised that practically all connected with the circumstances of the death of Erasmus, which he considers a recent discovery by P. Villoslada, S.J., is to be found in an article published as long ago as 1842 by Mgr. de Ram, to which Dr. Mangan refers. In his *Acta Thomae Mori* de Vocht has edited the Latin translation, recently discovered, of the first English account of More's trial and death and gives convincing reasons for ascribing to Erasmus the *Expositio*, of which only translations in German, French and Spanish remain, and the *Expositio Fidelis* (an enlarged edition of it), both based on that first English account. Incidentally it may be added that Erasmus concealed his authorship and from a comparison of his *Expositio Fidelis* with the recently discovered Latin account it comes to light that he toned down all that had to do with Henry VIII. He abstained from all blame for any of the motives that brought the king to the dire persecution, although he criticised the persecution itself; and he refrained from all praise or even a semblance of approval of the heroic courage displayed by Fisher and More and of the admirable spirit and lofty principles shown in their bitter plight. In a word he showed unequivocal anxiety to keep Henry's fame unblemished. And the reason for this? De Vocht has the frankness, for he is an admirer of Erasmus, to state it: fear of losing the pensions and other gifts that he received from the king and from some conspicuous men in England!

However both the defects of the bibliography and these omissions as regards Erasmus should not detract from the value of the greater part of the book, which is characterised throughout by a charming urbanity.

L. Hicks

MEDIEVAL PAPALISM: The Political Theories of the Medieval Canonists. By Walter Ullmann. London: Methuen. 1949. 18s.

Dr. Ullmann was invited last year to give the Maitland Memorial Lectures at the University of Cambridge. He chose as his subject a survey of the political theories which were developed by the medieval canonists of the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries. Unfortunately he has published these lectures under a most

misleading title. A volume which does not discuss the great principles for which Popes like Leo IX, Nicholas II, Gregory VII and Urban II fought in the eleventh century cannot fairly be described as a study of " Medieval Papalism ". Even so great a name as Innocent III is here no more than a convenient starting-point for an examination of those papalist or curialist views which were worked out with such passionate intensity and over-elaborate ingenuity in the century which followed the death of the great Pope and lawgiver.

In a foot-note to the second page of his book Dr. Ullmann cites a tribute from one of modern Germany's leading medievalists, Fritz Kern, to the skill with which the Popes from Gregory VII to Boniface VIII knew how to reconcile their far-reaching claims with what was politically possible in the world of their own day. Those who have the patience to work through the mass of valuable but sadly ill-digested materials which Dr. Ullmann has brought together in these six lectures will almost certainly put his book down with a sense of well-nigh incredible failure on the part of these curialist lawyers to relate the abstract doctrines of their schools to the realities of any world, medieval or modern. The plain truth would seem to be that the canonists of the thirteenth century were content to gloss and interpret and expand the theories of their immediate predecessors without any sense of the ever-widening gap between what they were teaching in their class-rooms and what was happening in the world around them. Some of the greatest among them had full experience of actual life when they passed from the class-room to high administrative office. Just as Alexander III had won fame in the schools of law as Master Roland before his elevation to the cardinalate and finally to the Holy See, so Gregory IX and Innocent IV had won fame as doctors of canon law before the time came when they were called to do battle for the cause of the Church as Vicars of Christ.

Dr. Ullmann is immensely learned. He draws his knowledge not only from the most recent literature on the subject, in particular from the researches of Schulte and Kuttner, but from his own familiarity with a large number of unpublished and hitherto unworked manuscripts which survive to-day, scattered through the libraries of Europe, as long-neglected witnesses to what was once a great tradition. Modern canonists are apt to neglect the older writers before the sixteenth century—and who can blame them, for their name is legion? One of the complaints I have against this book is that Dr. Ullmann has not thought it worth his while to print in chronological or alphabetical order a list of the many writers whom he cites so copiously in his text. The ordinary reader will not find it easy to bear in mind the times and places at which Johannes Teutonicus or Richardus Anglicus—to say nothing of Egidius Fuscararius or Petrus de Ancharano—lived and wrote. He will be doing well if he can place such outstanding names as Huguccio or Hostiensis or Durandus or Zabarella. Yet without some clear idea of time and place much in this book is bewildering to the average reader. One example may be cited, in praise rather than dispraise. Dr. Ullmann is the first scholar to point out the full significance of an English canonist named Alanus, who taught and wrote under King John and under Innocent III. It is indeed a remarkable fact that this English theorist should have put forward a theory of papal power which is so extreme as to be claimed with truth as an anticipation of what Egidius Colonna wrote in his *De Ecclesiastica Potestate* just a hundred years later. From what Dr. Ullmann says in one passage I conclude that Alanus taught in Bologna; but that is no more than a guess. Only a very brave man would have taught doctrine of that kind in the England of King John. The point is of such general interest for all students of curialist theory that we may fairly regret the absence of more accurate information.

These lawyers had no mean sense of their importance. In an age which to us is memorable for the *Summa Theologica* of Saint Thomas and all the contemporary intellectual

activity of the Schoolmen, canonists insisted that their science was the very essence of theology: that to know the law was to know all things. Their influence was indeed very great, and it is well that medieval scholars should be reminded of the importance of all this canonistic speculation. Those who have worked their way through the six volumes of A. J. Carlyle's *Political Theory of the Middle Ages* will agree with Dr. Ullmann that too little attention has been given to this aspect of medieval thought; and it is noteworthy that so good a scholar as the late Dr. Martin Grabmann failed to note the influence of Aristotle's *De Anima* and *Politics* on the development of canon law in the thirteenth century. Modern scholarship has been too exclusively concerned with political pamphleteers such as Egidius Colonna or Marsilius of Padua or the publicists whom Philip the Fair gathered round him in his duel with Boniface VIII. Set in the background of canon law, the theories of Egidius on dominion and civil authority lose their originality: they are seen as the practical exploitation, for an immediate purpose, of theories that had been current in the schools of law for the past fifty or a hundred years. Dr. Ullmann notes very rightly that this truth needs to be remembered by all students of the later controversies that centre round Richard FitzRalph and Wyclif and Hus.

Yet I have the feeling that Dr. Ullmann has allowed himself to be limited too narrowly within the study of his own peculiar interests. In one passage he seems to suggest that Alanus, the English canonist who expounded the plenitude of papal power in the first decade of the thirteenth century, was the first theorist to make use of the doctrine which gave the Vicar of Christ full power over both swords. Surely the much greater name of St. Bernard needs to be recalled at this point. The saint's rhetoric, when taken from its context and cited as authority, could lead to startling results. And there is at least one passage in this book (page 110, footnote) which suggests that Dr. Ullmann has allowed his medieval canonists to persuade him that it was at one time a heresy to maintain two separate principles of authority in Christian society. The canonists, it is true, were fond of repeating their dictum: " hereticum est duo principia ponere ". But the canonists did not make theology, though they may at times have thought they were doing so. The Gelasian theory which lies at the roots of so much medieval speculation on Church and Empire, spiritual and temporal jurisdiction, was not so easily set aside; and in modern times the teaching of great Popes like Leo XIII and Pius XI has done much to clarify these momentous issues. It is a far cry from the encyclicals of Leo XIII back to the unrealistic commentaries of Alanus and Hostiensis and their like. We can only hope that Dr. Ullmann's readers will remember that the theories which he has here traced through two centuries of controversial literature must never be confounded with the true principles of Catholic thought.

There are times when the ease with which these medieval canonists pass from some highly controversial premiss to an equally controversial conclusion, citing on the way ' authorities ' which, when they are checked by modern scholars, are found to have little or no bearing on the precise point at issue, leaves the reader breathless and dizzy. Were the students who heard these lectures in the class-room left as dizzy and as breathless? Had they time to check the authorities of their masters or to reflect at leisure on the drift of the whole argument? Were they conscious of the goal towards which they were being driven so relentlessly? The answer to this last question would seem at least to be an emphatic affirmative. Those who made their choice between the study of civil and canon law in the thirteenth century chose between two professions; and the theories which they were taught in the schools of Bologna and elsewhere were consciously directed towards an end that was frankly partisan. From Huguccio onwards (and he was the teacher of no less a man than Innocent III) the canonists evolved a technique of *a priori* argument

which seems only too often to be wholly divorced from the true sources of Christian inspiration. The fruit of all this teaching is plainly visible in a most disillusioning period of medieval papal policy .

A. G.

HISTORY OF THE O'BRIENS. From Brian Boroimhe, A.D. 1000, to A.D. 1945. By The Hon. Donough O'Brien. London : Batsford. 1949. Pp. 302. 30s. net.

As this book was printed in Cairo and as its purpose was to exalt and glorify the author's family, the term " history" in its title should not, perhaps, be taken seriously. Yet the book has high ambitions, if we may believe the blurb : " The History of the ancient Irish family of O'Brien, which from time immemorial until the middle of the sixteenth century held Royal Status, will always command great public interest, seeing that its members have spread throughout the world, especially in England, France, Holland, the U.S.A., and the British Dominions overseas, in all of which countries direct descendants of the various branches of the family are to be found." Nor does the claim which follows err on the side of modesty ! " As a unique record of a great Irish family whose influence on the life and development of their native land was of outstanding importance, this work constitutes an invaluable addition to the sparse literature connected with Irish history."

Let it be said at once that the claim here made is completely unjustified. This is not a work of scholarship, nor a work of *haute vulgarisation*, nor a work of creative imagination on historical themes, like the romances of Walter Scott. The author lists no sources and quotes no references ; he is apparently ignorant of the Irish language, but poorly acquainted with the history of Ireland in any period, negligent in proof-reading, for the fifteen Corrigenda so conscientiously placed after the Table of Contents could be multiplied at least a hundred fold.

To the five centuries from Brian Borumha to the beginning of the Tudor re-conquest under Henry VIII, but two chapters are devoted. This, indeed, is all for the best. If history must be bad, it is a relief to see it reduced to tabloid form. A little of *Bael* Boromha, equated wrongly with Kincora, goes a long way. Among villains of the piece are Haithbhiortach O'Neill, Daniel O'Felan " King of the Danes " and " The Donovan". Malachy II, whose ancestors had held the kingship of Ireland for six centuries, was guilty of " insult " when he defended his inheritance against Brian, whose ancestors had not been kings even of East Clare a hundred years before. The horrid words " upstart," " usurper " are never mentioned ; on the contrary, imaginary merits are stressed : " it may be said, for the benefit of some readers who may not know it, that Brian, now Boroimhe, instituted the practice of surnames. This practice spread to Europe and became general." Were this true, the O'Briens would not be O'Briens at all, but Larkins, since Brian's surname would be derived from his grandfather, Lorcán. A list of " Contemporary Irish and English Kings " is preceded by the statement : " Seven Kings of Thomond from Brian Boroimhe, who was 27th King of Thomond, were monarchs of Ireland in succession to one another." This is simply false, as two only of Brian's descendants, Toirdelbach and Muirchertach, laid claim to the kingship of Ireland, and both failed to do so effectively. False also is the statement that Donnchad, son of Brian, " took the Crown and regalia of Ireland to the Pope". No such crown and regalia are known to have existed and, even if they had, they would not be the property of Donnchad, who was never King of Ireland. It is to be noted moreover that, when he went to Rome, he had ceased to be king over any territory, for he had been expelled from the kingship of Munster by his nephew Toirdelbach.

Muirchertach O'Brien, though he never quite succeeded in becoming King of

Ireland, was a distinguished ruler—in position and in ability probably the greatest of all Brian's descendants. His nephew Conchobar was never King of Munster. Still less was he " generally acknowledged Monarch of Ireland " ; and the statement to the contrary, based on " ancient records in the Abbey of Ratisbon . . . . communicated to Cambrensis Eversus by Hephanus Vitus," leaves the reader gasping. After this the news that he " built several cities, castles and royal seats (presumably in the Co. Clare) is only what might be expected. In fact he held an extremely precarious principality in north Munster, for he was menaced from the north by the powerful Toirdelbach O'Connor, King of Connacht and from the south by the resurgent MacCarthys, kings of Desmond and legitimate representatives of the great Eoganacht dynasty of the Kings of Munster.

A major defect in these chapters is the notion that Cashel was the capital of Thomond rather than the capital of Munster. There is much else that is wholly or partially incorrect. The pity is that the author could set out to write such a book without consulting the *Journal of the R.S.A.I.*, the *Irish Ecclesiastical Record*, the *North Munster Antiquarian Journal* and the *Journal of the Cork Archaeological and Historical Society*. These elementary secondary sources seem to be beyond his ken.

Brian Borumha had risen to eminence by carrying on what the author rightly calls " a kind of partisan war " against the Danes of Limerick. In mediaeval times the O'Briens were doubly fortunate, for the faction that supported de Clare and his Norman invaders was defeated, and diplomatic relations with the powerful Norman families of De Burgo and Fitzgerald led to the settlement of strong O'Brien colonies in the rich plains of Limerick and Tipperary. In the great crisis of the sixteenth century the O'Brien leaders sought salvation in a policy of complete collaboration with the Tudor sovereigns. Murchad O'Brien renounced his title of King and accepted from Henry VIII. the title Earl of Thomond. This English earldom passed to his nephew, Donnchad, while the title Baron of Inchiquin, which had been conferred also on Murchad, passed to his son Diarmait and to his descendants. Thus the leaders of the O'Briens were absorbed into the English political and social system. Unlike the O'Neills, they rarely questioned the wisdom of the bargain. Donnchad O'Brien, the fourth Earl of Thomond, fought against Hugh O'Neill and Red Hugh O'Donnell in the Nine Years War, and held a command in Mountjoy's army at the Battle of Kinsale. When the castle of Dunboy was taken, he hanged sixty of the captured garrison. Half a century later, when all that was best of Gaelic and Norman stock united in the Confederation of Kilkenny, the two heads of the O'Brien family were on the other side. The Earl of Thomond retired soon to England, while the Baron of Inchiquin, in his services to the Parliamentarian cause, earned for himself a name, " Murchad of the Burnings," that places him in the same category as the later Black-and-Tans.

Murchad's defection was the more serious because of his great ability as a general. Like Owen Roe himself, he had learned the art of war in the finest army of the day, that of Spain. Something of his later most interesting history is told in this book. But it is not related that, having become a Catholic, he wished to have his heir, William, brought up as a Catholic also. This became impossible because of the fierce opposition of the boy's mother, Elizabeth St. Leger, daughter of Sir William St. Leger, Lord President of Munster. William married Margaret Boyle, daughter of the Earl of Orrery and grand-daughter of the notorious adventurer Richard Boyle, first Earl of Cork. William's son married a Villiers, and his grandson married a Hamilton. In the junior branch of the Inchiquin family—that settled in Leimaneh and Dromoland—the same progressive dilution of Irish blood appears through marriage alliances with the Wingfield, Hamilton, Keightley, Hickman, Acheson Smith and Foster families. A noted exception was the marriage of Colonel Conchobhar O'Brien of Leimaneh with Máire Ruadh (absurdly dis-

guised in this book as Moira Ruhr !), daughter of Tadhg Ruadh MacMahon of Clonderalaw, a lady whose exploits are still part of the folklore as well as of the history of Clare. Mention of Conchobhar O'Brien, who was killed by Ludlow's army in 1657, reminds us that nearly all the O'Briens, apart from the Earl of Thomond and the Baron of Inchiquin, fought on the Confederate side and suffered accordingly. Donnchadh, uncle of the Earl of Thomond, joined Charles II in exile and was created by him Viscount Clare in 1662. His grandson fought for King James at the Battle of the Boyne and had to seek refuge in France, where he became associated with the regiment of " Clare's Dragoons". Another two generations and the Viscount Clare of the day was a Marshal in the French Army. He was offered the Earldom of the Thomond, in succession to the eighth Earl Henry, who had no male issue, by George I in 1715, if he would abandon the Catholic faith and take service in England. This he refused to do. His part in the victory of Fontenoy in 1745 was very great. The vast estates of the earldom (37,000 acres in Clare ; 6,000 acres in Limerick) passed in 1741 into the possession of the English family of Wyndham.

The second portion of the book is written in the style and spirit of Burke's " Peerage, Baronetage and Knightage " and will fascinate those who take a nostalgic interest in crowns, coronets, crests, mottoes, heraldry. Through marriage the O'Briens became connected with the Churchills and many other families of the British aristocracy. In France a daughter of the sixth Viscount Clare became the Duchesse de Choiseul-Praslin. Her grandson, the Duc de Choiseul-Praslin, murdered his wife in 1847, under circumstances so naively described in the American romance " All This and Heaven Too."

Perhaps the most satisfactory feature of this book are the photographs. They show an O'Brien face of a very definite type, recurring through the centuries. It is, in fact, still quite common among members of the family in Clare and Limerick. No doubt it goes back to the common progenitor, Brian Borumha. This, unfortunately is not taken into account in the portrait of Brian dated 1726, which makes him look like a Norse pirate, nor in the portrait of King Muirchertach O'Brien, which represents him as a cross between Michelangelo's Moses and King Louis IX. To sportsmen must be left the task of commenting on the picture of " the bloody-shouldered Arabian " racehorse once owned by Sir Edward O'Brien.

J. R.

CARLOW IN '98. The Autobiography of William Farrell of Carlow. Edited by Roger J. McHugh. Dublin : Browne and Nolan. 1949. 12s. 6d.

Personal chronicles by participants in the national movement that culminated in the insurrection of 1798 are comparatively few. There is of course that classic of Irish political literature, Wolfe Tone's inimitable Journal, which deals with the early phase of the movement ; and there are several memoirs of the military activities in Wexford during the insurrection like those of Myles Byrne and Holt and Cloney. Such personal records, while they are of undoubted value for the historian, must always be read with a more than critical eye. In that connection one calls to mind the story of the Duke of Wellington who, having read most of the works written on Waterloo, declared that, after doing so, he began to doubt whether he was at the battle at all !

The latest addition to the contemporary chronicles of the United Irish movement and its tragic dénouement is *Carlow in* '98. The original manuscript, of which the book is a faithful copy, was written in his old age by one William Farrell of Carlow, a United Irishman, whose express wish was that it was not to be published until after his death. To some extent objective, it is in many respects a work

regarding whose exact value as a contribution to history opinions will differ. As a human document some will find it of singular interest, for in almost every chapter the author's distinctive character and personality are revealed. One gets the impression of the book as an *apologia* and of its author as a typical defeatist, self-opinionated, cautious, egoistic, and as a man with some moral but without physical courage. He writes with a certain distinctive style and, though with much exactness, it is difficult to understand his attitude towards the United Irish organisation. Though a member of its baronial and county committees, he describes the movement as " the curse of Ireland," and he is inclined to believe that its founders were " a set of the greatest villains on earth". Another insight into his character is revealed in connection with the fashion of the United Irishmen wearing their hair close-cropped. He refused to adopt the fashion because his business brought him in constant intercourse with gentlemen of rank, and he did not " wish to offend them or lose their friendship by telling them that he was a United Irishman " !

The book contains a graphic description of the scenes of carnage and brutality in Carlow that followed the outbreak of the insurrection. In the early morning of 25 May the insurgents, to the number of one thousand, mobilised in the vicinity of the town with the object of capturing the barracks which were strongly garrisoned by yeomen and soldiers. A raking fire of musketry from the latter was opened on them, resulting in immense slaughter among the insurgents. Heaps of dead and dying lay in the streets ; and a certain number, who fled for safety into forty thatched cabins, were burned to death. Executions, floggings and tortures followed for several weeks ; and altogether Carlow seems to have suffered more than most other places in the country at the time. The plan to capture the English headquarters was, under the circumstances, a singularly futile and hopeless one. Despite the undoubted bravery of the local United Irish captains, there seems to have been none among them with any knowledge of tactics or strategy. Their outstanding leader and organiser, Peter Ivers, had shortly before the outbreak been captured in the raid on Oliver Bond's house in Dublin and had been executed.

Farrell's pages have excellent pen-portraits of some of the local United Irishmen and of the English military commanders. Michael Heydon, leader of the effort to capture the barracks, described as six feet high, twenty-two years of age, light sandy hair, fresh complexion and " of courage most undaunted," walking from the gaol to his place of execution with an active step and " as unconcerned as if he was going to some place of amusement," is a memorable and heroic figure. And due tribute is paid to many of the rank and file who bore torture unflinchingly, refused to inform and went to the gallows like gallant gentlemen. Farrell himself was arrested, was several times courtmartialled and several times sentenced to death. Through the intercession of powerful friends, he writes, he was finally pardoned, set free and, leaving Carlow, did not return there until he was an old man. It is in this connection that one has some uneasy feelings regarding his good faith as a United Irishman—and also some suspicion that he does not tell the entire truth about his pardon and liberation.

Whatever one may think, however, of the integrity of the author of this narrative —and opinion is bound to differ on the question—his work is an interesting and, in many ways, a valuable contribution to the literature of 1798. The atmosphere of the period, with its butcheries and terror, is skilfully recreated in its pages. As a personal record it is not unworthy to take its place beside the other personal records of the insurrection.

R. H.

THE CHURCH IN THE CHRISTIAN ROMAN EMPIRE. Volume I. By J. R. Palanque, G. Bardy, and P. de Labriolle. Translated from the French by Ernest C. Messenger, Ph.D. London: Burns Oates. 1949. 25s.

THE DRAMA OF ATHEIST HUMANISM. By Henri de Lubac, S.J. Translated by Edith M. Riley. London: Sheed and Ward. 1949. 15s. net.

DR. MESSENGER continues his work of translating Fliche and Martin's great *Histoire de l'Eglise* with praiseworthy speed. This book is the first of four volumes, which between them will reproduce Volumes III–IV of the original, thus bringing the English version down to Justinian and the election of Gregory the Great. It is a very convenient book, printed in a comfortably large type and handsomely produced.

There is no need to praise the fidelity of Dr. Messenger's translation, tested as it has been in the earlier volumes. The interest of the present work is equal to that of any of its predecessors. It begins with Constantine and ends with Theodosius, thus covering a large part of one of the very greatest Christian centuries. There is no better guide to the complex story of Constantine than M. Palanque, nor to that of Julian than M. de Labriolle; while the long struggle with Arianism is once more traced through all its shifting phases by the practised hand of M. Bardy. In this volume the theme is almost altogether the external history of the Church, its relations with Emperors and heretics and its gradual victory over paganism. Dr. Messenger's work will have a definite claim not only on students of Church history but on all readers interested in one of the most arresting and important periods in the history of the Roman Empire and of Europe.

Father de Lubac's book takes us with startling suddenness from the heroic age of the fourth century to the strange, diseased, almost dissolving Christianity of the nineteenth. In form it is a series of studies of five representative modern thinkers treated as contrasted exponents of modern "anti-theism" and of the Christian counter-attack. Feuerbach, his disciple Nietzsche, and the odd high-priest of Positivism, Auguste Comte, are ranged on one side. On the other are the Danish Protestant Kierkegaard and the Russian Orthodox Dostoevsky. The sombre story of the half-mad aberrations to which so much in our present distress is due is rarely lit up by a flash of something like comedy, such as the account of Comte's attempt to detach the Jesuits from the Papacy and use them to put the Pope into obscurity as "Prince-Bishop of Rome".

Irish readers coming to this book are in no small danger of falling into a kind of complacency. Both the errors here so carefully and systematically diagnosed and the reactions of the Danish and Russian seers to them belong to a world to which we in this country are even more strange than we were to the Investiture contest or the Nominalist movement. The ways of thinking which stem from Kant and Hegel have scarcely ever disturbed our preoccupation with other causes, and the passion of Kierkegaard and Dostoevsky stirs little or no motion in our minds. Some there are who pity us for our unenlightened remoteness from this main stream of European thought, and even complain that in our intellectual sluggishness we have produced few or no heretics. When we read of the real thing in Father Lubac's pages we run some risk of being thankful as was the Pharisee.

What he displays to our astonished eyes is indeed a foul and pestilential stream of thought, so strangely perverse in its various manifestations that even the simplest truths have to be defended against its flood by paradoxes which at first sight look to our untutored vision as disease-haunted as itself. The central source of all this horror is the pride which consciously and deliberately dethrones God to put abstract Humanity in His place. Father Lubac shows by text after text, most tellingly in the case of Comte, that the inevitable end of this blasphemy is to annihilate man himself. Again and again in his striking chapters we are shown how the destructive forces which in our own day have generated Hitlerism and Stalinism were first set

in motion by theorists like Feuerbach. It is of course obvious too that such intellectuals as he were not to blame; the evil was there before even Hegel, and Comte himself was clearly conscious of his own debt to Diderot and the Jacobins.

Kierkegaard is now best known for his influence on the Existentialists; and in spite of Father de Lubac's sympathy for both him and Dostoevsky, it may be doubted whether in fact the antidote to atheism is most safely to be sought in their rather lurid pages. His book has the interest of a morbid film like *The Snake Pit*: its effect on sensitive readers may well be to shock rather than to edify.

M. T.

BOOKS OF SURVEY AND DISTRIBUTION. VOL. I.: County Roscommon. Prepared for Publication with Introductory Notes by Robert C. Simington. Irish Manuscripts Commission. Dublin: Stationery Office. 1949. 55s.

Two pounds fifteen shillings may seem a big price for this book. But with the Irish Manuscripts Commission's publications, which are of such a specialized kind, we must expect such prices: anyone acquainted with work on historical records will appreciate the immense amount of labour that the preparation of a book of this kind entails. Moreover, when the work is well done—as in the present instance—we have every reason to be satisfied that we are getting good value for our money. Dr. Simington is entitled to great praise for his achievement. Not only has he accomplished something that must earn for him the lasting gratitude of those who have any interest in the history of Roscommon, but he has by his patient toil made a more valuable contribution than any number of "writes up," however eloquent, towards a vivid understanding of just what confiscations in Irish history signified.

In a well-annotated Introduction of what would amount in length to about a hundred pages of any moderately sized book, Dr. Simington gives the story of the series of Books of Survey and Distribution—twenty in all—of which the one on Roscommon comes first. But his Introduction does not stop short at a discussion of this topic alone: it embraces also a review of the legislative enactments upon which the different measures of confiscation were based. Thus we have a note on the meaning of such terms as "parcels" and "denominations of land," of "quarters," "cartrons," "ggneeves" and "ings" as well as observations on the division of the county into baronies and townlands and the difference to be noted between "english" and "plantation" acres. The thoroughness with which the work of preparation for publication has been done is further evidenced by valuable appendices containing indexes of persons and places. As thus set out, the information contained in the book is presented in a manner even more impressive and manageable than that of the original volume in the Record Office Series.

The distribution of lands in Connaught following the débâcle of the Confederate Wars is a story of the allocation of wrested lands not only to English "adventurers" who advanced money as a speculation on the outcome of the war of 1641, but also to those whom we might nowadays term "displaced" papists from the other provinces of Ireland. The interest and importance of this book on Roscommon is consequently not confined to that county alone. Behind its cold enumeration of family and place names lies the story of countless shattered homes and lives eked out in destitution and bitterness, of government officials sitting in interminable judgment over claims which, though known to be just, would finally be disallowed.

C. O'C.

STUDY OF A GOSPEL PROBLEM

THE FAMILY AT BETHANY. By Alfred O'Rahilly, M.A., D.Sc., D.Phil., D.Litt., President, University College, Cork. Cork University Press. Oxford: B. H. Blackwell. 1949. 12s. 6d.

PRESIDENT O'RAHILLY tells us in his preface that ever since his boyhood he has taken the study of our Lord's life as a *parergon* to occupy the vacant spaces in his exceptionably busy life. One wonders how he found time for it, remembering the mass of work he has poured out on Mathematical Physics, Economics, Sociology, Hagiography, to say nothing of his administrative labours; but there seems to be no limit to his mental energy. For many years he has had it in mind to write a Life of our Lord in popular devotional style; and those who have read, in old numbers of the *Irish Monthly*, some charming vignettes of Gospel scenes from his pen, must have looked forward to such a work. But habits of precise scholarship have grown upon him, and the materials have accumulated under his hand. So now he feels the need of producing a number of preliminary studies, of which the present volume is the first.

"The family at Bethany" consisted of Martha and Mary and their brother Lazarus, whose image is engraven on the Christian consciousness. St. Luke shows us Mary at the feet of Jesus while Martha was busy with the preparation of a meal for their Guest. St. John shows them to us as dear friends of our Lord; he tells of the resurrection of Lazarus after being four days in the tomb, and of the supper in honour of Jesus, 'six days before the Pasch', at which Mary anointed Him, and was praised for doing it 'for My burial,' when the disciples had complained of the waste of good money's worth.

The Eastern Church has always celebrated three feasts: that of the 'sinner in the city' who broke into the Pharisee's house where our Lord sat at table, and washed His feet with her tears and anointed them with perfumed ointment; that of Mary the sister of Martha; that of Mary Magdalen. In the West, particularly since St. Gregory the Great, the three have been identified, and their identity is assumed in the Office and Mass of St. Mary Magdalen. However, no question of doctrine is involved; and many, perhaps most, Catholic scholars are inclined to the Eastern view. The question is discussed by Dr. O'Rahilly with characteristic vigour and thoroughness, and his sympathies are plainly with the West.

Certainly, there is a great likeness between the 'Sinner' at Jesus' feet in the Pharisee's house, Martha's sister at His feet in her home and afterwards at the supper in His honour, Mary Magdalen at the feet of her Risen Lord. But there are real difficulties. All four Evangelists speak of Mary Magdalen, St. Luke just after telling of the Sinner and the others just after relating the supper at Bethany, and none of them gives any hint of having spoken of her before. St. Luke, again, having told of the Sinner in his seventh chapter, speaks of Martha and Mary in the tenth, without any suggestion that either of them has been already mentioned. Each of these points can doubtlessly be explained, but they do produce a certain cumulative impression. And there is the difficulty that St. John seems to represent the family at Bethany as standing high in public esteem, which makes it seem unlikely that Mary could ever have been known as a 'sinner in the city". Dr. O'Rahilly does indeed seem to suggest that the woman St. Luke speaks of may not have been a public sinner; but there, I think, he has the whole world against him. 'Mulier famosa, mala utique fama,' says St. Augustine. Dr. O'Rahilly makes a point which I do not remember to have seen before: "And Mary was she that anointed the Lord with ointment and wiped his feet with her hair," says St. John. Does this not refer to the *two* anointings, at the Pharisee's house and at Bethany respectively, rather than only to the anointing which we were to hear of in the next chapter? On the other hand, St. John may have simply meant that Mary was the unnamed woman whom Matthew and Mark had spoken of as anointing our Lord at Bethany.

But whether one agrees or not with Dr. O'Rahilly on one or another point, it is not easy to lay his book down once one has taken it up ; it not only stimulates your curiosity and sends you back continually to the Gospels, but it leaves in the mind very vivid and intimate pictures of Gospel scenes.

The book is admirably produced, and there are 70 illustrations, many of them of great artistic and devotional interest. We shall look forward to the appearance of further volumes of the series.

M. F. E.

Studies in Literature : Ancient and Modern

THE CLASSICAL TRADITION: Greek and Roman Influences on Western Literature. By Gilbert Highet. Oxford : Clarendon Press. 1949. 42s.

STUDIES IN ANCIENT GREEK SOCIETY: The Prehistoric Aegean. By George Thomson. London : Lawrence and Wishart. 1949. 42s.

These two books may fairly be said to be at the opposite poles of contemporary classical scholarship. Mr. Highet has already put the learned world deeply in his debt by his very fine translation of Professor Werner Jaeger's *Paideia*, the three last volumes of which have been reviewed in these pages. Now he gives us a rich and glowing sample of his own learning, and it is safe to say that *The Classical Tradition* will bring honour to his name as long as scholarship and literary taste endure. Not for a long time has such a sumptuous feast been provided for serious readers ; and the invitation to partake is not by any means issued only for classical students. Everyone interested in medieval or modern literature in any of the great languages of Europe will find here something to widen and deepen his knowledge and to stimulate his thought. There is illumination on every page.

It is hard to know whether to admire the more Mr. Highet's courage and industry or the immense scope of his critical power. Between the packed text and the generous notes, his book fills well over seven hundred pages ; and it is not at all a dry laborious compilation, but a master-work of real individual power and authority written in a warm, living style which draws the reader on to one delight after another. Its subject is the survival of Greek and Latin literature through the long decline of antique civilisation and the immense contribution made by their slow and partial recovery from King Alfred and the *Romance of Troy* to Joyce, Spitteler and Gide. " The main justification for learning Latin and Greek " says Mr. Highet " is that the culture they open to those who know them is nobler and richer than any other in our world." In his first chapter he offers a brief guide to the extent and variety of that culture in its historical setting and sketches the process by which it was partly lost and then partly recovered to inspire so much that was new. The remaining twenty-three chapters are for the most part a detailed expansion of this sketch, with a summary of the author's conclusions in the twenty-fourth, which may perhaps itself be summed up in one of its sentences : " The history of much of the best poetry and prose written in western countries is a continuous stream flowing from its source in Greece to the present day, and . . . . that stream is one current in the continuous spiritual life of western man."

In so long a book it may perhaps be felt that Mr. Highet has given too much space to Anglo-Saxon literature and particularly to *Beowulf*, which while in themselves very interesting serve here merely as an illustration of what " barbarian " poetry was like. There is a slight weakness too in Mr. Highet's passing references to Irish literature and history, with which he is clearly not very familiar. Thus he commits himself to the very partisan, not to say odd, thesis that " St. Patrick probably, and St. Columba certainly, were not Roman Catholics," and goes on to say of Pelagius : " Some see in him, Gael as he was, the first Protestant." A similar oddity appears later on in a reference to those scholars " who like Casaubon had to

study Greek in a cave in the hills while their parents hid from the S.S." One of the very rare verbal errors in the book is in the spelling of the name of an Irish text on p. 115 and in its corresponding note. Such little lapses are indeed singularly few; and as if to make up for his views on Saints Patrick and Columba, Mr. Highet deals soundly and finally with the anti-Christian bias of Gibbon and with the moral aberrations of certain French writers. Perhaps this is the place also to express one's regret that he should have adopted all through his book the ugly Teutonism "Vergil"—a quite recent importation not in the least justified by the fact that the name is "Vergilius" in Latin.

Among Mr. Highet's many excellencies it will perhaps suffice here to emphasise his very thorough chapter (11) on "Shakespeare's Classics," which in the reviewer's humble judgment will be found to contain much news for English scholars; his chapters on the "Battle of the Books," on Baroque Tragedy, Satire, and Prose, and especially his long, very full and very sound discussion of the false antithesis between classical and romantic. The demonstration afforded by the latter chapter that the "romantic" poets—Wordsworth, Shelley, Byron and others—mainly differed from their "classical" predecessors by knowing more Greek is quite as important as the treatment of Shakespeare.

Finally, Mr. Highet's long critique of the Symbolist movement, with its special emphasis on Mallarmé, Valéry, Pound, Eliot and James Joyce, is worthy of being read as a treatise in itself and cannot be overlooked by any student of the rather forbidding literature which is just now so much the fashion. On one trifling point in regard to Pound Mr. Highet's formidable armoury of scholarship seems to have failed him. This is in his rather amusing discussion (on p. 517) of Pound's three-line "fragment" entitled *Papyrus*. The poem runs thus:

> "Spring . . . .
> Too long . . . .
> Gongula . . ."

Mr. Highet is puzzled by the last word. "What he means by Gongula," he says, "I cannot tell. It is a feminine form of a word meaning round. Perhaps it is a girl's name." It is indeed fairly well known as the name of one of Sappho's pupils, mentioned in a list as Gongyla of Colophon, and Pound's lines are a partial translation of a fragment of Sappho (Diehl, *Anthologia Lyrica*[1] no. 97). There is no guarantee that the translation is accurate, but its "faint, inexplicable, but sweet resonance" is a Sapphic quality here recaptured by Pound.

Professor Thomson's work is of much the same size as Mr. Highet's, but far more formidable from the reader's point of view. It is a sequel to his even larger book, *Aeschylus and Athens*, published in 1941; and the changed times are happily reflected in much-improved paper, print and binding. Not a great deal more can unfortunately be said, however, in the book's praise. Like its predecessor, it is for the most part an attempt to apply Marxist ideology to the social and cultural development of early Greece. The method used for this doctrinal purpose is curiously similar to those which have become familiar to a wider public in the now famous Lysenko controversy on genetics. Professor Thomson takes up an almost forgotten nineteenth-century American ethnologist, L. H. Morgan, whose work on "Systems of Consanguinity" appeared in 1871. This work, he asserts, "as amplified by Engels, is being carried on along a broad front by the ethnologists and archaeologists of the Soviet Union". It was based on or related to a set of theories of group-marriage, totemism, exogamy, matriarchy and evolution from brute to human, which are and have long been discarded by the leaders of anthropological and ethnological research. For these leaders, such as Kroeber, Malinowski, Lowie, Westermarck and even Frazer, Professor Thomson has nothing but contempt. They are bourgeois intellectuals, and their ideas are "characteristic products of

capitalism in decay". Why Professor Thomson, who is after all neither an anthropologist nor an ethnologist, nor indeed even an archaeologist, should feel entitled thus to berate them, is nowhere made clear.

Presumably what gives him such sovereign rights is Marxist orthodoxy; but what guarantee is there that this is secure? In an amusing exchange in the *Labour Monthly* for last August, between himself and his co-ideologist Professor Gordon Childe, it is made very uncertain whether he is not a deviationist or an over-zealot, or something equally reprehensible. From the ordinary non-Marxist reader's point of view, it is clear that Professor Thomson is striving hard to shackle scholarship in the very tight bonds of a theory which, like Lysenko's, is rejected by competent authorities and which would, if by any ill-chance he should succeed, unquestionably render further research irrelevant or useless. This grave initial defect cancels whatever merits his book may seem to contain. Although he is a learned and ingenious scholar, these merits are not in any case very great. Just as readily as he derives totemism from economics, which is Marxist if nothing else, so he derives the name Krokonidai from the crocus-flower, which is simply a short-circuit etymology. Much of his other theorising is equally tendencious, and one is driven reluctantly to say of a work into which much labour must have gone that what is new in it is not true and what is true is not new.

M. T.

LITTLE REVIEWS ANTHOLOGY 1947-8. Edited by Denys Val Baker. London: Eyre and Spottiswoode. 1949. 10s. 6d.

SINCE 1939. Essays on Contemporary Writing. London: Phoenix House. 1949. 12s. 6d.

THESE two books light up the contemporary scene of English writing, the first by illustration, the second by survey and comment. The matter of each book is divided into four parts: the extracts from the reviews consist of stories, poems, essays and criticism; *Since 1939* contains essays by Robert Speaight, Henry Reed, Stephen Spender and John Hayward on the drama, the novel, poetry and prose literature, respectively. The fields of vision of the two books do not quite overlap, but much individual cross-reference makes them supplement each other. Between them they present or discuss the work of some hundreds of writers, and a reviewer may be forgiven for dwelling on some general tendencies and a few individual references.

In drama the most interesting tendency has been the development of poetic drama. The poetic plays of T. S. Eliot and the experiments of W. H. Auden and Christopher Isherwood have had their effect; so have those of O'Casey and of Denis Johnston. Modern English poetic playwrights—notably Norman Nicholson, and Ronald Duncan and Christopher Fry—may still be seeking a proper harmony of lyricism and drama; but their work gives every promise of a successful search. Of these, Nicholson, whom I can judge only by Mr. Speaight's extracts, seems to have the strongest poetic calibre. Here, for example, is Elijah, joyful at the coming of the rainstorm:

> Now Thy words go bumping round the sky
> Like huge empty barrels on the cobbles of the clouds,
> Bursting the water-butts and tipping the gullies
> On the fells and the woodlands and the dale. Now
> The thirsty mouths of the trees are licking their tongues
> Into the wet soil, and grasses suck the rain
> Into their stems, and the great humps of the hills
> Gulp the water like whales and spout it out
> Through the many snouts of springs and fountains.

This tendency is of particular interest here, for the work of at least two older and three younger Irish playwrights shows a common drive away from realism and towards the poetry of symbol and colourful image.

Stephen Spender's survey of poetry during the last ten years is illuminating. Geoffrey Grigson's recent anthology showed how the war produced many a bitter song. But bitterness was not the only attitude. Louis MacNeice's poem *Brother Fire* starts off in a jocular manner :

> When our brother fire was having his dog's day
> Jumping the London streets with millions of tin cans
> Clanking at his tail, we heard some shadow say
> " Give the dog a bone "—and so we gave him ours ;
> Night after night we watched him slaver and crunch away
> The beams of human life, the tops of topless towers.

But it ends with a revelation of a deep primitive instinct in man :

> Did we not on those morning's after the All Clear,
> When you were looting shops in elemental joy
> And singing as you swarmed up city block and spire,
> Echo your thought in ours ? " Destroy ! Destroy ! "

That seems to me to suggest well the pincers of the dilemma which Auden escaped by emigrating and which left scars upon MacNeice and many other poets. Spender's analysis of their work is all the more revealing because Spender himself faced the same problem.

The chief strength of the *Little Reviews Anthology* lies in its short stories, which display much variety of treatment, from the intense near-melodrama of O'Flaherty to the direct clipped narration of James Hanley's story *The Road*. This story is about a sailor who has been away from home for ten years, including the war years. He returns and searches vainly for the row of houses in which his family lived. The whole area has disappeared in the *blitz*. The events are told in a simple laconic style, as matter-of-fact as the bombed sites to-day, which registers perfectly the sailor's growing bewilderment and fear. Equally effective is the editor's study of a totalitarian factory of the future, whose management encourages employees to express their views on public occasions : " . . . . it is a firm maxim of the management always to be on the lookout for workers who show signs of initiative and self-confidence. Almost invariably, within a short time, every one of these speakers receives notification that he or she has been promoted and is invited to report with family, if there is one, to the Central Transfer Department, for posting to a higher office. Thenceforth, as it is a rule of the factory that communication between departments is forbidden, no further word is ever heard from the promotee."

The critical section of the *Little Reviews Anthology* is uneven, but is notable for three distinguished studies by Philip Toynbee, Donat O'Donnell and George Orwell. Mr. O'Donnell's strictures on Mr. Evelyn Waugh's snobbery, which appeared originally in *The Bell*, caused him to be accused of " class-conscious writing". Those who have been bored by enthusiastic recitals of converts' pedigrees will doubtless acquit him. Mr. Toynbee's scrutiny of Virginia Woolf's writing is, I think, more revealing in the literary sense. Finally, Mr. Orwell's dissection of literary clichés, after the manner of Stuart Chase if from a very different standpoint, is notable for a translation of a verse from *Ecclesiastes* :

> I returned, and saw under the sun, that the race is not to the swift, nor the battle to the strong, neither yet bread to the wise, nor yet riches to men of understanding, nor yet favour to men of skill ; but time and chance happeneth to them all.

This is rendered into modern English by Mr. Orwell as follows :

> Objective consideration of contemporary phenomena compels the conclusion that success or failure in competitive activities exhibits no tendency to be commensurate with innate capacity, but that a considerable element of the unpredictable must invariably be taken into account.

While this is on a par with translating Milton into pidgin-English, it is almost as amusing as Mr. Orwell's serious rules for good writing, some of which, like some animals in *Animal Farm*, are more equal than others.

R. McH.

Politics and Sociology

AQUINAS. Selected Political Writings. Edited with an Introduction by A. P. D'Entrèves. Translated by J. G. Dawson. Oxford : Blackwell. 1948. 9s. 6d. net.

PATRIARCHA and Other Political Works of Sir Robert Filmer. Edited from the original sources and with an Introduction by Peter Laslett. Oxford : Blackwell. 1949. 12s. 6d. net.

Students of political theory will welcome these two latest additions to Blackwell's Political Texts. The texts hitherto published were already accessible in a variety of editions. But in these two latest additions to the series we have political writings which students could procure only with very great difficulty. The only modern version of Filmer's *Patriarcha* is that edited by Henry Morley in 1884. As Mr. Laslett points out, " it has no claims to represent the authentic version ", which is now published for the first time from a manuscript discovered by the editor at East Sutton Park in 1939. Mr. Laslett also gives us all the other political writings of Sir Robert Filmer of which there are no modern editions. Finally, in an admirable Introduction he enables us to understand the significance of Filmer's writings in the political controversies of his own time and of the later times of Sidney and Locke.

Most students derive such knowledge as they have of Filmer from the attack on *Patriarcha* in the first of Locke's *Two Treatises of Civil Government*. This attack is rather heavy going and, as an account of Filmer's theories, it is very inadequate. What Locke does is to set up a man of straw which he proceeds elaborately to demolish. The second *Treatise* to some extent covers the same ground and gives in addition Locke's positive contribution to theoretical politics. It now seems evident that Locke's criticism of Filmer was for the most part futile, that he failed to grasp the importance of Filmer's patriarchal theory, and that his supposed theoretical victory over Filmer was due rather to the practical success of the whig party to which Locke was attached. In an historical environment in which practically all Filmer's premises were accepted his argument for absolute monarchy was very plausible. The analogy between the state and patriarchal family had a long traditional prestige. On the negative side Filmer's attack on the *Contract* theories was overwhelming, nor did any of the contemporary pamphleteers make a serious effort to meet it.

Filmer's acquaintance with continental writers and in particular with Bodin, St. Robert Bellarmine and Suarez is a matter of some interest. It is noteworthy that in *Patriarcha* he overlooks contemporary English writers and regards Bellarmine and Suarez as his chief opponents. He seems to have read Bellarmine with some care, although he misses the refinements of his theory. Of Suarez he knows less. But he certainly is much more familiar with this kind of literature than most of his contemporaries—including Hobbes, whose references to Bellarmine are better known. It was something that he realized the source from which the Parliamentary arguments were derived : " Late writers have taken up too much upon trust from

the subtle Schoolmen, who to be sure to thrust down the King below the Pope, thought it the safest course to advance the people above the King—that so the papal power may more easily take place of the regal " (*Patriarcha* p. 55). This, of course, rests on a complete misunderstanding of the origin of the theory, which is really derived from the Roman lawyers ; but it is a misunderstanding which has survived to our own time.

To make an adequate selection from the political writings of St. Thomas is no easy task. On account of his method of writing, many significant statements are tucked away in most unlikely places. Not everyone will be satisfied with the present selection, for there are some omissions. But, when due allowance is made for unavoidable difficulties, the present edition is a noteworthy achievement. A word should be said about the admirable translation by Mr. J. G. Dawson. Again not everyone will be satisfied ; but it is, to my mind, one of the best translations that has hitherto appeared in English. The task of translating St. Thomas is, for reasons into which it would not be possible to enter here, full of snares. Mr. Dawson has avoided them with skill. Anyone who is still dissatisfied can, in this edition, refer to the original Latin on the opposite page. It would have been an advantage to the reader to give the approximate dates of the various writings from which the excerpts are taken. Occasionally St. Thomas seems to adopt different attitudes in different treatments of the same topic, and it is sometimes difficult to discover what his genuine opinion is.

Professor D'Entrèves in his competent and at times provocative Introduction seems to approach the problem of St. Thomas's political theories from the historical rather than the philosophical angle. Many interpreters seem uncritical in professing to discover in St. Thomas modern theories in which they happen to be interested. An example of this is the problem of democracy : " How tempting it is to retrace the origins of democratic thought in medieval political theory ? Dr. Carlyle has shown conclusively that the idea that the foundation of political power lies in the community is a common idea in the middle ages. . . . . This doctrine can be clearly retraced in several passages of St. Thomas's works. But this does in no way authorize us to read into his teaching, as some interpreters have done, an assertion of popular sovereignty. Although clearly admitting that the proper foundation of positive law and political authority is the will, or at least the consent of the community, St. Thomas never committed himself to anything which may be said to approach even remotely the notion of an ' original ' or ' natural ' right of the people. The acknowledgement of the human source of authority is qualified by the fundamental Christian idea that all power is from God, and that authority has therefore always a divine and sacred character " (p. xxvi).

This is both true and important in the sense that one must not interpret St. Thomas as defending democracy in the modern sense. And yet one cannot help feeling that Professor D'Entrèves has not made out his case. The universally accepted principle that all political power comes—of course under God—from the people was, to the medieval mind, quite reconcilable with monarchy or aristocracy. But taken in combination with the principle that all government is for the common good and that rebellion is in certain circumstances morally justifiable, it is a theory of both theoretical and practical significance. Historically, too, it played an important part in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries—long before its assertion in a different form by Rousseau.

The statement of Professor D'Entrèves that he finds in St. Thomas " a principle which, with the necessary qualifications, comes remarkably close to the modern Austinian notion of sovereignty " is entirely unacceptable. " *With the necessary qualifications* " is admittedly a mitigating phrase, but the qualifications are such as to deprive the comparison of all significance. If one must select, I should prefer what Professor D'Entrèves calls " the old slogan that ' there was no conception of sovereignty in the Middle Ages '." It is, of course, a matter of definition. The

problem would require much more elaborate discussion than Professor D'Entrèves can devote to it in a brief Introduction. Many of the principles which St. Thomas took over from Aristotle might seem to make for a similar doctrine of sovereignty. The individual is related to the state as part to whole and the end of the whole is " greater and more divine " than the end of the part. But St. Thomas, although never willing to abandon any part of the philosophical, theological and legal traditions with which he was working, frequently changes them and adapts them to his own meaning. The end of the state is not, for St. Thomas, an ultimate end and the individual is subject to it only in so far as the ends of the individual and the state are precisely comparable.

Nor can one quite accept the conclusions of Professor D'Entrèves on St. Thomas's attitude to natural rights. It is true that St. Thomas approaches the problem of rights from the side of law and that his treatment differs radically from the ideas of inalienable, individual rights so much emphasised in the eighteenth century. Man being a political and social animal, his rights and duties must be considered in connection with the comparable rights and duties of the state. But, to take an extreme example, even St. Thomas's discussion of slavery—in which he seems to accept a blend of the views of Aristotle and the *Corpus Juris*—demonstrates quite clearly that he is working at the same time with the idea of rights derived from natural law. No doubt Professor D'Entrèves is correct in saying that St. Thomas would not have expressed the doctrine of natural rights in the language of Jefferson, who was influenced by the individualism and the contract-theory of Locke. But his own suggestions that what one finds in St. Thomas is " the assertion of general principles susceptible of adaptation according to time and to circumstances " and, again, " that men have no inalienable rights, neither of thought, nor of association, nor of property " rest on a complete misunderstanding of St. Thomas's views. The adjective " inalienable " is not employed by St. Thomas, and its association with individualism of one kind or another tends to make it objectionable. But the suggestion that principles vary with time and circumstance and that there are no natural rights—not necessarily those mentioned—would be very odd conclusions to draw from the philosophy of St. Thomas.

D. O'K.

HUMAN RIGHTS. Comments and Interpretations. A Symposium edited by Unesco. With an Introduction by Jacques Maritain. London and New York: Allan Wingate. 1949. 15s. net.

A BRIEF " Note " at the beginning explains the origin of this book. A Universal Declaration of Human Rights was issued in December 1948, by the General Assembly of the United Nations. A Human Rights Commission had been set up in 1947 to prepare this " Declaration ". In order to assist this Commission a questionnaire was circulated to various thinkers and writers by Unesco—the United Nations Educational, Scientific and Cultural Organisation—asking them, " as individual experts, to give their views ". This volume consists of a selection from among the replies received—a selection which aims at giving " a representative sample of the whole range of opinions expressed ". The conclusions of Unesco are given in Appendix II. These were elaborated by a Committee of Experts whose names are given. We are further told that " unfortunately Professor Etienne Gilson, who had been invited, was unable to attend the meeting of the Committee ". This statement may or may not be significant. The complete text of the Universal Declaration of Human Rights is given in Appendix III.

That representatives of a group of nations have been able to agree upon a statement of human rights is no doubt significant, although it may be difficult to discern what its significance is. If the historical idea of natural rights—the change to *human* rights is not without interest and importance—implies a definite philosophy, then

how does it come about that thinkers who do not accept this philosophy can yet agree in a statement of what these rights are? M. Jacques Maritain deals with this problem in the Introduction to this volume. He thinks that such a result is not surprising. On the question of " rational interpretation and justifications of speculation or theory " human rights involve a whole moral and metaphysical philosophy, but " in the field of practical conclusions . . . . agreement on a joint declaration is possible, given an approach pragmatic rather than theoretical ". There is, unfortunately, the deeper problem of what kind of value can attach to an agreement between persons who differ radically in the scope and meaning which they attach to terms. And again, what is the genuine value of a " Declaration " which seems to equate the right to life with—to take one example out of many—the right " to enjoy the arts and to share in scientific advancement "?

What one may call the philosophical or moral status of different rights is a vital matter. There is all the difference in the world between a declaration of such rights as lay claim to universal validity and a declaration of such rights as seem important to certain persons in a definite historical situation. Still this Declaration of the United Nations is of very great moment. Many parts of it are open to criticism, but it does accept many of the rights which the Catholic Church has always insisted on. Whether and in what spirit they are carried out in practice by the nations concerned is another matter.

Considering the history of the problem of natural rights, the mere fact that such a " Declaration " should be made at all is remarkable. It has often been pointed out by historians that the whole notion of natural rights is linked up in various ways with Christianity. The idea of the value and dignity of man received an entirely new significance from the christian doctrines of the Incarnation and the Redemption. However imperfectly these rights may have been realized in practice, the christian basis of natural right, both philosophical and theological, was clear enough. The idea of man's sin and imperfection was also clear. It may be said that the concept of natural right in some sense was almost universally accepted up to the end of the eighteenth century. Gierke, in a work of immense learning, has made a study of natural right in its later historical phases. He found the speculations—largely legal—of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries so dull and arid that he concludes—incorrectly, I think—that nobody will ever attempt such a study again. The publication of Declarations of Rights, beginning with that of Virginia, was a feature of the late eighteenth century. Then the reaction among philosophers began. Politicians still continued to issue these " Declarations " and to embody them in Constitutions. Bentham and the whole school of Utilitarians or Philosophical Radicals reacted violently against them. Natural rights, Bentham said, are nonsense and imprescriptible natural rights " nonsense on stilts ". As a substitute he proposes the principle of utility. All problems, moral and political, are to be decided by results in the form of pleasure and pain. The right action always is that which gives the greatest surplusage of pleasure over pain. Unfortunately for his theory, he added: " every man to count for one and no one for more than one in the calculus of pleasure ". This looked suspiciously like the so-called natural right of equality, and it was pointed out that more pleasure might well be got by treating men unequally. The Utilitarian theory finally collapsed under criticism and turned out to be entirely unworkable.

At the same time the theory of natural right was rejected by the absolutist philosophies springing from Hegel. They argued for the supremacy of the state. All rights are positive and legal. The idea of a right against the state is absurd. The legal theories of sovereignty involved the same conclusion. In the present book the Hegelian attitude is expressed by Benedetto Croce—here spelt *Cruce*: " Declarations of rights . . . . . are all based upon a theory which criticism on many sides has succeeded in destroying: namely, the theory of natural right, which had its own particular grounds during the sixteenth, seventeenth and eighteenth cen-

turies, but which has become philosophically and historically quite untenable ".

If the present declaration means that recent history has demonstrated that a valid theory of natural rights is indispensable if civilisation is to survive, then it could be of immense value. But one cannot help wondering, on reading this book, what many of those who *seem* to favour natural rights are doing *dans cette galère*. Even the questionnaire sent out to these distinguished people seems to have a strong Marxian flavour. Historical experience as well as philosophy may be teaching men painfully that there is no valid substitute for a theory of natural rights. But we cannot say that we get it here. A " Declaration " which apparently includes Russia and excludes Portugal and Spain must give us pause. That a brigand who is about to shoot you to-day has signed a pious and enlightened document yesterday could scarcely be a source of consolation even to the most detached philosopher.

D. O'K.

LABOUR'S FORMATIVE YEARS 1849-1879 : *Labour's Turning Point* 1880-1900. Vols. II and III of History in the Making Series. London : Lawrence and Wishart. 5s. each.

THIS series is intended—to quote the publishers—" to illustrate from contemporary sources the thoughts and activities of men and women engaged in historic movements for social and political freedom". It is an approach to history that will be most useful in countries such as Great Britain, where public records have been faithfully preserved and where significant detail is recorded in books of memoirs or in the Reports of Royal Commissions. In the case of a popular movement, whose development is often as obscure as its origins, the method of history by quotation of extracts from newspapers may have a special value.

By the middle of the nineteenth century, indeed, British Labour had already acquired some characteristics that were later to distinguish it from the continental organisations of workers. The Trade Union movement was dominated by the craft workers, the engineers and builders—as was, perhaps, natural in an age when industry was still on a small scale. This predominance was carried into the Trade Union Congress, whose constitution, even to-day, favours those industries that were most powerful in the 'sixties and 'seventies.

The Trade Unions were established for limited ends : to maintain or increase wages ; to restrict the introduction of labour-saving devices ; and to obtain security of employment. In these decades, as one writer put it, " Labour's turn comes last . . . . Hitherto as goods have been growing cheaper, the difference has been taken out of wages ; hitherto, as things have been growing dearer, wages have again made up for the difference : it is now time that profits should take their turn." The wheel has turned since then ; but the inbred opposition to the machine remains.

There was another side to the unions' preoccupation with industrial relations. " The failure in the 'thirties and 'forties of Utopian Socialism and Chartist radicalism had burnt itself into the consciousness of the skilled workers, who were to retain the leadership of the movement for the next thirty years. Thus we have the widely spread and firmly held conviction that politics must be kept out of Trade Union affairs. By politics the craft unions meant the radical class politics of the Chartist period. They were less averse from the entry of the unions into the political field for strictly limited ends—such as the removal of the disabilities on the unions or the winning of the democratic right to vote." British Labour was removed, both by the Channel and by the undeniable success of capitalism, from any understanding of Bakunin.

In the period covered by these volumes we find that the political strength of labour was used in favour of the Liberal Party or, more correctly, in favour of the Liberal Radicals. It was a strength that fluctuated with the state of trade and employment ; and these pages show how profoundly the workers were affected by that period of depression that covered the years from 1873 to 1879.

By the time that the Great Depression was over, both employers and workers had changed. The separation of ownership from direction had begun : the employer was as likely to live in London as beside the factory. The New Unionism had given political cohesion and bargaining strength to workers in industries previously thought unorganisable. With the foundation of the Fabian Society in the middle-eighties, the way was clear for that alliance between Socialism and the Trade Unions that has created the present Labour movement. Volume III closes with the Taff Vale judgment making the unions liable for damages claimed against their members in a strike. J. F. M.

THE AMERICAN PEOPLE. By Henry Bamford Parkes, B.A. (Oxon), Ph.D. (Michigan), Associate Professor of History at New York University. London : Eyre & Spottiswoode. 1949. Pp. 343. 15s. net.

DR. PARKES makes clear the purpose of his book in the Introduction : it is "to present an interpretation of the character and civilisation of the American people." " My primary object " he adds, " has been, not to tell the story of the American past, but to discuss its meaning and to derive from it a deeper understanding of the American present."

With the eyes of the world fixed expectantly on the United States in her new rôle of leadership this may be described as a timely work : those outside will be anxious to get a more profound insight into the American " mind " and way of life, while America herself may do well to examine her own workings to find out what precisely makes her tick. " I do not know of any country that is so ignorant about itself," John Gunther wrote in *Inside U.S.A.* : most of us on the outside can, I think, honestly admit that there is no country about which we really know less. America is so vast, is composed of so many heterogeneous elements, that we almost despair of ever grasping the specifying factor, the unifying principle.

The American People, in spite of its author's modest disclaimer, must be labelled as an historical work. A statement and analysis of the forces and events and currents of thought—political, religious, economic—that went to mould the American character, both collective and individual, can hardly go by any other name.

To fit so broad a subject into the comparatively small limits of this book was no mean feat ; to have done so without excessive distortion is an achievement of which the author may legitimately be proud. It is, however, only to be expected that a tendency to dogmatise and to over-simplify should occasionally be noticeable in one who paints with such broad strokes of the brush.

" In this book," writes Dr. Parkes in the Introduction, " I have interpreted American political and economic history mainly in terms of the rise and decline of agrarianism, of the contradictions and limitations of the agrarian attitude, and of the conflict between American agrarianism and European doctrines of capitalism and socialism " : by agrarianism he means a society in which almost all the members are independent property-owners. This may be called the thesis of the book, the simple view in the light of which all else must be explained.

The two great initial influences, we are told at the outset, which make an American an American (or, should we say, made a European an American) were the impulses and aspirations that led the early immigrants to cross the Atlantic, and the natural environment they found on arrival. These were the primary factors, it is stated, that gave to the inhabitants of the New World a distinctive view of life and code of values, that formed their basic attitudes. We have no serious quarrel with this interpretation ; but when these " basic cultural drives " have been further defined, we find it difficult to concede that the political, economic, religious, philosophical, literary and artistic developments of the American people are to be regarded as reflections of such basic attitudes. A theology, for example, is not " a kind of collective poem or work of art that records the secret emotional history of a community " : religion is a shaping force, and not something that evolves out of an

environment and an attitude of mind. While he moves competently and confidently among the political and economic factors that moulded America, Dr. Parkes is not happy when he comes to assess the religious factor; in his preoccupation with his central thesis he seems, at times, to be putting the cart before the horse. On p. 63 we find the statement: "The anxieties and aspirations that are projected in religious beliefs are originally the products of social discipline," and in the same paragraph, *á propos* of such "fundamental" institutions as "monogamous marriage, the family system, the subordination of women, the disciplining of children, sexual taboos," he adds in brackets, by way of explanation: "Such institutions always involve a considerable repression of natural impulses, and may therefore provoke those feelings of anxiety which appear in theology as a sense of sin"!

There are some important forces on the American scene which, surprisingly, get little or no mention. In no place is there an attempt to weigh the effect of those Irish, Polish, German and Italian immigrants who brought their Catholic faith with them—and kept it. Nor is there word anywhere of another powerful, but deadly, force—that of Freemasonry; which would appear to be a serious oversight, considering that, as it is told, all except one of the Presidents of the United States have been high-ranking Masons. Another curious absence is that of the Jews: the word "Jew" does not occur even once, I think, throughout the entire book. The New Yorker at least, who shares his city with some three millions of them, will wonder that they have left no mark on America worthy of note.

With those few qualifications *The American People* is heartily recommended. From its eminently readable and lucid pages the reader, be he well versed in American history or otherwise, will gain a deeper understanding and appreciation of that historical phenomenon, the United States. There are fine chapters on the Founding of the Colonies, the Colonial Period, the War of Independence, the Framing of the Constitution, the Civil War, the Growth of Industrialism—not so much a narrative of events as an assessment of the mentality and motives that lay behind. There are shrewd studies of the character and work of men like Franklin, Lincoln, Hamilton, Jefferson and the two Roosevelts, Theodore and Franklin D. Two chapters, "The Agrarian Mind" and "The Industrial Mind," deal with matters literary—the aesthetic manifestations of the conflict between agrarianism and industrialism. The reader will find much of interest in Dr. Parkes's analysis of Emerson, Thoreau, Whitman—who, he says, "were concerned with what America ought to be"; of Poe, Hawthorne and Melville, who "indicated what America actually was"; of Mark Twain and Henry James and many others.

The American virtues of self-reliance, neighbourliness, respect for talents of practical value, as well as their disregard for artificial distinctions and suspicion of Government, are emphasised; but at the same time their shortcomings are not soft-pedalled. It is admitted that America has not paralleled her material achievement with an equal development in the spiritual sphere, that the interracial question and the growth of big business cannot easily be reconciled with the true democratic ideal, that the sense of personal liberty and equality of opportunity of the pioneering days has faded before the robber barons and the expansion of bureaucratic government—the almost inevitable outcome of a too literal view of the maxim "Every man for himself".

America has made tremendous strides, but many of them along the wrong path. At last compelled to step down from her isolationist tower to assume the leadership of the Western World, she must seriously set about finding a solution to her own complex internal problems and fit herself for the task. Dr. Parkes points back along the path of the agrarian tradition and suggests that there alone can be recovered the right sense of direction. But is it already too late? "Americans have never been willing to pay the price that agrarianism would have required": they may approve its principles, but practice lags far behind.

E. KEANE

Apologetics

THE TEACHING OF THE CATHOLIC CHURCH. A Summary of Catholic Doctrine arranged and edited by Canon George D. Smith, D.D., Ph.D. London: Burns Oates. 1948. 2 volumes, xiv-658 and xiv-718 pages. Price (the two volumes) 50s.

These two volumes are literally " a summary of Catholic doctrine ". They comprise the thirty-five booklets of the Treasury of the Faith series (now out of print) revised and presented in two volumes running to 1,316 pages.

It would be easy to underestimate the labour which has gone to make these thirty-five " essays ", as the Editor modestly calls them, of some forty large pages each. The names of the twenty-one British theologians who have collaborated raise hopes not belied by the contributions. Doctrines are stated with clarity; references to Scripture, Tradition, and Church documents are sufficient for a work of this scope. Problems are outlined with fairness—for instance Dr. Towers's pages on the controversies on grace. The difficulties frequently met by the thinking layman are helpfully treated as in Dr. Downey's essay on Divine Providence and the Problem of Evil and in Dr. Arendzen's discussion of the doctrine of eternal punishment.

A reviewer could comment lightly on all this work as " supplying a longfelt need ", which it does; as " useful alike for the busy priest, the student of theology and the inquiring layman ", which it is. But to make only these true comments would be to indicate inadequately the merits of this Summary.

The theological student will find that while not sufficient for him, for whom it is not primarily intended, this Summary will help him more than textbooks sometimes do to see the interdependence of problems. The layman, also, will benefit greatly. There are many Catholic men with a good general education and a highly specialised professional education who from time to time are abruptly reminded that their knowledge of the faith they profess is too elementary to solve, to their own peace of mind or to the satisfaction and benefit of others, difficulties about faith and practice met with in reading and discussion. The man who can take this Summary down from his shelves will find all he is likely to need to meet his difficulties, and he will find it a sure guide in " this journey of labour and delights ", as Dr. Miller calls the study of theology.

One would be glad to think that this Summary will find its way into the library of every religious community in the country. The table of contents suggests many points on which these essays supply clearly the doctrinal foundations of the interior and the religious life. Besides those on Grace and on the Blessed Eucharist, those of Mgr. Myers on the Mystical Body, of Archbishop Goodier on Jesus Christ as the Model of Manhood and as the Man of Suffering, and of Fr. Vassal-Phillips C.SS.R on Mary the Mother of God, should be found specially helpful. While all in a community can consult and study this work with profit, there are some for whom it will prove to be a very special help. One thinks of those religious, men and women, who, without the preparation which his seminary studies have supplied to the priest, are engaged in the vitally important work of teaching the senior courses of the Programme of Religious Instruction in the secondary schools. Here they will find, coming to their aid on all the points they cover in the school courses, eminent theologians and writers like Dom Aelred Graham, O.S.B. who treats of the Church, Fr. Martin D'Arcy S.J. who deals with the Redemption, and Fr. Martindale S.J. who writes on Man and his Destiny. Each of the Sacraments is covered by a separate essay, two being devoted to the Blessed Eucharist.

A word on the price, fifty shillings for these two volumes will give pause to the potential purchaser, but it should not deter the wise buyer of books, even if he be a community librarian harassed by conflicting claims on his limited allowance. For, given present costs of production, the work is reasonably priced. Further,

considering the scholarship implied and the labour involved in preparing this Summary, considering the help it will afford to individuals and communities for many years to come, this work is excellent value for the cost.

While hesitating to suggest improvement in a work which is patently the outcome of much thought and care, one does feel that the usefulness of this fine work would be enhanced by the addition, as an appendix in future editions, of an alphabetical glossary of theological and philosophical terms—necessarily used, it is true, but not familiar to the general reader nor self-explanatory. Such a glossary would be valuable both in itself and as an aid in using the Summary.

G. F.

Books Received

'Africanus'. Mother Patrick of Paris. (Gill, 4/6).
Attwater, Donald. Butler's Lives of the Saints. First Supplementary Volume. (Burns Oates, 15/–).
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Beevers, John. Storm of Glory: St. Thérèse of Lisieux. (Sheed & Ward, 10/6).
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Buschbeck, E. H. Austria. (Oxford University Press, 10/6).
Calveras, J. Harvest-Field of the Spiritual Exercises of St. Ignatius. (Bombay: Xavier College, 10/–).
Carty, James. Ireland from Grattan's Parliament to the Great Famine. A Documentary Record. (Fallon, 8/6).
Chaplin, Sid. My Fate Cries Out. (Phœnix House, 8/6).
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Dawson, Lionel. Sound of the Guns. Story of Admiral Sir Walter Cowan. (Pen-in-Hand Books, 12/6).
Daniel-Rops. Evangile. Vie et Message du Christ. (Fayard, 500 frs.).
Edwards, H. L. R. Skelton: Life and Times of a Tudor Poet. (Cape, 18/–).
Ellmann, Richard. Yeats: The Man and the Masks. (Macmillan, 18/–).
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Frank, Carolus. Philosophia Naturalis. (Herder. DM. 8.40).
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Janelle, Pierre. The Catholic Reformation. (Bruce Publishing Co., $4.50).
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Supplement held over from September issue

Scanlan, Olive M. The Barque of Peter. (Gill, 5/–, pp. 88).
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Thils, Gustave. Théologie de l'Histoire. (Desclée De Brouwer, 114 pp., 50 fr.).
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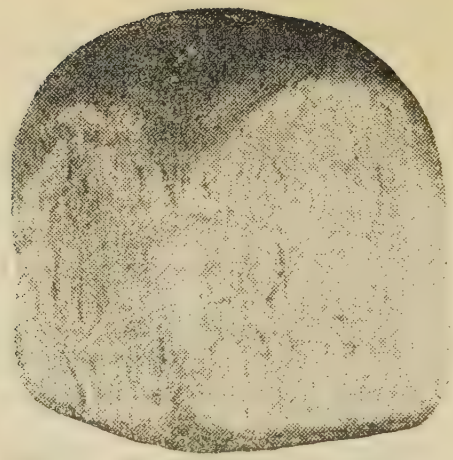

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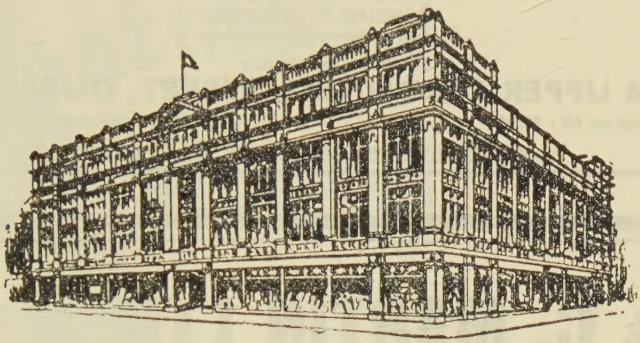

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